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Rev. S. Ball

LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE
GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

JANUARY,
1870.

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Phila., Pa.

JAS. B. RODGERS CO., PRS.

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THE
G U A R D I A N:

A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

REV. B. BAUSMAN, A.M., Editor.

VOL. XXI. 1870.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY THE REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD.
1870.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XXI.—JANUARY, 1870.—No. 1.

THE VISIT OF MERCY.

BY THE EDITOR.

[*See Frontispiece.*]

Turn with me to the picture at the opening of this-number of the GUARDIAN. There is much in it—much to suggest pleasing reflection. It seems to be in the morning. The clouds in the background are luminous with the newly-risen sun. “Every cloud hath its silver lining,” and so have these clouds theirs. And when the Sun of Righteousness arises in the renewing and renewed heart, He lines all clouds of sorrow with edges of a blissful hope.

Even the water in the lake is covered with a sheen of the sun’s glory. The boatman is adjusting his oars to row lakeward. Beyond the lake, the mountains rise, their ridges lined with light. What a charming vista opens through the side view of this picture! Wonder whether the artist has not copied this lake-scene from Lake Leman? For just such views one has from the eastern bank of this lake, above Geneva. The everlasting snows on the lofty summit of Mont Blanc reflect the rays of the rising sun long before they reach the people in the valleys. And often the reflection re-paints its light on the fleecy clouds of morning. At the foot of this grand mountain lies the beauteous lake.

“Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth’s troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction.”

That is a fine pony, well-fed and well-groomed. A good face and a thoughtful eye the dear fellow has. He must have come some distance—else why rest his weary hind foot? But what is this group doing here? The saddle and riding-dress unlock the secret. He has borne a kind-hearted lady hither—one of those ministering angels who delight in acts of mercy. The pony seems to be peering after his mistress, and sharply listening for the sweet sounds of her merciful voice. Perhaps one of the

little window-panes near his head is broken, through which sounds from within can be heard.

The window indicates an abode of poverty. How sad the boy looks! His eyes downcast! The poor boy! Sorrow has gotten hold of him. His clothes are made of the dried skins of some animal. This must be either the hut of a shepherd or of a hunter. His short, glossy hair indicates Italian or Indian origin. Somebody must be sick in the hut—it may be the boy's mother or sister; and the dear lady has most likely brought some delicacies for the sufferer, and some words of gentle kindness. Perhaps she is reading from the Scriptures to the sorrowful one—perhaps praying to the pitying Father in heaven.

The dear pony! He pities that boy, and puts his head right against his face, as much as to say: "Dear boy, don't be so sad; I too, although only a pony, am your friend!" The lady seems to have alighted in a hurry. Hearts full of love are impatient of delay when out on errands of mercy. Mary must break her alabaster box, in haste, instead of opening it carefully, in the usual way. The riding-whip is heedlessly thrown on the ground, instead of being carefully laid to a place of safety. But under the watchful eye of such a keeper, it is safe on the ground. See the dear poodle-dog, with an air of untiring patience, guarding the riding-whip of his dear friend! And his smaller, little companion, at the feet of the pony, eyeing the big one with evident pride, as much as to say: "We two against the world!" Full well one can see that these animals have a kind owner. They are well-trained, well-fed, and affectionate. It would be strange indeed, if this minister of mercy could prove unkind to her dogs and pony. If we are pious, the horses, dogs, birds and sheep around us will feel the happier for it. There is much truth in the couplet:

"He liveth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small."

Strange piety, indeed, must this lady have, if she could visit the sick and poor in their distress, and yet leave her dogs and pony pine away under cruel treatment.

Happy must this lady be, who can thus enjoy "the luxury of doing good." Even her dogs and pony seem to feel, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. They all have an air of contentment and confiding sympathy. She must be wealthy. How kind for a wealthy lady to come such a distance to visit a poor sorrowing one! Surely she must love the *Merciful One*. And He will remember all these, her acts of pitying love. Sweet is the life of such a being, and peaceful her death. She will be welcomed to heaven with the blessed greetings of our Saviour: "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

LITTLE THINGS.—Despise not the little sins; they have ruined many a soul. Despise not the little duties; they have been to many an excellent discipline.

CHRISTMAS READING—1869.

BY PERKIOMEN.

The GUARDIAN sings its XXth Christmas carol. Instead of tiring and growing languid, its pages are all the more vigorous, and ready to join in the praises and festivities now, again showering their benedictions upon us. This is so, because 'practice makes perfect,' and experience brings wisdom.

Since the last anniversary of our Lord's Advent on earth, many have gone to celebrate His glory nearer His throne in heaven. Those of us who remain are only a little more rearward, and must not neglect to train our spirits and tune our voices here, in order to qualify ourselves for a prolonging of the concert of worship there.

HENRY HARBAUGH, the father and founder of the GUARDIAN, was ever so brimful of Christmas joys, as to constitute its pages a reservoir, in a manner, of his feelings; and those who undertake to continue his labors, however imperfectly, would prove false to his memory, indeed, did they not strive to move forward on the same plane which his own hands had originally graded.

Jesus Christ is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." His history never grows old. His birth day is charged with an odor of freshness, on every annual return, and ought, therefore, to be observed with becoming ceremony and reverence. Nor will the readers of these pages, especially, find it otherwise than natural and desirable to live over again the infancy of our Lord. They sing spontaneously with *Cyriacus Günther*:—

Halt im Gedächtniss Jesum Christ,
Dein Heiland, der auf Erden
Vom Himmelsthron gekommen ist,
Dein Bruder hier zu werden.
Vergiss nicht, dass Er dir zu gut
Hat angenommen Fleisch und Blut.
Dank Ihm für diese Liebe!

In order, however, not to tell our Christmas story in the same words, we will present some choice and apt portions from Longfellow's "Golden Legend," which contains so much Gospel and tradition concerning the birth and infancy of Jesus, as effectually to revive in us the mystery of the Word made flesh.

The part from which we more directly cull is entitled

THE NATIVITY.

It opens with an *Introitus*, in this style:—

Praeco. Come, good people, all and each; come and listen to our speech!
* * * * *

First of all we shall rehearse, in our action and our verse,
The Nativity of our Lord, as written in the old record
Of the Protevangelion, so that he who reads may run!

The poet would then tell us, in very simple words, why Jesus was born at all. It is a plain answer to the perplexing question of schoolmen—*Cur Deus Homo?*

Just look at the opening scene:—

I. HEAVEN.

Mercy. (at the feet of God.) Have pity, Lord! be not afraid
To save mankind, whom Thou hast made,

Nor let the souls that were betrayed, perish eternally!

Justice. It cannot be, it must not be! When in the garden placed by Thee,
The fruit of the forbidden tree, he ate and he must die!

Mercy. Have pity, Lord, let penitence atone for disobedience,
Nor let the fruit of man's offence be endless misery!

Justice. What penitence proportionate can e'er be felt for sin so great?
Of the forbidden fruit he ate, and damned he must be!

God. He shall be saved, if that within the bounds of earth, one free
from sin,

Be found, who for his kith and kin will suffer martyrdom.

The Four Virtues. Lord! We have searched the world around,
From centre to the utmost bound; But no such mortal can be
found;

Despairing back we come.

Wisdom. No mortal but a God-made man, can ever carry out the plan,
Achieving what none other can—Salvation unto all!

God. Go, then, O my beloved Son! It can by Thee alone be done;
By Thee the victory shall be won, o'er Satan and the Fall!

We are now better prepared for several earth-scenes. Having been permitted to hear what went forward in the upper kingdom, we can all the better appreciate the *Annunciation*. We transfer it, with only a few omissions. Here it is:

II. MARY AT THE WELL.

The Angel Gabriel. Hail, Virgin Mary, full of grace!

Mary. Who is it speaketh in this place, with such a gentle voice?

Gabriel. The Lord of Heaven is with thee now! Blessed among all women
thou,

Who art His holy choice!

Mary. What can this mean? No one is near; And yet such sacred words I
hear,

I almost fear to stay.

Gabriel. Fear not, O Mary! but believe! For thou, a virgin, shalt conceive
A child this very day.

Fear not, O Mary, from the sky, the majesty of the Most High
Shall overshadow thee!

Mary. Behold the handmaid of the Lord! According to Thy holy word,
So be it unto me!

The lines immediately underneath, we feel bound to say, are not taken from the "Golden Legend." We have never seen them in type, and being anxious to learn how they appear, we furnish them in this connection. They serve to impress one feature in the history of the Nativity.

III. THE SHEPHERDS ON THE PLAIN.

Gabriel. Fear not, ye Shepherds of the plain! But heed the Gospel I proclaim,

To all the world's renown:

To-day, as said the Prophet's word, is born to you, the Saviour,
Lord,

In David's sacred Town!

And, as a proof of what we bring, mark ye the sign:—'The Holy
Thing'

Is wrapped in swaddling clothes."

The Angel Host. Yea! Glory be to God Most High! And peace on earth
—let hatred die!

Good-will let man dispose!

Abram. Now let us hasten straight away, and see what happened on this
day!

On Gabriel we rely.

Moses. Selah! What else would us behoove? Yea, would we not unworthy
prove

Of such a message high?

David. Selah! Let's hasten to the sight! Our sons will watch the flocks
to-night,

Or, till we may return.

Then may we spread the truth around, as angels sang and we have
found.

Come, let us go and learn.

We are now again ready to appropriate Longfellow's finer scenes. And the nearest one, in place, is

IV. THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

To feel its full force, we must imagine the 'Stable of the Inn;' the 'Virgin and the child;' the 'three gipsy kings'—GASPAR, MELCHIOR and BELSHAZZAR. Having all these figures before us, we can understand the picture.

Gaspar. Hail to Thee, Jesus of Nazareth! Though in a manger Thou draw
breath,

Thou art greater than life and death. Greater than joy or woe!
This cross upon the line of life portendeth struggle, toil and strife,
And through a region with peril rife, in darkness shalt Thou go!

Melchior. Hail to Thee, King of Jerusalem! Though humbly born in Beth-
lehem,

A sceptre and a diadem await Thy brow and hand!

The sceptre is a simple reed; The crown will make Thy temple
bleed;

Abashed Thy subjects stand!

Belshazzar. Hail to Thee, Christ of Christendom! O'er all the earth Thy
kingdom come!

From distant Trebizond to Rome, Thy name shall men adore!

Peace and good-will among all men, the Virgin has returned
again,
Returned the old Saturnian reign, and Golden Age once more.
The Child Jesus. Jesus, the Son of God am I: Born here to suffer and to die,
According to the prophecy, that other men may live!
The Virgin. And now these clothes that wrapped Him, take and keep
them precious for His sake:
Our benediction thus we make—Naught else have we to give.

From an unknown source we now record a partly fanciful and partly
real description of another fact, which occurred during the Infancy of
our Lord. It is easy to detect the similarity which it bears to the Gospel
narrative :—

V. THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

Simeon. Dismiss Thy servant now, O Lord! According to Thy Holy Word,
By favor given me :—
'That Thine unworthy one should live, till Thou'd to Jews and
Gentiles give
The promised One of Thee.'
May on this household's Holy Three, Jehovah His rich grace
decree—
On Father, Mother, Son!
The Child a weal or woe will send; A sword the Mother's heart
shall rend;
Joseph thy race well run!
Anna. Widow'd of fourscore years and more; Weaken'd of age and fasting
sore;
But strong in prayer still.
Loud thanks to God! We welcome Him, who came man to redeem
from sin,
According to God's will!
Mary. Ye veteran and God-fearing pair! Your words so ominous and rare.
Place us in ecstasy!
God aid us to act well our parts! We'll ponder all these in our
hearts
Humbly in Galilee.

At this point our unknown singer breaks off, and, in order to continue
the history of the divine childhood, we are obliged to draw again on
Longfellow's thoughts and verses.

VI. THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

We must suppose the Holy Family to have gone a day's journey.
Weary and faint, they contemplate a rest under some tree, near which
there is a spring. But, as all is nicely told in the scene, let us read :—

Mary. Here will we rest us, under these o'erhanging branches of the trees,
Where robins chant their Litanies, and canticles of joy.
Joseph. My saddle-girths have given way, with trudging through the heat
to-day;
To you I think it is but play, to ride and hold the boy.
Mary. Hark how the robins shout and sing, as if to hail their Infant King!
I will alight at yonder spring, to wash His little coat.

* * * * *

As the Virgin Mother approaches the spot, she spies two suspicious characters lying in the underbrush. She hastens back and utters her fears:—

Mary. O Joseph! I am much afraid, for men are sleeping in the shade;
I fear that we shall be waylaid, and robbed and beaten sore!

Damachus (a robber). Deliver up your gold!

Joseph. I pray you, sirs, let go your hold! You see that I am weak and old;
Of wealth I have no store.

Damachus. Give up your money!

Titus (another robber). Prithee cease. Let these good people go in peace.

Damachus. First let them pay for their release, and then go on their way.

Titus. These forty groats I give in fee, if thou wilt only silent be.

Mary. May God be merciful to thee, upon the Judgment day!

Jesus. When thirty years shall have gone by, I at Jerusalem shall die,
By Jewish hands exalted high on the accursed tree.
Then on my right and my left side, these thieves shall both be crucified,
And Titus thenceforth shall abide in Paradise with me.

We turn now to a horrible tragedy. Gladly would we not harrow the reader's feelings. But the Infancy of Jesus was as little unbloody as was His death. His Birth we may say, was but 'the beginning of the end.' He was, as we have already heard Him say, "born here to suffer and to die." We refer to scene

VII. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

No one can describe the awful Infanticide with all its native bloodiness. Nor is any one of us *sanguinary* enough to witness such a narrative. Still, certain bold strokes are given in the following lines, which seem almost as if they had been made with a brush, dipped in the warm blood of the innocent little victims. Let every one read for himself:

King Herod. Filled am I with great wonderment

At this unwelcome news!

Am I not Herod? Who shall dare my crown to take, my sceptre bear;
As king among the Jews?

Now at this window will I stand, while in the streets the armed band
The little children slay.

The Babe just born in Bethlehem will surely slaughtered be by them,
Nor live another day!

Rachel (without). O wicked king! O cruel speed! To do this most unrighteous deed!

My children all are slain!

Rahab. May maledictions fall and blast thyself and lineage to the last
Of all thy kith and kin!

Soldiers (in the streets). Give up thy child into our hands! It is King
Herod who commands,

That he should thus be slain!

Nurse. O monstrous men! What have you done? It is King Herod's only
son

That ye have cleft in twain!

Herod (within). Ah luckless day! What words of fear are they that smite
upon my ear,

With such a doleful sound,

What torments rack my heart and head! Would I were dead!

Would I were dead! And buried in the ground.

Enough. Let us turn away from such a sight, and select one more and wholly different spectacle. True, we must step over a wide gap, which yawns between His Infancy and twelfth year—a long period of deep silence. But it will do us some good too, to see Jesus, the lad.

VIII. JESUS LOST AND FOUND IN THE TEMPLE.

Let the Gospel narrative first be read, and after that, this:—

Mary. My much beloved, only Son! What hast thou done? What hast thou done?

Three days have their full courses run, since we beheld thy face!
We sought thee first with chum and friend, and did no danger apprehend,
Till night with grief our hearts did rend, and drove us to this place!

Jesus. My sweetest Mother and most dear! More than all other mortals near:

Nor need you ever hold a fear, lest we should stray apart.
But nearer still is the Most High; Whose will, as soon as I espy,
Is law, and willingly I hie to do it with my heart.
You see that I no truant play, nor wander thoughtlessly away;
But at our Father's business stay, though from my mother's eye.
A child found in the House of God, is never lost—deserves no rod—
Though absence cause a smart.

But, since to honor parents dear, shows plainly that our God we fear,
I will your wishes now revere, and with you hence depart.

Rabbi Ben Israel. Heard ye the answers, every one; of little Jesus, the Carpenter's Son?

Rabbi Ben Isaac. No better could good Hannah's son—the wise and good young Samuel have done!

Rabbi Ben Abram. The lad will prove Gamaliel's peer! He holds the wisdom of Prophet and Seer!

EPILOGUE.

Hence dwells the Holy Family, in Nazareth of Galilee.

For thirty years dead silence reigns, since naught the Holy Gospel deigns
To tell of Jesus, in this space, save, that He with becoming grace,
Proved, to His parent's highest joy, a pious and obedient boy.

“And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.” These words comprise and cover the history of thirty years, of the life of Jesus—of the most precious of all lives. “Rejoice, ye humble!” says De Ligny, “Who cherish obscurity, and exult in your lowliness!”

Here let us close our Christmas meditations. The field already lying open for us, affords us thousands of sweets for the soul to drink in during these festival days.

CREATOR.—There is meaning in this word, when we are exhorted to commit our souls to God, as “unto a faithful Creator.” When called to exercise faith, we are not to look on God as a potter, who works out of clay or other materials, and as it were, looks all around to see if there be a supply at hand; but we are to look on Him as a CREATOR, who works out of *nothing*, and as a *faithful* Creator, who will be sure to do it.

STILL ONE IN CHRIST.

BY THE EDITOR.

The autumn leaves were falling as we bore four lambs to their little graves. First a little girl, of five summers; the next day two boys, each of six. A few days later, another of the same age. This last a twin. The two dear boys were precisely of the same size. Always they were clothed alike, always slept in the same little bed. Rarely was one seen by himself on the street—always the two walked hand in hand to the Sunday School and the church. One feels slightly unwell. In a few days he falls asleep. How very touching and sad looks the sobbing little boy, at the coffin of his twin brother. To-day they separate. How lonely the one walks through life's pilgrimage; how happy the other in heaven. I stood at the window of their humble home. While I tried to speak to the parents and their little ones of our Saviour's tender, loving care for children, and the sweet children's home He has prepared for them in heaven, I saw two little wheelbarrows, standing side by side in the yard. The twin owner of one lies in yonder little coffin. Nevermore shall his tireless feet run between its shafts.

All four were equally sweet children. Their little hearts were full of the spirit of heaven. Their passage to the beautiful world above was brief. A few days' sickness, between two Sundays, humming sweet Sunday School hymns about our Saviour and about heaven; hopefully longing to meet the dear children on the following Sunday at School; soon a farewell kiss to weeping parents, a last folding of the hands, a last falling asleep. Thus ended their short life.

They looked so sweet in their last narrow beds. So neatly looked their last dress on earth; so pure the wreath on the breast. Ah, it is hard to give them up so soon! Other children wept around their biers; their own brothers and sisters—their parents. Can I chide their grief? True, they have other children, but that makes the death of these none the less painful. They are Christians; but Christians, too, can feel the grief of parting. Robert Burns wept whenever he read the passage in Revelation xiv. 4: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." And many a child of sorrow weeps for joy in the prospect of the painless home above.

Life—every human life, is a mystery. At its beginning and at its end, who can solve its hidden meaning? At the baptism of a child, and at its burial, I never cease wondering. A home on earth—made up of different hearts all joined together; and then again torn asunder by death; one is taken and the other is left—this, too, is a mystery. One child after another is born; the nursery is vocal with the ringing voices

of the growing immortals. Their bodies develop into strength. One after the other crawls on all fours, then proudly stands erect aside of a chair, then climbs up on stands, tables, tumbling about in all manner of neck-breaking evolutions, yet never breaking the neck. Such a crowing and chattering, such appetites, such a proficiency in tearing dresses; holes at the elbows, holes at the knees—no mother's diligence can keep back the rents. The growing life demands an outlet through hands, voice and feet. What a burden for one poor mortal, and she most likely a delicate body,—a harassed mother to bear all this irrepressible tumbling life! To get, mend, and put the clothes on all; to put all to the table, and have enough to eat for all; to get all ready for school and church; to get all to bed, and hear and teach each to pray in going there; to get all out of bed in the morning. Show me a minister of State, burdened with more care than a good mother with such a frisky flock. Sweet is the worry of such a mother. God has so ordered, so constituted her, that these maternal cares add to her happiness. The absence of this rollicking life makes the death of a child more painful to her. And when all the children die, so that there is not one sweet mischief left to tax her love and care, her home is bereft of its chief charm. Of course, all such children, going from the bosom of a Christian family, are happier after death than they were here. But they had become a sort of a natural necessity in the earthly home. I know not the mother's name who wrote the following. She had lost every child through death. The friends coldly chided her grief. Surely you have less worry and care now. How quiet and peaceful your home now! Then she lets her heart speak. If I knew who she is, methinks I should like, in the name of Christ, to sit aside of her. If I could do no more I should like to tell her: "Yes, I believe all you say. And our Saviour believes it too. And He has compassion on you. Ask Him to come to you, and He will help you through all your sorrow." But to her little article:

My guests say—"Ah! it is pleasant to be here. Everything has such an orderly, put-away look—nothing about under foot—no dirt." But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittlings and cut paper on the floor; of tumbled-down card houses; of wooden sheep and cattle; of pop-guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go-carts, blocks and trumpery. I want to see boats a-rigging and kites a-making. I want to see crumbles on the carpet, and paste spilt on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and the tables turned the wrong way about. I want to see candy-making and corn-popping, and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins. Yet these things used to fret me once. They say—"How quiet you are here! Ah! one here may settle his brains, and be at peace." But my ears are aching for the pattering of little feet; for a hearty shout, a shrill whistle, a gay tra la la; for the crack of little whips; for the noise of drums, fifes and tin trumpets. Yet these things made me nervous once.

They say—"Ah! you have leisure; nothing to disturb you. What heaps of sewing you have time for!" But I long to be disturbed. I want to be asked for a bit of string or an old newspaper; for a cent to buy a slate-pencil or peanuts. I want to be coaxed for a piece of new cloth for jibs and mainsails, and then to hem the same. I want to make little flags and bags to hold marbles. I want to be followed by little feet all over the house; teased for a bit of dough for a little cake, or to bake a pie in a saucer. Yet these

things used to fidget me once. They say—"Ah! you are not tied at home. How delightful to be always at liberty for concerts, lectures, and parties! No confinement for you." But I want confinement. I want to listen for the school-bell mornings, to give the last hasty wash and brush, and then to watch from the window nimble feet bounding away to school. I want frequent rents to mend, and to replace lost buttons. I want to obliterate mud-stains, fruit-stains, molasses-stains, and paints of all colors. I want to be sitting by a little crib of evenings, when weary little feet are at rest, and prattling voices are hushed, and mothers may sing their lullabies, and tell over the oft-repeated stories. They don't know their happiness then, those mothers; I didn't. All these things I called confinement once.

Wordsworth wrote a pretty poem, which touchingly describes how all children of the same family, after some have gone to heaven, continue to belong to the same household; a truth which by mourning parents and children is too often forgotten. Keep it before the minds of the little ones, that, when they sing and pray, their brothers and sisters in heaven hear and help them. After all, the deserted little wheelbarrow is still owned, and possibly in some way used, by Samuel Hamilton, the twin boy in heaven. The poem is called

WE ARE SEVEN.

——— A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl,
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many! Seven in all," she said,
And wondering, looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;"
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side."

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them."

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there."

"The first that died was little Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain ;
And then she went away."

"So in the church-yard she was laid ;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I."

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
"If these two are in heaven ?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead, those two are dead !
Their spirits are in heaven !"
'Twas throwing words away : for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven !"

TWO DAYS IN HERRESTAD.

[A true narrative, originally written as a Christmas gift for the children of the
"Rauh-Haus," in Hamburg, Germany.]

TRANSLATED BY R. H. S.

Come, reader, "Over the sea and far away," with me!

We cross the North Sea and pass through the Sound to Sweden, good Sweden, where dwell, on the mountains and in the valleys, many true hearts that love Christ and His gospel. We land; and now come, and I will show you the way to a Bethlehem,—for wherever humble souls that "hunger and thirst after righteousness," kneel around the manger, there is Bethlehem. Past the little town of Ystadt we go, along country roads, deserted, but for a few chance sledges driven by poor peasants. On, through woods of firs, robed for Christmas in pure snow. Fir-trees know something of Christmas, that is born with them; gladly enough would they leave the lone forests and go to be decked with lights and ornaments, to rejoice the children's hearts. But we must leave them here, to shiver in their cold garb of snow, and swiftly onward. Five miles more, and we should be in the streets of Lund. But we remain outside of the city,—see! where the smoke rises from those lowly cottage roofs! In the midst of those cottages stands the dwelling of the owners of the soil, a handsome, comfortable-looking mansion. This is the end of our journey,—quiet Herrestad, almost unknown to the great and wise of the world, but perhaps so much the dearer to the Lord of Heaven, who dwells with the lowly.

Meeting a woman with two children, I asked her where I may find an inn!

"That would be very difficult," was her reply; "Herrestad has few visitors; but come with me to the manor-house; there is a Christmas feast to-day for all the village; you can go there too; the dear lady will be glad to welcome you."

Accepting the invitation, we are soon at the house. Fir-trees, large and small, stand guard by the door, and within, all is decked in festival green. In the hall, a crowd of children are waiting—children little, children large, and men and women too. Nobody speaks loud, you hear only a subdued murmur of expectation. The children are neatly dressed, except a few ragged little creatures who stand, shy and awkward, in a corner by themselves. And now a lady comes out of a side door and looks around, as if seeking some one. It must be the little ragged ones she wants; for she goes and speaks softly to them, kindly patting their cheeks. I step up to her and tell her that I have come from Hamburg to visit Herrestad.

"From Hamburg!" she exclaims, extending her hand to me, "welcome, dear countryman! This is a Christmas treat; we shall have Germany here in Sweden. You must certainly stay with us; come in now, for our festival is about to commence."

Leading the poor little children by the hand, she opens the door of an adjoining room. The children enter first, then the grown people; for they can see over the little ones' heads. How beautiful! There, before us, is a little simple hut; it is a stable, and within is a manger, in which, pillowed on moss and straw, lies the Holy Child, while the Virgin kneels beside him, and the shepherds stand with folded hands behind her. The room was darkened, but a light shone forth from the figure of the Christ child, which lit up those of Mary and the shepherds. Over the stable was inscribed, in bright letters,

"Unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

In perfect silence, every eye was fixed on the lovely scene. Then a strong, manly voice,—it was the school-master's,—began a Christmas hymn, in which all joined, young and old; I thought I had never heard sweeter music. When it was finished, the school-master offered a simple, earnest prayer; then he opened the Bible, and read the old, yet ever new and sweet story, of the shepherds. Then he talked to the children of the great joy there is, when Christ is born in a human soul, and of how He loves poor children, and loves to dwell in their hearts, and make a heavenly Christmas there.

"Think of it, dear children," he said; "it is because Christ loves you so much, that He sought you out when you were forsaken, and knew nothing of your Redeemer,—that He snatched you from wretchedness and brought you to our dear Herrestad Home, where you learn to love Him, and pray to Him, and to be diligent and useful. Christ Himself is your 'House-Father,' and knows better how to take care of you than the kindest father or mother. And because to day is Christmas Eve, and the Saviour is pleased to take part in our happiness, He has sought out three more little ones, and given them to us as a Christmas gift, telling us that they are His little ones, and that for His sake we must take them into our 'Children's House,' and teach them to love and serve Him, that they may live with Him in Heaven. Here they are! Come to me, my dear boys!"

And Frau Gerhard, the good lady of Herrestad, led forward the three ragged boys, with their pale, sad faces bent timidly toward the floor. The school-master gently reassured them, and bade them welcome, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Then again he prayed with them, how earnestly! he prayed for the children, and for all who were present; for all people everywhere in Christendom, who were keeping the happy Christmas festival, and for those who cared not for it; and then for himself, that he might have the spirit and the love of God to help him to lead the little ones to the Saviour. After this prayer, the little ones joined in another hymn of praise; and as the last hallelujah died away, hark! a little silvery bell rang in an adjoining room; all eyes turned toward the door, which opened, and a bright light streamed from it.

The little ones stood for a moment half-bewildered, holding their hands before their dazzled eyes. Frau Gerhard led forward the three

little ragged boys first, their eyes filled with pleasure, and their lips quivering as their little hearts realized the Divine love that had bestowed such joys upon them. The others pressed after them, and exclamations of delight were heard from all.

On a long table stood three large fir-trees, their dark boughs radiant with myriads of tiny lights, their summits crowned with pretty figures of angels with shining wings. From the branches hung sweet Christmas cakes and cards, on which beautiful hymns were printed. Each child was led to his own place; there he found a new jacket or a pair of mittens, and a pretty toy; each of the girls received a handkerchief or an apron. For the three boys who had come for the first time into the little company, there were full suits of clothing. Besides this, every child received, as is the custom all over Sweden, a pretty little loaf, and a candle, to remind him of the Bread of Heaven, and the Light of Heaven, without which our souls would perish in eternal want and darkness. The three ragged boys stood gazing around them, scarcely venturing to move. But good Frau Gerhard spoke kindly to them, showed them all their gifts, and told them that they must use them carefully.

What a jubilee! The parents stood by; I saw one old peasant, with tears of joy rolling quietly over his furrowed cheeks. The trees were relieved of their sweet burden; the children gathered, in their joy, around the good lady, thanking her and lovingly kissing her hand. The parents, too, showed their gratitude. And Frau Gerhard said:

"I thank my Saviour that He has permitted me to keep this happy Christmas Eve with you, and that, we have all tasted of His love and faithfulness"

Then all stood up in order around the tables, and after a short, hearty thanksgiving, and another hymn of praise, the company separated, with kind pressures of the hand, to meet again at the church at Karda.

I was the only guest who remained.

"Now again, a thousand times welcome!" exclaimed Frau Gerhard. "And what is the news from the dear Fatherland? What is going on at Hamburg, and at the 'Rauh-Haus?' and what are the Sunday-school children doing?"

"And now," I said, when I had answered the lady's many questions, "when I go home, the dear Hamburg children shall hear all about this delightful evening. Will you not tell me about your poor children here; how God has brought them to you, and given you such a house-full of them?"

"The story is too long for to-day," returned the lady; "for it is time that we should go to church; you must attend our Christmas services with us, and to-morrow evening I will tell you the story."

How sweet, how dear, the joyful service of Christmas Eve! May the time not be far distant, when all through dear Germany, (and dear America, too!--Tr.) our churches may be open on Christmas Eve, that Christ may meet His people, and hallow the pure, unworldly joys of this holy festival with His presence and blessing!

Christmas day was drawing to a close. We were sitting quietly in the room which, the night before, had resounded to the children's happy voices. Ice-flowers were glistening on the window panes, blue and crys-

talline in the moonlight, for Swedish winters are very cold, but in the stove a comfortable fire was roaring and crackling. Some friends of Frau Gerhard were present, among others her inspector and his wife; also a lady from Hamburg. Amid our cheerful, friendly conversation, I claimed the fulfilment of Frau Gerhard's promise.

"Yes, I will tell you," she said; "but there are many other things connected with the history of our children's school, which it will give you pleasure to hear. The story is long. Let me see,—it is about eleven years ago—yes, it commences in 1838.

"Times were very hard in Herrestad that winter. There was no food for man or beast; starvation threatened all the people. The peasants in this region are poor, and the soil not very productive, God pity them! the parish of Karda and my beloved Herrestad are often sorely tried by want. Many families were without bread day after day—the children crying for hunger, the parents despairing. It broke the peasants' hearts to hear the cattle in the stable lowing piteously, because they had neither hay nor straw; for how live, he and his wife, and his children, if their only cow was dead?

"The north wind blew sharply into their poor cottages, and the little ones were almost frozen. Then came the snow, and made such hills around their doors, that scarcely any one could get out, even to beg. A heart of stone would have been moved to pity. I did all I could; for God has bound my poor people close to my heart; but alone, I had but little power. I prayed then for Almighty aid and counsel. Here where we are sitting, I sat one evening with a heart full of care. A letter was handed me, a letter from Germany—from Hamburg. A dear friend, who had heard of the misery here, wrote to me to call on one or two others, who had compassion on the poor peasants, and with them, to collect money; each should give what he could, and we should buy food for the sufferers and give them work, that they might earn what was given to them; that I should visit them, as I had already done, and advise them, and tell them to trust in God, and seek strength by prayer, and He would deliver them. My friend sent with his letter money that had been collected for us in Hamburg and Bremen and other places. Our German countrymen had not forgotten us.

"It seemed as though the Lord had sent me this message Himself, in answer to my prayer. My heart was light and hopeful. The next day, quite early, I got into my sleigh—it was near Easter, but still terribly cold—and went around to all the pastors and land-owners in this region, telling them that the peasants of Karda and Herrestad were starving, and entreating their aid. When I came home in the evening, I brought a large pursful of money that had been given me for the starving people. On counting, I found I had 2,500 Swedish dollars! It was a gift of God! My heart was so full, I could not sleep that night. The next day we formed a large, large benevolent society,—three souls—I and my old school-master, who prayed so feelingly yesterday with the children, and my faithful housekeeper. But the Lord Jesus made one of our number. And, with His help, we undertook to put an end to the suffering around us. We went from house to house and from stable to stable. Here in Herrestad we found five families, husband, wife and

children, as good as naked in that icy weather, despairing and ready to perish with hunger. They would not listen to a word of consolation; they would not hear even the name of God! It was as if their hearts were dead. I asked a woman if she still prayed. She cursed me to my face, and the children blasphemed with their parents! Oh, one could have wept tears of blood! When the school-master came into my room on his return from his visits—he is an old soldier, and no more sentimental than if he were carved of stone—he was pale as death, and held by a chair lest he should fall. For he was cut to the heart to see men so miserable, so naked, so hungry, so utterly lost to hope and to God.

“There was no time to be lost. We soon bought with the money the good Christian people had given us, bread, flour, and potatoes, and straw for the cattle, and we brought warm clothing and all the comforts we could find. And then we took Bibles and hymn books with us; for without God’s word all is worthless. So we went to the peasants’ huts, and said to them, ‘Here are food and drink and clothing; and it is not *we* that give them, but your Heavenly Father and the Lord Christ, whom you have forgotten; they have not forgotten you. Thank God, then; for it is He who sends them!’ Then we read them a Psalm, and the story of Christ’s feeding the five thousand with two loaves.

“The people’s hearts overflowed, and the children looked at us, speechless with wonder and surprise. Then we brought them yarn and wool, and said, ‘Here, dear people, you must work; for he who does not work, neither shall he eat. When you have eaten enough, thank God, and then sit down to spinning and weaving; we will pay you well for the linen and woolen cloth you make; you shall have potatoes and flour and money besides, for them, that there may be no more want.’

“The peasants were well pleased, and work soon began. The fire burned in the chimney, and by it stood the porridge pot, and the wheel hummed merrily. The weaving succeeded; linen was made, and woolen stuff which sold well. When the king and queen heard of it, they ordered of us more than a thousand rix thalers worth of our manufacture. by the year, and gave it to the poor of Stockholm for coats and jackets, that they might go to church and hear the word of God. Good German friends helped us too, by buying chests full of our clothes, to give to the poor in Germany. Do you know, said the lady, who wove a large part of the cloth that has been given to the children of the Rauh-Haus? It was our poor peasants of Herrestad. From Pomerania, and from Holstein, too, we have yearly orders. And thus one poor person works for another, just as our good Lord would have it. Our manufactures go still further—even as far as Lapland, to the mission there near the North Pole; so that the poor Laplanders get some good from us. Thus one hundred and sixty families are provided with work, and, with God’s blessing, it never fails.”

“Oh, listen! there are some of my children!”

In the next room we heard soft clear voices singing a little Christmas carol; we sat and listened to the lovely, cheerful music. When it was over, a boy and girl entered, making a courtesy, and giving Frau Gerhard the song, neatly written out.

“The children send this with a thousand greetings,” they said.

"Thank you, George,—Mary!" said the lady. "You have given me great pleasure. Come in, little ones, come in!"

The little musicians,—tiny wood-birds!—came timidly into the room. She made them sing their song again, and then gave them each a cake, which they received with a pleased smile, but without even tasting them, then extended their hands to us, and with bows and courtesies bade us good night. One little girl remained, standing by the door.

"Gretchen," said Frau Gerhard, "have you anything to say to me?"

The child modestly stepped forward. "Here, dear mother!" she said, presenting her with a little bunch of fresh, sweet mignonette.

"Are these pretty flowers for me?"

"Yes, mother."

"Where did you get them?"

"From Grandfather; he sent them to you."

"Thank you, dear child, they are very sweet. I will preserve these flowers. Greet your grandpapa for me, and tell him I thank him sincerely. Good night, dear child!"

We are again alone. "What Christmas pleasures you enjoy!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, indeed, thank God!" replied the dear lady. "What do my guests say,—shall we go and return the children's visit? Our friend from Hamburg leaves us to-morrow, and he has not yet seen the Children's House."

The proposition was most agreeable. We put on our cloaks without loss of time. Our road lay over sparkling snow fields; the heavens were bright with moonlight, and the stars twinkled through the branches of the firs, as though the angels had been lighting up Christmas trees all around us.

"Do you see that cottage on our left?" said Frau Gerhard to me. "There lives little Greta's grandfather. You saw him yesterday evening, the old man with iron gray hair. It was his sixth Christmas eve with us; I knew nothing of him; but a few years ago, a little beggar-boy, some twelve years old came every week to our kitchen, bringing with him crabs or fish which he had caught; he never went away hungry. There, often seeing poor women coming to receive flax and wool, and bringing home the pieces of stuff they had woven, for which they carried away, flour, and potatoes, and money. 'Ah,' he once said, 'if my mother only had some of this work to do!' I told the boy to tell his mother that if she would come she should have work. I learned that she went around the country doctoring sick animals; but that she brought no comforts home; that neither did the father earn anything, and they expected to be turned out of their house the next month, as they could not pay the rent. A day or two after, the boy came and asked for flax for his mother to spin. Before the week was over, he came running in at noon one day, hot and eager, with the thread she had made. With what a happy face he carried away his bag of meal, and a new supply of flax! Shortly after, the father came too; he was quite ragged, and his countenance bore the marks of a brandy drinker. We gave him a little piece of heath-land, and a goat. We added a Bible to this gift. We helped him to

build his cottage. His wife and children worked at it with their own hands. One of his daughters was already married; little Greta, who brought me the flowers, is her child; we took her into our 'Home,' because her father was dead. The Grandfather, old Christian, has done well; brandy has been turned out of his house, and honest labor brought in. His piece of ground is now a good little farm, and his cow in his stable. He has his boy, the best of the family, to thank for it; that boy has a place in my house now."

"And the old man's wife?" I asked.

"She died a year ago, in the faith of the Lord.—Listen, do you hear the choral?"

We were at the "*Kinderhaus*." The sweet sound of a Christmas hymn came to us through the closed shutters. We knocked. A peasant woman opened, who had the care of the children. They all rose as we entered.

"Sit still, dear children," said the lady. "We are come to pay you a Christmas visit; we have a dear guest from Germany, who wished to see you."

A bright fire was burning in the chimney place. Beside it was the distaff of the children's good foster mother. There were two benches, on one of which the boys sat, on the other the girls; some of the latter were playing with their dolls, while the boys amused themselves with pictures and printed verses. Some of them were cutting fir-tree canes. I asked for whom they were intended.

"We sell them," replied a little boy.

"And what do you do with the money?"

"It is for the poor children in Lapland."

"Ah, that is good! You ought to have sent them a Christmas gift."

"We did, sir,—the girls sent stockings, and we boys pictures and apples."

"Excellent!" said I, "one poor mortal should give to another. We do so at home in Germany. What will you give me, if I tell you a story?"

"An apple!"

"Well, I take you at your word!"

So the children listened with eager, attentive ears, while I told them the stories that you know already,—the story of good Frau Dortel and her children; and all the tales that blind Mathias told the children, of the angels who float down from Heaven on their great, lovely wings, to serve good children. And I told them something more,—about you, dear little friends, and the dear Rauh-Haus. I told them that we have many children in that house, who are learning about the dear Saviour; and about our large, beautiful Prayer room, where we meet to praise God every morning and evening. Green ivy hangs on the white walls, summer and winter, and a large chandelier in the middle of the ceiling. And when the joyful Advent season comes, the chandelier is ornamented with a wreath of lights, and every day the master lights a new one,—so that the more lights are burning the nearer is the holy Christmas festival. And when the lights are all burning, then comes the bright Christmas tree from the woods, often silvered all over with frost. But our children's

Christmas pleasures begin earlier than this; for they have learned to remember those, who are still worse off than themselves. They put together all their little earnings, and buy many nice things. Then they go out into the city, and hunt out poor people, and say,

“Come to us on Christmas Eve,—we will give you a little pleasure.”

And when the day came, a large table was spread, and many, many candles lit around it, and some eighteen poor people, old and young, some of them cripples, were assembled. They sat down around the table, and heard the story of the Star, and of the birth of Him who is called “the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.” Then gifts were presented to them, and our children sang sweet Christmas chorals.

All this I told the children of Herrestad, to their great delight. They charged me with kind greetings for you all, which I know you return with all your hearts. You may never see the Herrestad children, but I am sure you will love them, and pray for them.

It was late. The school-master came in, to lead the children’s evening devotions. He read from Eph. i.

“Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ, according as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love: having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will, to the praise of the glory of His grace,”—and added a few simple, childlike words of exhortation. Then he prayed, and we sang,

“Where wilt Thou go?—the night draws near,
Beloved Pilgrim,—Saviour dear!
O stay and make me ever Thine,
Abide in this poor heart of mine!

“Deign, in Thy love, to be my Guest,
Grant me Thy peace,—Thy hope,—Thy rest!
Thou knowest I love Thee. Friend divine,—
Abide in this poor heart of mine!”

Homeward, through the ice-cold air of night. Once more we sat by the warm fireside. It was a happy Christmas night indeed: our thoughts turned to the many who that night were waking, and sleeping, and weeping, and dancing,—yes, and sinning and dying, in our own beloved land; to the many who know neither God, nor Christmas joys; yet were we not sorrowful; for we remembered Him who carries on His own great work in His own time,—and of the blessed Christmas love that goes forth under His banner, seeking the lost, feeding the hungry, caring for the sick, guiding the little ones, cheering the desolate, awakening those that slumber, and preaching the Gospel to the poor.

“A new Advent comes!” said Frau Gerhard,—and our souls were filled with the joy of hope.

My visit was over. The next morning, the sleigh stood before the door. With a cordial pressure of the hand, and loving greetings for friends at home, I took my leave.

“God bless and keep you, faithful souls!” I said in my heart, as the cottages of Herrestad, and the belfry of the church of Karda disappeared behind the fir-trees.

A WORD ABOUT OUR ASSOCIATES.

BY THE EDITOR.

Editorially speaking, our exchanges are our associates. Their weekly or monthly visits are like the calls of congenial friends, who drop in after the labors of the day, to spend an hour in free, familiar social intercourse. The letter-carrier's ringing of the bell, is easily known from that of hundreds of other visitors. He is always the harbinger of a friendly call. Perhaps it is his last “round,” at night-fall. He brings among letters, papers, with whose editors and contributors frequent perusals have made one intimately acquainted. You pull down the curtains, light the gas, and leisurely lean back on your “old arm chair,” or sofa, in a frame of mind eagerly alive for mental communion. As your eye runs over the columns and pages, you see a graphic panorama passing before you, showing you at a glance what is transpiring in Church and State, in the hearts and homes of your fellow beings.

The *GUARDIAN* moves in good and agreeable society. Whilst the circle of its associates is not very large, it is composed of those, who show by word and deed that they are its sincere friends. Indeed, many a kind word have they spoken and written for it, which on our part there has been no opportunity to reciprocate. Is our silence then a mark of ingratitude? Nay, verily, often our heart is full with good wishes for our friendly visitors. Allow us, kind reader, at the beginning of the year, to yield to the demand of our heart for a public hearing.

The *Reformed Church Messenger* has been a sort of foster-mother of the *GUARDIAN*, from its birth, and still watches over it with maternal love and pride. Preceding its monthly appearance before the public, the *Messenger* sees that its toilet and dress are neatly arranged and attended to, and then with a bow to its readers, introduces the blushing monthly—as much as to say; “Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you the *GUARDIAN* for January, 1870, containing its usual variety of articles, adapted to interest and benefit the young, and to inspire them with the principles of Light Life and Love.” That the *Messenger* is an excellent religious paper, the most of our readers know from its regular perusal. How eagerly we await its arrival. May the number of its readers be greatly multiplied, and its future be crowned with abundant prosperity.

The *Christian World*, published in Cincinnati, Ohio, visits us regularly, laden with the news from the Reformed Church in the West. In late years it has renewed its youth, as well as doubled its size. On account of failing health, its Editor, Rev. T. P. Bucher, has recently resigned his

position. May the Lord of Life speedily restore him to health again, and give him many years of usefulness in his Church. Our genial friend and brother, Rev. S. Mease, has mounted the editorial tripod of the *World*. Right gracefully has he entered upon his new field of labor. May he have less of the vexations, and the full measure of enjoyments, usually allotted to editors of religious papers.

The *Lutheran and Missionary* furnishes most delightful company; just such as one would expect from either one, or all of its four editors, Drs. C. W. Schaffer, Seiss, Krotel and Passavant. Although not having his name on the editorial programme, we not unfrequently find the pen of its former editor, our learned and genial friend, Dr. C. P. Krauth, grace its columns. Apart from the church news which the *Lutheran* brings us, we deem its visits a source of pleasure, in that they afford us a channel of communion with such a scholarly circle.

The *Lutheran Observer*, although the senior English periodical of the Lutheran Church, in its 37th year, shows no signs of intellectual decay. Its editors, Drs. Conrad, Stork and Hutter, are men of decided ability, and understand how to get up a good church-paper. With increasing age the *Observer* has become more staid and conservative. After the first of January it is to be issued as a double sheet. It is quite natural that its dress should be made to keep pace with its growing life.

The *Christian Intelligencer* is a religious paper of which the Reformed (Dutch) Church in America may well be proud. Its subjects are judiciously selected, and treated with marked ability. Retaining its native Dutch abhorrence of the isms and mongrel religious humbugs of the age, it is withal, brimful of vivacity. Few religious journals are so welcome to a place upon our table as the *Intelligencer*.

The *Moravian* is the organ of the denomination bearing this name. It contains, besides the missionary and other news of its Church, much excellent miscellaneous reading, carefully selected from some of the leading literary periodicals. The Moravian Church is pre-eminently a missionary body, more so than any other Protestant denomination in this country. Its paper bears the impress of this spirit, and is calculated to inspire others with its characteristic life.

The *American Guardian* battles valiantly for the cause of Temperance. Although we can not always approve of its policy, its aim is most laudable. One can not help but bid a cordial God-speed to a journal, which labors to remove the cause and curse of an evil, that is desolating thousands of homes and robbing millions of hearts of their temporal and eternal weal.

The *Lancaster Express* has been one of our favorite secular journals since the days of our boyhood. It commenced its career as a small weekly temperance paper, at a time when it required far more courage than now to advocate this cause. Subsequently, its founder, John H. Pearsol, associated with himself J. Willis Geist. In the hands of these two gentlemen, the *Express* has become one of the most vigorous inland dailies in Pennsylvania. Its fearless advocacy of right and bold exposure of wrong, no less in the ranks of its own party than in those of its opponents, gives it a kind of grit rarely found in secular papers.

The *Lewisburg Chronicle*, if we remember correctly, stood sponsor at

the naming of the GUARDIAN, albeit it then had little faith ecclesiastically in the sponsorial office. In its office the first volume of the GUARDIAN was printed, during the year 1850. Since then the *Chronicle* has followed the labors and life of the GUARDIAN with unabated kindness, and during all these twenty years of its existence has been a regular visitor to its sanctum.

The *Public Opinion* of M. A. Foltz, Esq., Chambersburg, Pa., but recently launched its bark on the great sea of public opinion. Although not a year old, it possesses a degree of vigor that promises a long and prosperous voyage. We take kindly to this journal, among other reasons, on account of the man at the helm. We knew him as an industrious journeyman printer. He began life not only as an earnest young working-man, but laid a proper foundation for his religious character. We can still remember his manly form, standing among other young men, in the presence of the congregation, in the Reformed church at Chambersburg, vowing, with clear and distinct voice, to be on the Lord's side; then kneeling at the altar of Christ as we confirmed him by the laying on of hands. Since then he has tried to be an active member of the Reformed Church. From a printer he has risen to be the founder of a respectable weekly paper, which he edits with creditable ability. Most cordially do we greet the *Good Opinion* with a *bon voyage*.

The *Berks and Schuylkill Journal* is a very agreeable visitor, edited with greater dignity than is usually found in political papers. Its selections for miscellaneous reading show a very creditable amount of literary taste and sound moral discrimination. We need not wonder that such a periodical should prosper.

The *Readinger Adler* is the oldest German paper in the United States. Very pleasant is it for the GUARDIAN to be taken by the hand by such a venerable journal. The *Adler* enjoys a hale and cheerful old age. Neither its keenness of vision nor its general force has abated in the least. It soars on as steady a wing as it did fifty years ago. It is capable of true and ardent friendships, and in political warfare can thrust its keen-edged talon into its antagonists with terrific effect.

Hours at Home — This excellent monthly has now been in existence for almost five years. Since its beginning, it has steadily grown in interest and popularity. It possesses a decidedly Christian tone throughout. Many of its articles would suit for a religious journal, which is a great deal more than can be said of nine-tenths of the popular monthlies. None of our exchanges is a more welcome, entertaining and instructive visitor to our table than *Hours at Home*. The following are the contents for the January number:

I. *Hero*. By Georgiana M. Craik, author of "Mildred," "Lost and Won," "Winifred's Wooing," &c. II. *Real Christmas*. By Mary E. Dodge, author of "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates." III. *The Coming Years*. By Carl Spencer. IV. *The Law of Accidents*. By Rev. G. A. Leakin. V. *Compton Friars*. Chapters XXI.—XXII. By the author of "Mary Powell." VI. *The Bedouin Arabs*. By J. Aug. Johnson. VII. *St. Ephrem*. A Story of Christmas Eve. By H. F. E. VIII. *The True Ballad of the King's Singer*. By H. H. IX. *Sir William Hamilton*. By Rev. F. L. Patton. X. *Books and Reading*. By

Prof. Noah Porter. XI. *Old Ironsides*, No. 1. By W. XII. *The Coming Chinaman—and what shall we do with him?* By Rev. Geo. P. Bacon. XIII. *The Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little*. With four illustrations. XIV. *Leisure Moments*. XV. *Literature of the Day*.

To all our other exchanges we heartily send our greetings and our gratitude for kind words spoken. A certain Methodist minister, attending a public dinner, was called on for a toast, after many other guests had coasted over the whole ground. After some hesitation, he arose and gave as his toast—"To all people that on earth do dwell." Our motto is, to 'do good to those that be good,' and to wish prosperity to every enterprise that labors for Truth and for the Right. To all our cotemporaries, known and unknown, who battle for these, we bid a cordial *God speed*.

THE MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST, AND THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.

(*From the German of J. P. Lange.*)

BY L. H. S.

The celebration of the very ancient, Christian festival of the Epiphany or revelation of Christ is connected with the biblical conception of the manifestation of Christ, or of the grace and glory of God in Him. The teachings of the Apostles placed the revelation of God in Christ—the manifestation that "bringeth salvation" (John i. 14; Titus ii. 11), in contrast with the external manifestation to the world, which was from the beginning to all men, Rom i. 20, although man, in his apostacy had perverted it unto the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, 1 John ii. 16, particularly in the Jewish and Greek idolization of the world. The advent of Christ brings along with a full revelation of His nature, the manifestation of His saving power. In general the manifestation of Christ is the unfolding of the glory of His advent. But since these teachings recognize more than one advent of Christ, they also recognize more than one manifestation of the same. We distinguish a threefold advent:—His coming in the flesh; in the Church, or in the congregation and the heart; and His future coming to the last judgment and final glorification. Each advent has also different sides. We distinguish in the first, the revelation of the promised Christ and the Logos in the longing of the heathen, and His historical revelation and authentication in Israel. Whence also the manifestation of His first advent has two forms. The first is His *spiritual announcement* to the heathen world, which the story of the wise men from the East (magi) and their star exhibits; the second His *historical announcement* in Israel, which was completed through His baptism, the glorification from Heaven that accompanied it, and the witness borne by John Baptist at the time. We

have to do here with the former as the peculiar manifestation, which is celebrated on Epiphany-day in accordance with the old Eastern view adopted in the Evangelical Church.

“Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea”—says Matthew ii 1, “behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him.” The expression *μαγοι*, *magi*, translated “wise men,” originally indicated the Medo-Persian Order of Priests, whose religion consisted in the worship of the heavenly bodies, and whose members were also the Court and Privy-Councillors of the Persian King. But since the Babylonian Chaldean Priests were likewise devoted to the worship of the stars as astrologers, they were also called magi. They were divided into classes, over one of which Daniel was appointed (Dan. ii. 13), and eventually became “the chief of the governors over all the wise men of Babylon.” But at the time of Christ, the Persian devotion to the stars had extended widely through Syria and Arabia, and thus the itinerant astrologers, conjurers, fortune-tellers, the mystic philosophers of the heathen world, were principally called magi. But it is a matter of indifference to us from what people these magi came, they must be looked upon as the choicest spirits, the representatives of heathendom in its secular wisdom. Similarly, we must leave it undetermined, whether they came from the adjacent portions of Arabia, from distant Chaldæa, or still more distant Persia. All these countries lie to the eastward of Jerusalem. Justin Martyr, in his dialogue with the Jew Trypho, assumes, that they came from Arabia. They appear, at all events, to have made a long journey; even Arabia extended a great distance from the boundaries of Palestine. It is sufficient to know, that they came from the East, because the Star of the East had told them that the Star of Salvation had arisen in the West.

We have to notice four elements in their coming to the Lord. It is evident that they were pious men, pious heathen, pious wise men—philosophers—yes, pious magi (even with all the odium attachable to a name that Simon Magus bore),—people who were in quest of the living God. And so we have here evidence, like that which is found all through the Old Testament, that God has always maintained a people among the heathen, who sought after and loved Him amid all the obscurations of the Spirit produced by the superstition of the times. Thus a heathen Melchisedeck encounters the theocratic Abraham; a Jethro, the inspired Moses; a Balaam, the trance bringing splendor of the Spirit; a Hiram, David; the Queen of Sheba, Solomon; the Syrian Naaman, Elijah; and the heathen names Job and Ruth belong to the oldest of the Old Testament books. The New Testament completes the story of this intuitive perception of the silent mystery of the coming grace of God; and it is somewhat remarkable that Matthew, who was preëminently the Evangelist of the Hebrews, introduces these faithful men from the distant heathen world, as the first that acknowledged allegiance to the new-born Saviour, in contrast with Herod—the unbelieving King of the Jews—the Jewish Priests and Scribes, and the whole city of Jerusalem; while Luke, the Pauline Evangelist of the Gentile Christians, acquaints us with the still earlier adoration of the shepherds of Bethlehem in Judea.

Heathen piety is the first element, or rather the power of God's Spirit and grace over the elect souls ; the second is the historical fact, the general belief, the rumor, the particular name—" *A King of the Jews was to be born.*" That the Israelitic expectation of a Saviour King should be widely known in the East, where the tribe of Judah had been in exile for seventy years, at a time when the Jewish hope of the Messiah was fully developed, when Ezekiel and Daniel lived and taught, should be a cause of no surprise to us independent of the testimony of the Roman historians, Suetonius and Tacitus, which may have had its origin in a passage of the Jewish Josephus, where in an un-Israelitic and treacherous manner, he points out the hope of Israel to the Emperor Vespasian. The temple of Jerusalem was recognized through all the East as a mysterious Sanctuary, its religion was an enigma for the whole world, and there was no more important question for the pious among the wise men than that relating to the fundamental ideas of this religion. In this manner the belief in a coming Christ was quietly spread throughout the world. But the magi learned through the star that the Messiah was now born. As regards the star itself, there can be no doubt that it was neither a meteor nor a comet; the former moves rapidly without pausing in its course, the latter never had the idea of a blessing associated with it among the ancients. According to Mûnter, it is stated in the Chinese tables, that a new star appeared at a time corresponding with the 4th year before the birth of Christ. This fact occurred too long before the time of the nativity, and the place of the observation is also too distant. "The celebrated astronomer, Kepler, has shown that in the year 747 after the building of Rome, there was a very remarkable triple conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn; that in the spring of the next year the same occurred along with Mars, and that it was probable that these three planets apparently formed an extraordinary star, as was the case in 1603. This remarkable conjunction, Kepler supposed to be the star of the wise men." Ideler and Schubert advance the same theory. This position of the two stars is repeated every 800 years, and should have occurred in the time of Enoch, of the Flood, of Moses, of Isaiah, and since the birth of Christ in the reign of Charlemagne. But if Christ was born 750 years after the building of Rome (four years before our era), then the conjunction of the stars took place two years before His birth, and we have an explanation of the fact, that Herod, who had inquired of the wise men the time of the star's appearance, ordered all the children of Bethlehem, from two years old and under, to be destroyed. The magi must have only come by degrees to a full understanding of the wonderful star, and at length, only after a tedious travel, reached Bethlehem at the exact time *

But were not the ways of God thus revealed to an astrological superstition? God did not reveal Himself to the astrological calculations, but to their *faith* in these. The notions of the heathen world always wore

* The article of the Astronomer Pritchard, in Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, shows that this attempt to explain the star in the East, as depending upon a conjunction of the planets mentioned, is a failure, and that the only theory in regard to the star at all reliable, is that which supposes it to be a supernatural light, forming a part of the wonders that preceded and accompanied the Nativity.—*Trans.*

the drapery of superstition. But the nucleus of this superstition with the pious was a divine impulse of faith, while, with the sensually-inclined, it was only human or demoniacal selfishness. Wherever the nucleus of the notion, colored by superstition, was an impulse toward the living God, there God revealed Himself in it, and in this way it was aided in throwing off its superstitious exterior. Thus the wisdom of God was revealed in the nucleus of truth contained in astrology and alchemy, converting them into astronomy and chemistry. He revealed Himself to the faith of Abraham through the offering of his son, to the faith of Moses through the sacrifice of animals, to the ecclesiastical faith of the pious in the middle ages, to the faith of Luther in demons. As flame purifies itself from smoke, so He purified their faith.

Thus also was the faith of the magi purified. Their superstition was, however, in a higher sense, the image of a truth, that all the stars and heavenly bodies glorify the Logos, the Builder of His Father's house,—Christ, the Son and Heir of the same. To Jerusalem the magi were directed by their Messianic information. But how must they have been startled to find that the King, the Priests and Scribes of that city still knew nothing of a new-born King of the Jews,—that He was not to be found in a palace, and their inquiries perplexed every one and filled them all with fear. At last they were directed to Bethlehem. But if the direction to go to Bethlehem, away from the royal city of Jerusalem, was received with surprise, they must have been still more astounded at the house, and the entire surroundings of the Child, and probably also at the fact, that He had just been born, whereas this star had been shining for some time. Nevertheless, despite all stumbling-blocks and doubts, they persevered boldly in their faith, yes, so boldly, that they gazed with the greatest joy upon it as their guide, plainly pointing from the high zenith of heaven to the humble house, which they entered at night. The divine ratification in the manifestation of the Child with His Mother, confirmed their faith, and they fell down and worshiped Him (not simply doing homage after the Eastern manner, as they probably did before Herod) and opened their treasures, offering Him gifts; gold, frankincense and myrrh.

Still with their piety, their Messianic belief, and the star, they would have hardly found the Saviour, had the Word of God, as the *fourth* element in their coming, not directed them to Bethlehem. The High Priests and Scribes, assembled by Herod, the King, gave answer to the question: "Where Christ should be born?" "in Bethlehem of Judea; for thus it is written by the prophet, And thou, Bethlehem in the land of Juda, are not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel." No doubt was entertained as to their proper interpretation of the passage in Micah v. 2.

The Word of God thus converted the presentiment and longing of faith into perfect faith. The latter was confirmed by the manifestation of the Holy Child,—the perfect, godlike, living form of the Newly-born; and then their faith reached its complete manifestation in unbounded adoration and the presentation of the most precious gifts.

Gold, frankincense and myrrh,—princely gifts, suited to an Eastern

demonstration of homage at a royal court, but here of still higher significance! Frankincense and myrrh point to Arabia, but they might have been obtained there by the magi on their way. Taken together they were symbolical of the sun, and hence it has been claimed, they indicate a reference to Persian origin. According to Jewish symbolism, at all events, frankincense, indicates prayer or adoration, gold the splendor of royalty, myrrh, with its sweet odor, acceptableness to God or sanctity. According to Catholic signification, the magi paid homage with frankincense to the God, with gold to the King, with myrrh to the Man, because he would die as Man, rise as God, and reign as King. The monastic middle ages recognized as symbolized in these gifts, the three so called good works: in gold almsgiving, in frankincense prayer, in myrrh fasting. Still better is the reference of the gold to unchanging faith, which is one with the true glory of life (1 Pet. i. 7), of the frankincense to prayer (Ps. cxli. 2), of the myrrh to holy anguish accompanied with renunciation of the world and mortification of the flesh (John xix. 39; Ephes. v. 2). These gifts intrinsically may have had, in the providence of God, a real value here; they were to facilitate the flight into Egypt, which the murderous design of Herod made necessary.

This remark leads us to the terrible contrast which the heathen magi present to the Fathers in Israel and the capital of the country, Jerusalem, the city of God, confounded at the tidings of the birth of Christ; the strangers, from the heathen world, opening their hearts to it! The Chief Priests and Scribes find, in the Holy Scriptures, the direction to Bethlehem, point it out to the strangers, but remain at home in their unbelief; the heathen magi suffer themselves to be led by their star and that direction, and attain their object! Herod the Great, as temporal King of the Jews, called to be the representative and forerunner of the Eternal King of the Jews, makes a malignant, murderous attack upon His life, and covers himself with the densest robes of hypocrisy; the strange magi lay pride of birth, of station, their wisdom and themselves down at the feet of the Holy Child, in whose presence they find peace of soul, and from whose coming they expect salvation for the people!

Esau, the progenitor of the Edomites, notwithstanding his extreme indifference to the promises of God, on account of which he lost his rights as the first born, was remarkable for his straightforwardness and integrity,—the murderous thought that he cherished once, in his heart, against his brother Jacob, seems to have been suppressed in the kindness of his nature. Later and often, the old grudge of Edom against Jacob makes its appearance in his descendants (see Obadiah), and because Esau's murderous thought had never been atoned for by complete penitence, it came to its full maturity afterwards in this Idumean Herod, whose life Josephus has described for us. The indifference of the ancestor was converted into complete obduracy in this legitimate heir of his earthly promise (Gen. xxvii. 40), wherefore also the honesty of the ancestor was hollowed out as a lifeless *larva* in Herod, and converted into a mask for his diabolical cunning. He had carefully sought out as regards the birth of the Child Jesus; first *where?* then the presumptive *when?* But the magi were to ascertain and point out the actual individual. At first they had confidence in his statement, that when they

should bring him word, he should go and worship Him also. But the magi did not return, and the blood-stained tyrant is permitted to complete the slaughter of the children of Bethlehem. It has been asked, why Josephus gives no account of this? But our text suffers the opinion to be entertained, that Herod knew how to get rid of these infants by secret attacks and assassinations, without the publication of an edict, since this would have certainly come to the knowledge of Josephus.

The crafty politician had sought to deceive the magi, but under the guidance of the Lord, they circumvented him—not through information obtained in secret night-watchings or astrological learning, but through a prophetic glance had by their pious spirits during sleep. The word of the Lord in a dream forbade their return to Herod, which made such an impression upon them that they returned into their country by another way. Thus they disappear with their faith in the distance, but the fame of their faith has converted them into saints of the Church, whom ecclesiastical tradition has invested with marvellous splendor.

The Church tradition first connected the magi with the apostle Thomas and his ministry in the East. Thomas baptized them in Persia, whereupon they became very efficient as propagators of the Gospel. The legend, however, in the process of their canonization, connects them with “the Star out of Jacob,” whose ascent Balaam predicted in Numbers xxiv. 17. They confounded the star of Balaam, symbolizing the Lord, with His sign in the Heaven. The director of mysteries, it was said, selected twelve men from their number, who spent three days every year, on the Mount of Victory, in religious exercises, in order to search for the star predicted by Balaam, until on the day of the birth of Christ a star was actually seen, in the form of a boy with a cross upon his head. Similarly they were called Kings, after Cyprian had held them to be astrologers; Hillary and Jerome as necromancers. Their kingly dignity was presumed from their royal gifts, and the proof was obtained by a reference to the promises in Ps. lxviii. 31, 32; Ps. lxxii. 10, which speak of “kings bringing gifts to Jerusalem”; and to Isaiah lx. 6, where “they from Sheba” are spoken of as bringing gold and incense, while in verse 10 of same chapter it is said “The sons of strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee”; in the same connection Isaiah xlix. 7, may also be mentioned. Chrysostom supposed their number was twelve—corresponding with the numbers of the Apostles, and the tribes of Israel—; Epiphanius increased the number to fifteen; Leo the Great decided it to be three in accordance with the triple gifts. - Bede Venerabiles (672-735) first mentions them by the names, Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar. Peter Comestor lived to see the discovery of their remains in 1162, and he called them Apellius, Amerus and Damasius. They are called differently by other authors, but the names given by Bede have been generally received; and “these are indicated when the Catholic priest, coming to the houses of his parishioners, on the holy Three-kings-day (Epiphany), even now writes with chalk, the three letters, C. M. B., and the date of the year on the door, which, in connection with the sprinkling of the holy water, is looked upon as an unfailing protection against all danger.” The names of the magi seem to have had especial reference to the brightness of heaven; most distinctly seen

in Melchoir, meaning king of light. They are alike the children and the prophets of the heavenly manifestation, and hence it is no marvel, that they have been transplanted to Orion's belt, among the stars in the sky, and that their pretended bones, which were brought to Constantinople under the first Christian Emperors, then taken to the Church of Eustorgius in Milan, and, when the latter was plundered, given by the Emperor Frederick I (Barbarossa) to Archbishop Raynold, of Cologne, where the magnificence of mediæval art in its most superb symbol—the Cologne Cathedral—is displayed over them.

The Church has selected the sublime passage, Isaiah lx. 1–15, and the history of the manifestation in Matthew ii. 1–12, as peculiarly suited to the day.

The custom of the Romish Church to celebrate Epiphany as a missionary festival, or the festival of the conversion of the heathen, has also obtained among the Moravians, who were formerly in the habit of only celebrating the day when it occurred on Sunday, and the suggestion has been frequently made, that it should be employed as our general missionary festival. Thus far the suggestion has not been largely adopted, probably because our view of the heathen world and of our missionary work itself has not been sufficiently promising and solemn. The great world-historical, biblical and ancient ecclesiastical truth of the manifestation of our Lord Jesus Christ must vivify and mature this festival germ. Let us learn to think of the heathen world, not as a starless, night-district of Hades, but as a night full of the starlight of preparatory grace lifted over elect spirits and hearts, of anticipation and hope of salvation alive with secret sighs, prayers, anxious longings, and struggles. Let us celebrate a manifestation of the Lord, which reveals with its divine splendor the depths of the Godhead in its threefold light, and the depths of heathen power with the threefold gifts of its longing faith; a manifestation, which from the life of Christ devoted to death, brings forth His baptism as the radiance of His inner glory, and adumbrates itself in the victory of light in external nature, whilst it is a prophecy of the future manifestation of the glory of the Almighty Lord. If we thus acquire confidence to promulgate the good tidings that proceed from the life and death of Christ; to oppose the true manifestation of the Bride of Christ in the full communion of the universal priesthood of believers, to the false seductive glare of worship without the same,—to make the flashing of earthly sunlight an emblem of the victory of the light from on high, and upon *this* day to look at the heathen world from its illuminated side, considering missionary work not as work for man, but as for the honor and pleasure of God,—then Epiphany will certainly yet become a beautiful yearly festival in our Church.

“THE coming of God, the Holy Ghost, from heaven, to dwell in our hearts and bodies and unite us to Jesus Christ, is so great, so vast an event, that it may well overwhelm and confound our minds, if we try to think of it all at once, and to feel what we might and ought from it; it is well we should select some one point of what it teaches, and meditate on it with all our hearts.”

OUR FESTIVE GREETING.

BY THE EDITOR.

In this solemn festive season, our hearts are tender and trustful. Of life and of death, of joys departed and of hopes still brightening, do we think and speak. In this first number of 1870 our hearts must be allowed to speak. Come, let us commune together, kind reader.

A happy New Year! Is it well with thee? Is it well with thine? Has sorrow crossed thy path the past year? Forget it not: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." "Blessed are they that mourn (that mourn aright), for they shall be comforted."

"Thro' sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deep'ning gloom,
We, soldiers of an injur'd King,
Are marching to the tomb."

'Twas not all sorrow. Much joy has God given thee. Forget it not. Thou art in the morning of life. Now, at the end of the year, thou art nearer thy noon than at its beginning. How hast thou improved its fleeting days, its solemn lessons? They are clean gone forever, for better or worse. Hast thou grown wiser and purer during this period? Dost thou love thy Saviour more ardently now than before?

The GUARDIAN is thy friend. Heed its teachings. It aims to lead thee to Life, Light and Love. *He* is the Life, *He* is the Light, *He* is Love. A new year is before thee. Strive to make the best of it. Take oil in thy lamp—grace in thy heart. Buy it betimes. Through His Church thou canst get it—canst buy it without money and without price. When least expected—"at midnight," the cry will come, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh! go ye out to meet him." Hold thyself in readiness for that solemn coming. Hast thou spent the year away from Christ, out of His Church? What if the cry had come to thy graceless soul? How sad a death—without God and without hope! Wilt thou risk another precious year of thy life out of the Ark of Safety? I warn thee, kind reader, do it not. Be wise. It may be thy last year on earth. But whether the last or not, thou wilt need it to save thy soul.

'Tis well that Christmas comes so near New Year. The tender associations of the new-born Babe of Bethlehem, mellow and soothe the mournful memories of the dying year. Our earthly life may have its sorrows, may wane and wax old, as doth a garment; but in this manger smiles a Child, whose life is ever young. And as we yearly bow around it, devoutly bringing the fragrant gifts of our grateful hearts, the sweet Child converts each heart into a separate manger, in which the Holy Ghost softly lays him down.

“Ah, now the blessed door
 Stands open evermore,
 To all the joys of this world and the next :
 This Babe will be our Friend,
 And quickly make an end
 Of all that faithful hearts long time hath vex'd.”

How swiftly time doth bear us adown life's stream! We are not what we were a year ago—still less what we were ten or twenty years ago. Our feelings and friends, our hearts and hopes! Oh, how changed! In one thing—in our faith in Christ—we do not, dare not change.

“I'd say, we suffer and we strive
 Not less nor more as men than boys,
 With grizzled beards, at forty-five,
 As erst at twelve in corduroys.
 And if, in time of sacred truth,
 We learn at home to love and pray,
 Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
 May never wholly pass away.

So each shall mourn in life's advance
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
 Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance
 And longing passion unfulfilled.
 Amen, whatever fate be sent,
 Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
 Although the head with cares be bent,
 And whitened with the winter snow.

My song, save this, is little worth;
 I lay the weary pen aside,
 And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
 As fits the solemn Christmas tide.
 As fits the holy Christmas Birth,
 Be this, good friends, our carol still:
 Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
 To men of gentle will.”



A TRACT BURNED, BUT NOT DESTROYED.—Twenty years ago the late Daniel Fanshaw gave a tract to a young infidel, in whom he took a deep interest. He was indignant, saying: “What right has he to interfere with me or my opinions?” To show his contempt, he drew a match, and setting fire to the tract, lit a cigar with it; and as he supposed, dismissed the matter from his mind. Not long since, on looking over the list of deaths in his paper, this man saw the name of Mr. Fanshaw. The transaction of twenty years ago came to his mind. The contents of the tract, which he had read before burning, to show his coolness, as well as contempt, came back to his mind. He attended the funeral, was a deep mourner, became convicted of his sin, was converted, and is now rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

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
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PROSPECTUS FOR 1870.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIst volume, on the first of January 1870. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number is embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continues to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers promise to continue to use a superior quality of paper; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

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LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE
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A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

FEBRUARY,
1870.

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Phila., Pa.
JAS. B. RODGERS CO., PRS.

A WORD FOR OURSELVES.

We thank our friends for their zeal in getting subscribers for the GUARDIAN, and for their kind words of encouragement; and ask them not to grow weary in this kind of well-doing. Although neither the Editor nor any of its contributors have any pecuniary interest in its publication, they bestow no little care and labor upon its pages, and feel greatly cheered by the evident marks of appreciation on the part of their readers. For the past few years it has grown in favor and circulation. We shall aim to make it deserving of both. Please speak a good word for it among your friends, and help to enlarge the number of its readers. Any person sending six new subscribers with \$9, will receive a seventh copy for himself, without pay. For \$15, thirteen new subscribers can get it. Teachers of Sunday-schools, and younger members of congregations, can gather subscribers without much difficulty. We must again remind our readers that the Editor has nothing to do with the financial management of the GUARDIAN. Instead of sending monies and business letters to him, they are all to be addressed to the "Reformed Church Publication Board," 54 North 6th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOK NOTICE.

BIBLE GEMS, or Manual of Scripture Lessons. Especially designed for Public Schools, but equally adapted to Sunday Schools and families. By R. E. Kremer, Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1870.

This work of over 300 pages is well adapted for the purpose which the author had in view in its preparation. Its general introduction into the Common Schools would relieve our school system of its most objectionable feature—the absence of all religious instruction. The author, a sister of Rev. A. H. Kremer and F. W. Kremer, D.D., is a teacher of mature experience, and has spent several years in the preparation of this work. Of its kind, it possesses undoubted merit. The questions and answers are apt, terse and simple. A careful study of the whole book will give a child a vast amount of correct, biblical knowledge. We are happy to see the following recommendation of the book from Prof. J. P. Wickersham, Superintendent of the Common Schools of Pennsylvania:

"The purpose of the book, that of introducing more religious instruction into our public schools, meets my entire approbation; and the book itself seems unexceptionable, both in regard to the matter it contains and the manner in which the subject is presented. The author has my best wishes for the success of this laudable undertaking."

Hours at Home.—The following are the contents of the February number of this monthly.

I.—The Literature of our Sunday Schools, No. 1. By Rev. Geo. B. Bacon. II.—Hero. Chapters III, IV. By Georgianna W. Craik. III.—Mary, "Queen of Scots," and Queen Elizabeth, by James Anthony Froude. IV.—Something about Bats. By Prof. Burt G. Wilder. V.—The Ministry of Beauty. By Carl Spencer. VI.—Yale College one hundred Years ago. By E. H. Gillette, D. D. VII.—Compton Friars. Concluded. By the Author of "Mary Powell." VIII.—Curiosities of Vision. By T. Edwards Clark. IX.—The Darien Canal Exploration. By Lorenzo Dow. X.—Praying Always. By Lucy Larcom. XI.—Books and Reading. No. XI. Novels and Novel Reading. By Prof. Noah Porter. XII.—An Afternoon on Memoriam, in Salzburg. By H. H. XIII.—A Railway in Utopia, by President Jos. F. Tuttle. XIV.—The Frozen Well at Brandon. By Aaron Lloyd. XV.—Leisure Moments. XVI.—Books and Authors Abroad. XVII.—Literature of the Day.

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Rue Cronenmiller, Mifflinb'g, Pa 1 50	21	H. C. M'Cauley, Reading, " 1 50	20
Rev. J. C. Bucher, Lewisb'rg, Pa. 1 50	21	Annie Getz, " " 1 50	21
Mrs. S. Motter, Emmitsburg, Md 1 50	21	G. Richstein, Catonsville, Md. 1 50	21
Anna B. Motter, " " 1 50	21	Maggie Berger, Overpeck, O. 3 00 20 & 21	
Hattie Smith, " " 1 50	21	A. G. Sutton, New Holland, Pa. 3 00 20 & 21	
Rev. J. W. Santee, Cavetown, " 3 00 20 & 21		Rev. D. W. Gerhard, " " 1 50	21
Rev. S. Shaw, Reedsburg, O., 1 50	21	Henry J. Besore, " " 1 15	21
C. P. W. Fisher, M. D., Boalsburg		Michael R. Good, " " 1 15	21
Pa., 1 50	21	Wm. Grimley, " " 1 15	21
J. Sandt, M. D., Stockertown, " 1 50	21	E. Wilson Shriver, " " 1 15	21
Prof. J. S. Stahr, Lancaster, " 1 50	21	H. R. Brubaker, " " 1 15	21
I. S. Stahr, Applebachville, " 3 00 21 & 22		A. F. Dillman, " " 1 15	21
H. C. Stahr, " " 1 50	21	B. F. Bard, " " 1 15	21
Wm. H. Weiss, " " 1 50	21	Miss J. Stauffer, " " 1 15	21
T. C. Engel, " " 1 50	21	Emma C. Brimmer, " " 1 16	21
Amandus C. Baringer, " " 1 50	21	Annie L. Miller, Bareville, " 1 16	21
A. M. Newberry, Whitem'h, " 1 50	21	Wash. Simmons, Leacock, " 1 16	21
Peter Hoffer, Centre Hall, " 1 50	21	Daniel Mellinger, " " 1 16	21
Mrs. M. M. Eisenhart, Allen'n, " 1 50	21	Miss M. J. Stauffer, Terre Hill, " 1 16	21
" E. C. Shindel, Catasauqua, " 1 50	21	H. M. Cocklin, Shepherdst'n, " 1 50	21
Mrs. H. S. Miller, Phoenixville, " 1 50	21	B. Wolff, Jr., Pittsburg, " 1 50	21
Sarah and Matilda Bernheisel,		P. M. Brunner, Cones. Centre, " 1 50	21
Green Park, Pa., 1 50	21	Rev. W. M. Riley, Jonestown, " 1 50	20
Rev. D. M. Wolff, Lancaster, " 3 00 20 & 21		Mrs. Schrack, Lewisburg, " 1 50	21
Henry Bush, Sprankles Mills, " 1 50	21	John Hoffer, Bellefonte, " 1 50	19
Mrs. S. F. Ebur, Reading, " 1 50	21	Mrs. H. Neff, Reading, " 1 50	21
Miss M. E. Miller, Sharpsb'g, Md 1 50	21	Riley Myers, Westminster, Md 1 50	21
H. Rouser, Mechanics town, " 5 00 19 to 21		A. Beam, Janner X Roads, Pa. 1 50	20
A. D. Fetterolf, Perkiomen, Pa., 1 50	21	H. Zacharias, Emmitsburg, Md 1 50	21
Tilghman Derr, Troutville, Pa., 2 00 20 to 21		C. J. Smith, Lebanon, Pa., 1 50	21
Geo. Welty, Pleas. Unity, Pa., 1 50	21	D. C. Smith, " " 1 50	21
Lucetta Fisher, " " 1 50	21	Rev. L. C. Edmonds, Beav. Sp. " 1 50	19
M. E. Doll, Frederick, Md., 6 00 18 to 21		M. C. Brewer, Clear Spring, Md. 3 00 19 & 20	
J. Brindle, Youngstown, Pa., 1 00	21	Chas. Wannamacher, Phila., Pa 1 50	21
G. J. Leonard, Russelville, Ind., 1 50	21	J. B. Rust, Tiffin, Ohio, 1 50	21
Rev. Jos. Kester, Marion, O., 4 50 18 to 20		B. Kochenberger, Heil'dale, Pa 1 50	21
Charles Smith, P. Carbon, Pa., 1 50	21	S. Malissa Krissinger, Berlin, " 3 00 20 & 21	
M. J. Riegel, Easton, " 1 50	20	Balteer Schneder, Brownsv'e " 1 15	21

The Guardian.

VOL. XXI.—FEBRUARY, 1870.—No. 2.

SUNDAYS ABROAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

A Sunday in Edinburg.

It was a charming Sunday morning, toward the end of April. Edinburg has an old and a new part. In the new city, where I was quartered, not a sound could be heard or sight seen to disturb the sacred quietness of the day. No wagon, dray or workman was in sight. For several hours in the morning the streets were almost wholly deserted. Then came groups from out of every door of the blocks of palatial dwellings. Not only all the men, but nearly all the ladies seemed to be dressed in black. Along the clean pavements church-going people continuously streamed hither and thither, for at least one hour. And every stream in every street, tended towards some house of worship.

At this time there happened to be a traveling skeptic in Edinburg, who was determined not to enter a church, or pay the least deference to the religious habits of the God-fearing Edinburgers. Yet, as the morning was so inviting, he must sally through the town. Soon he drifts into one of these street-currents. Having nothing else to do, he consents to be listlessly borne along by it, whether to some park, theatre, or elsewhere. Ere long he discovers to his chagrin, that the stream floats him to the door of a large church. He turns away, not a little out of humor, and soon falls in with another current, which again carries him to a church. He tries it the third time, with a similar result. At length he growlingly works himself out of these street tendencies, remarking that in Edinburg it was vain to resist the current; take it where you would, it was sure to bear you off to church.

About three-fourths of the Edinburg population is Presbyterian. The three main bodies are the Established, the Free and the United Presbyterian churches. These three hold the Communion twice a year on the same day, in all their churches. I happened to be here on one of these communion days. In the morning I attended worship in Dr. Candlish's church. He is the leading Theologian in the Free Kirk, as it is called.

The vast building was densely packed with a solemn, sombre-looking congregation, all arrayed in black, like a mournful funeral assemblage. After standing in the aisle for a little while, a clerical friend, whom I had met in the old house of John Knox, the day previous, invited me into his pew.

The church contained two pulpits. Aside of the principal one, and a little below it, was a smaller pulpit. In it sat a dignified gentleman, in a black gown and white surplice or neck band. Can he be Dr. Candlish? Soon a small, stout gentleman, in a large, black flowing robe, ascended the stairway of the main pulpit, with a swinging, unsteady motion. He announced a hymn, or rather a Psalm, from Rouse's version. For these Scotch Presbyterians sing naught but the Psalms of David, and only those which Rouse has arranged. After the announcing of the hymn, the robed leader arose in his small pulpit, and with a drawling and nasal voice raised the tune. Soon the combined voices of the great congregation sounded forth in a grand song of praise. Their collection of Psalms is not large and the tunes used are familiar to all. The children all learn to sing them in their week day schools, and at family worship. Thus every member learns to sing the church hymns. And they all do sing with a will. One forgets the faults of an ungifted leader, and the musical blunders of rude worshipers here and there, amid the grand and glorious song of such a congregation.

The preacher's prayer was a faultless composition, containing more ability than devotion. Yet devotion, too, for those whose hearts and minds were more accustomed to this style of worship. Although the prayer was long, the whole congregation stood to the close of it.

He read part of the eleventh chapter of John. The announcing of the chapter produced a rustling of leaves throughout the congregation—most a singular noise to my ears, after such marked and solemn silence. Every worshiper, so far as I could notice, had a pocket Bible, and turned to the chapter when announced, and followed the preacher reading it. And whenever he cited a passage during the sermon, giving chapter and verse, the rustling was repeated, every one turning to the chapter and carefully reading it. This habit cultivates a close attention to the sermon, and increases the fund of Scripture knowledge on the part of the hearers.

The preacher's text was John xi. 25, 26. His theme was the resurrection, considered as *an event* and *a state*. He remarked that the resurrection of the body was not simply a resuscitation, but the budding and development of a new life, previously implanted in the believer. Where this new life is wanting, men rise "unto damnation," as they have lived. In this world and in the world to come, the life of the believer is *one* life; one unbroken thread which God has joined in vital continuity; let not man put it asunder. The resurrection is not a cause, but an effect. At the believer's regeneration he receives the cause. His later life contains eras or stages of evolution. His death is one of these eras; an advance on what preceded; a tearing or growing away from an inferior or a worse estate, and on that account painful. The resurrection is the final era, the completion of regeneration.

What about the state between death and the resurrection? David and Ezekiel shrunk from death, not so much because they were ignorant

or skeptical of the resurrection, but from fear of the dreaded vacancy of the state intermediate. This was the great difficulty with the Old Testament saints. The 26th verse settles this point. "He shall never die." "To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord."

I could well see that this man had not the fear of heresy-hunters before his eyes. A thorough scholar, an independent thinker, and one of the most awkward public speakers I have ever listened to. His bushy, raven locks partly conceal his fine intellectual forehead. He pouts his lips, knits his fine brow into a forbidding frown, and swings his stout, small person into all manner of strange postures. He read closely, and rolled his person over his manuscript, from one side to the other, with a fidgety, nervous motion of his right hand, as if he knew not where to put it. And yet, having neither manner, oratory nor elocution to commend him, he riveted the attention of his large congregation for one hour; the beauty of his thoughts and the force of his style more than compensating you for the defects of delivery.

The Scotch Presbyterian Church, like some other Protestant Churches, tries to guard against admitting persons of known wicked habits to the communion table. All communicants must previously report themselves either to the pastor, or some specified church officers. If they are known to possess a Christian character, they receive a small coin, called a "token," which they hand to the proper person, in connection with the communion service. Those that have no "tokens" cannot commune. Now it seems that I happened into a part of the church occupied by the communicants. Of the "token" arrangement I was wholly ignorant. As I rose to leave the church, a venerable elder, with a solemn mien, held a small basket at me, at the door of the pew. It seems he was collecting the "tokens," instead of the communion offering, as I thought. The good man, amid the pressing throng around him, vainly tried to tell me, in his broad Scotch dialect, that he wished to have my "token," and stoutly demanded it before he would let me pass, and I as stoutly refused to give it, for the good reason that I knew not what he said. I have no doubt, the earnest elder took me to be either a very wicked or a very ill-mannered man, as I passed him without heeding his request.

Proceeding to another part of the city, I entered Dr. Guthrie's church. The large congregation was still engaged in celebrating the Lord's Supper. Narrow tables, covered with a white cloth, were set through the long aisles. Around these the communicants were seated as they partook of the holy Sacrament. Every time the tables were filled a minister took his stand at the one in the aisle in front of the pulpit, and addressed the communicants about fifteen or twenty minutes, on some subject bearing on the occasion. I believe this is called "guarding the tables." This clergyman seemed to be strangely unfitted for such a duty. A very good man he doubtless was, but out of place here. The substance, style, length and drawling delivery of his addresses must have taxed the devotions of the people severely. How much better to let the occasion—the solemn communion itself, speak. As a rule, the words of man are rather a hindrance than help to such eucharistic devotions.

During the communion I noticed a slim, tall, pale gentleman, in a plain black robe, sitting on the pulpit. He seemed to bear the efforts of his

friend at "guarding the tables," very patiently. Occasionally he brought forth his box from under his robe, and took a "snuff." Sitting on the gallery, opposite the pulpit, I had a good view of him. After the last table of communicants had retired, he arose, and said: "Arise, let us go hence," (John xiv. 31). On these words he based a beautiful parting address of about ten minutes, full of unction, hope, fervor, and love. Full many a page from his pen had I read. The dear little address was just such as one would expect from Dr. Guthrie. Although in the decline of life, his voice was still clear and full, which he could use with great expression and effect. His gestures were few, but natural, apt, and graceful. These two leaders of the Edinburg pulpit, present striking contrasts of character and genius. Candlish is a thinker and profound theologian, thoroughly imbued with German theology. In spite of his forbidding delivery he attracts a great congregation around him. Guthrie possesses the elements of a cultivated pulpit orator, simple in style, and with a pleasing manner and delivery. He is the Clay of the Scotch pulpit, and in Theology an out and out Scotch Presbyterian.

In the evening I worshiped in the College Church. A stout, large whiskered Scotch D. D. preached on Rev. xxi. 22. He assigned four reasons why there would be no temple in heaven: 1. The symbol of the Divine presence will be displaced by God's immediate presence. 2. The sacrifices and ceremonies will be displaced by the completion of the great sacrifice of Christ. 3. The instruction and knowledge immediately given by God and the Lamb will take the place of that imparted in the temple. 4. The eternal Sabbath in heaven will take the place of the sacred places and seasons on earth.

These large crowded churches, with great preachers and grand singing, are in the new city. The old and new city are divided by a narrow valley or ravine. Many centuries ago this ravine was a lake, or at least a marsh. Now two bridges span it, connecting the old city with the new. The new is pervaded with an air of gentility, neatness, and comfort. The streets and pavements are clean and wide. The houses are large, giving it the appearance of a city of palaces. There public opinion requires all decent people to go to church and behave themselves. That is a condition of respectability. The people you meet on the street seem decorous and dignified. You rarely meet a drunken person; indeed there are comparatively few places where liquor is sold. Albeit not all these sturdy Scotch churchmen are teetotalers. A prominent elder, after kindly taking me to the noted places of the city, offered me a glass of wine at his own table.

Let us cross one of these bridges, and pass over into the old town. It is called Cowgate. Centuries ago it was the abode of princes and the nobles of the land. There lived John Knox. His house, built in 1490, remains to this day. It is built of stone, and seems good for a thousand years to come. I sat in his study chair, from which he stormed against Mary of Scotland. A filthier, wickeder, and more besotted place than Cowgate, it would be difficult to find in any Christian country. The streets are narrow, and mostly without side-walks. Filth under foot, and over head, on hands, faces and clothing of the people; filth without and within, body, mind, and spirit are dirty and depraved. They abound in

dram-shops, and boisterous, ragged drunken people. Nowhere in Europe Asia or Africa, in Mohammedan or Christian countries, have I seen the like of this old town of Edinburg. Some thirty years ago Guthrie left a comfortable cuntry parish to become a missionary in Cowgate. He says, that in beginning his work "it was more common to find families without Bibles than with them. Such was the utterly irreligious state, into which they had sunk, that of the first one hundred and fifty persons I visited, not more than five, including Roman Catholics as well as Protestants, were in the habit of attending any place of worship—the more shame to those who did, and had left them to perish in their sins. I remember a whole day spent in going from house to house, or rather from room to room; each room usually housing one, and sometimes two families, and being reminded by the only Bible I saw of these words of Whitefield: "I could write damnation in the dust which covers your Bible."

The room I speak of was occupied by an "under woman," as in Edinburg they call those weird-looking creatures who prowl about the streets, late at night or at early morn, raking among the dust heaps for cinders which they sell, for potatoes and bits of meat which they eat, with the chance of occasionally lighting on a gold ring or a silver spoon. I found her literally sitting "in dust and ashes;" floor, bed, tables, chairs, all else coated grey with them. She might have been fasting, but it was not from sin; for on rising to receive me when I introduced myself as the minister of the parish, she had great difficulty to keep her equilibrium. Though remembering the proverb about casting pearls, I could not but hint at her habits. This at once set her up. She declared herself to be a very religious woman; and seeing me making for the door insisted on my remaining to be convinced of that. Staggering across the room she mounted a chair, from which I every moment expected to see her tumble headlong on the floor, to thrust her arm to the back of a cupboard and drag out a Bible! This she shook in my face, and flourished over my head, sending out a cloud of dust from its rustling leaves. This Bible in the hands of a virago was the only one I had seen that day; and was it not sad to think, that to any part of a city full of churches these words could be so justly applied, "Darkness covereth the earth, and gross darkness the people?"

He says the tenants of the dirty hovels "were lying over the sills of windows innocent of glass, or stuffed with old hats and dirty rags; others, coarse-looking women, with squalid children in their arms, or at their feet, stood in groups at the close-mouths—here, with empty laughter, chaffing any passing acquaintance—there screaming each other down in a drunken brawl, or standing sullen and silent, with hunger and ill-usage in their saddened looks."

"My country parish had only one public house, and I had come to one where tippling abounded, and the owners of dram shops grew like toadstools on the public ruin; with one thousand inhabitants my country parish had but one man who could not read, and I had come to one with hundreds who did not know a letter. My country parish was not disgraced by one drunken woman, and I had come to one where women drank, and scores of mothers starved their infants to feed their vices;

there one might see a darned but not a ragged coat, here, backs were hung with rags, and the naked, red, cracked, ulcered feet of little shivering creatures trode the icy streets; there but one did not attend church, here but five in the first one hundred and fifty whom I visited; there I found not a house without at least one Bible, here many had neither a Bible on the shelf, nor a bedstead on the floor."

One man he met, sober among drunkards, decent among the depraved. His threadbare dress was always well brushed; his long white hair nicely combed. He prayed, and never missed church, and bore with meek resignation the outrages of his drunken wife. To prevent her from selling his Sunday dress for whisky, he had to hand it over to a kind neighbor for safe keeping. His house contained hardly a stick of furniture. The walls were foul, with dust and hung with cobwebs. The air in it was close and stifling. In one corner I found a heap of straw, on which lay his drunken wife with no covering but her ragged clothes—drunk and dying—insensible to anything I could tell of Him who pities the worst of sinners, and can save to the uttermost. The death-rattle was in her throat; she was hurrying away drunk, to the judgment!

Such was the Cowgate of Edinburg, thirty years ago. It may have undergone some improvement since; yet this is not very perceptible. The streets on week-days are perfectly hideous. On Sunday, even Cowgate seems to try in a measure to be put on its good behaviour. The contrast between the old and new Edinburg impresses the mind with strange emotions. The one a model Christian community, intelligent, orderly, pious, Sabbath-keeping; the other ignorant, besotted to the lowest degree; both, side by side with only the narrow valley to divide them. How is this, that Presbyterianism in Scotland annually gives millions for Home and Foreign Missions, and prosecutes its work with great success, and here has been a stronghold of Satan in its chief city, for successive generations, which it will not or can not break down?

Beautiful for situation is this city. Unlike London, Paris, and many other large cities, you can see the lovely country from the town. On the hills around it are perched castles and monuments, which meet the eye and give one a pleasing outlook from amid its streets.

Sunday in Glasgow.

Glasgow is much larger than Edinburg, and more influential in commerce and manufactures. Its inhabitants are less strict in observing Sunday than the Edinburgers. In the morning I worshiped in an Episcopal church, in which two clergymen officiated. One preached on Ecclesiastes v. 5, 6. His theme was: Vows made in adversity should be paid in prosperity, without delay. It was a thanksgiving service, on the day appointed by the Queen of England, as a day of thanksgiving throughout her realm. The congregation was apparently devout. The Lord's Prayer was repeated four times during this one service: a repetition whose frequency must weaken the devotional force of even the best of prayers. In the afternoon I worshiped in one of the Free churches, where an elderly gentleman preached an edifying discourse on the baptism of Christ. In the evening I attended service in a Congregational

church, and heard a discourse on Luke xvi. 31, by the best-looking clergyman and the least gifted preacher I found in Scotland.

A very worldly city this Glasgow seems to be, far less given to the cultivation of literature and religion than Edinburgh. Here the Sunday current on the streets is easily stemmed by non-church-goers. The churches are far less crowded, and the congregations seem to be less attentive and devout.

A Sunday in Scotland gives one much to think about. As a rule, it is strictly and sacredly observed in town and country. The churches are comfortable, but very plain structures, without the least architectural ornament. Usually all the interior wood-work is painted white. The windows are of clear unstained glass. The Scotch have not yet learned to see through "the dim religious light" of more fashionable churches. Nor choir, nor organ is allowed in connection with their worship. Any kind of instrumental music in the church is considered a "relic of popery" and a profanation of God's house. Recently two Presbyterian churches in London have introduced the organ, which has produced quite a sensation in their denomination. The chorister always raises the tune. He takes the place of choir and organ. As a rule so far as I noticed, he was a man of most unmusical voice. But with such congregational singing it is easy to lead in this part of the service. His place is always near the pulpit; usually he has a small pulpit of his own, in front of or aside of that of the preacher. His appearance, with robe and neckband, is quite clerical. During singing he always stands, while the congregations sit.

All the people about a Scotch kirk must demean themselves decorously. From the pastor to the sexton, all the officers must be men of godly life and habits. Dr. John Brown gives an interesting sketch of the old sexton of his father's church, whom he calls "Jeems, the Door-keeper." He was a weaver by trade; a man of odd mould, in body and mind, but heroically pious, as well as tyrannically strict in keeping the door of God's house. One day two strangers came to church, and asked "Jeems" for seats. Motioning them to follow, he walked to the farthest corner to get them a seat; meanwhile they had found a seat near the door, which he did not discover until he had reached the pew he intended to give them. "His nose and eye fell, or seemed to fall, on the two culprits." Proceeding to their pew, he seized and pulled them out instantly, hurrying them through the aisle to their appointed place. He *snibbed* them slowly in, and gave them a parting look they were not likely to misunderstand or forget.

One time he passed the collection plate around, when a stingy worshiper put a crown instead of a penny on it. Seeing the white piece of money as it dropped out of his hands, he asked "Jeems" to hand it back to him. "In once in forever," exclaimed the sturdy sexton. "Weel, weel" (well, well), growled the man, "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said Jeems, "ye'll get credit only for a penny!"

Brown says he was sensitive to fierceness for the honor of his church and minister, and to his too often worthless neighbors he was a living epistle.

"He dwelt at the head of Big Lochend's Close in the Canongate, at

the top of a long stair—ninety-six steps, as I well knew—where he had dwelt all by himself, for five-and-thirty years, and where in the midst of all sorts of flittings and changes, not a day opened or closed without the well-known sound of ‘Jeems’ at his prayers,—his ‘exercise,’—at ‘the Books.’ His clear, fearless, honest voice in psalm or chapter, and strong prayer came sounding through that wide ‘land,’ like that of one crying in the wilderness.”

When all alone, without wife or child, he never failed to have what he, with a grave smile, called *family* worship. All by himself he sang his psalms, gave out or chanted the lines, having a different tune for each day, seven tunes for each week; only seven in all, and no more. Seeing Brown’s surprise at this, he said: “You see, John, we (he and his wife) began in that way.” And so after his wife had gone to heaven, he kept on as they had begun. On Tuesday, the day his wife and child died, he always sang more verses than on any other day.

Brown says he often breakfasted with Jeems. He made capital porridge, for he was his own cook. “And I wish I could get such butter-milk, or at least have such a relish for it as in those days.” His chapters were long, and his prayers short, very scriptural, and by no means stereotyped, and wonderfully real, immediate, as if he was near Him whom he addressed. Any one hearing the sound and not the words, would say, “That man is speaking to some one who is with him,—who is present,”—as he often said to me, “There’s nae gude dune, John, till ye get to *close graps*” (There is no good done till ye get to close grips). Jeems is away—gone over to the majority; and I hope I may never forget to be grateful to the dear and queer old man.”

One can well discern the evidences of a good home training in these Scotch congregations. The children and servants are taught their Catechism at home. Family religion forms an essential part of a Scotch Presbyterian household. Thus the people, the common people are taught their Catechism, Bible, and Psalm Book. These form a good foundation. In Scotland servant girls are said to be versed in the ordinary topics of theology. And the people are all athirst for more biblical knowledge. Hence the rustling of Bible leaves when the text or a proof passage is cited. All have a Bible and Psalm Book before them in the pew.

All the people, old and young, rich and poor, rise up during prayer; and that too where the prayer is not unfrequently from fifteen to twenty minutes long. How many prominent Presbyterian congregations, in our larger American cities, can say as much for themselves?

The Scotch pulpit is noted for its learning. It is brim full of theology. Usually the sermons are elaborate, luminous, and finished to a fault. They are crammed with theological seed; but it is sown so densely that it requires an extraordinary fertile soil to furnish it with the elements of growth; and even where these are at hand, it is in danger of choking to death. Some preachers have all sound and little sense; all thunder and no lightning. The Scotch are the reverse; all lightning and little thunder. Chalmers had both; so has Guthrie. Both are needed; the lightning to enlighten and purify the air, and the thunder to shake the earth. In Scotland, with the peculiar religious education and temperament of

the people, the injurious effects of it are not so great. For the bulk of American congregations such preaching would be like the pattering of rain on a rock, like the sowing of good seed by the way side.

The Scotch lay great stress on so called simplicity in worship. They have a righteous antipathy to forms of devotion—save their version of the Psalms. In their extreme opposition to liturgical forms, they have themselves become formalists. In their contending against religious ceremonies, they have acquired ceremonial habits. They have become formally informal, ceremoniously unceremonious. Very able their prayers are, but painfully lacking devotional unction. Often they present in their prayers intrusive expositions of precious truths, definitions of the attributes and decrees of God, to which every person *listens* with unwavering attention. Under such prayers the mind is feasted while the heart is famished. The wrestlings and yearnings of burdened contrite hearts find no outlet through them. Unction in worship is an essential part of religion. Its ointment opens the pores of the heart, gives vent to penitence and praise, and enables it to absorb the pure, life-giving atmosphere of God's gracious presence. In prayer the heart demands a hearing.

The Scotch are a warm-hearted, hospitable people; and their clergy, whilst they cling tenaciously to their religious peculiarities, are liberal-minded towards Christians of other Churches. A prominent Edinburg clergyman urged me to preach for him, showing the liberal spirit which pervades them. They are frank and ardent in their intercourse with strangers. After spending an evening with a well-known Edinburg Publisher, he cordially grasped my hand twice in parting, and as I turned away from his door, he shouted a third and final Good Night after me. After a clergyman and his wife had shaken hands twice in leaving me, they returned to the parlor to repeat the pleasing greeting the third time. These are little, yet pleasing traits of Scotch character; child-like outgushings of their warm genial hearts. God bless these earnest Scotch Christians, and speedily enable them to disenthral and Christianize the old Cowgate of Edinburg.

THE HIGHLAND BOY'S FAITH.—A traveler in Scotland observed some choice and rare plants growing on the edge of a precipice. He could not reach them, but offered to a little Highland boy a handsome present if he would consent to be lowered to the spot by a rope around his waist. The boy hesitated. He looked at the money, and thought of all that it would purchase; for his parents were poor, and their home had few of the comforts of life; but then, as he glanced at the terrible precipice, he shuddered and drew back. At length his eye brightened, and he said, "I'll go, if father will hold the rope." And he went.

"This boy's trust," says the Rev. Dr. Wise, "is a beautiful illustration of the faith which saves the soul; for as he put himself into his father's hands to be bound with the rope and lowered down the gorge to pluck the coveted flowers, so must you put yourself into Christ's hands to be pardoned."—*Pictorial Handbills.*

**"FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS AS WE FORGIVE
OUR DEBTORS."**

From the German.

BY K. E. H.

Far, far from here, in kind, hospitable Switzerland, there once stood a little hut, lonely and alone. It was not inhabited by a blooming Alpine maiden, or vigorous mountain herdsman, who, by day, with his flock, sang his joyous native songs, and drew wonderful melody from his Alpine horn, and at evening rested from the day's trouble and toil with a light heart and joyous courage; who gathered in his blessing of flocks and herds with active industry, and then laughed and joked in innocent, unconstrained happiness.

An old man dwelt there. His brow was very gloomy, and his neck deeply bowed. He bore in his breast a despairing heart and a soul acquainted with guilt. He was once a child, pure, innocent and happy. The boy became a youth, handsome, courageous and strong; then all who knew him loved him, because he was so good and so cheerful. And he loved all, for his heart was light and pure.

This lasted for a long time. Then there was one whom he did not love; alas! he hated him. He became intimate with him. They were sons of one mountain. Together they made their first excursion. Both were bold and daring; no rock was too high for them, no precipice too steep, no path too narrow, but they must go up. And soon there was no chamois so cautious and fleet, but their guns brought him down quickly and surely.

Then his companion married a wife who had been very dear to him. And from that hour he hated him, and never wished to see him again. His step was always turned to the highest mountain. He avoided all men, because he wished to avoid one. He hated all men, because he hated one. He greeted every new dangerous path as a friend; he swung himself up from rock to rock, and gave no heed to the bottomless abysses which often yawned at his feet. He sprang rashly over and hurried higher, to climb this and that rock which no human foot had ever trod; here he felt more at rest. When this had gone on for some time, he ventured again among men; but his hate only slumbered. His enemy cradled a lovely little son in his arms. Driven forth again, his heart was torn by bloody, despairing thoughts.

Once in his restless wandering, his tireless climbing and hunting, he heard a familiar foot-step. The gun fell from his skillful hand; above him a chamois plunged from a projecting rock, and before him stood he whom he hated, whom he wished to avoid.

In that moment the tempter entered his heart. The path on which they stood was narrow; the abyss beneath them fathomless. Why should he not take revenge, when revenge is so sweet? Now down with him, even if he himself must perish.

Swift as the lynx springs upon his prey, he had seized him (alas, his control over himself was lost), pushed him to the brink of the precipice, and down into the depth below. "I forgive thee," groaned the ghastly victim. "May God also forgive thee." Then, when he awoke from that fearful passion he was again a man. He wished to throw himself down, but something held him fast as with fetters of brass; fast to that life which had now become as the torments of hell. "May God forgive thee," echoed the rocks with a thousand voices. Alas! He will never forgive thee, shrieked his despairing heart.

Now, he hated himself; he no longer wandered among the wild heights; they were too near that heaven which he could never approach. He bore a secret torment, and the pure air of heaven fanned it to a glowing flame. He built himself a hut, between high rocks, far from the dwellings of men. He no longer delighted in seeing the joyous and happy in their green blooming meadows, with their flocks and their loved ones. He took no pleasure in the silvery mountain peaks, when the departing sun each evening crowned them with fresh roses, or in the pleasant valleys, when the new day drew back the veil of night and illuminated them with golden light. Upon the whole wide earth he saw nothing but his irretrievable guilt; felt nothing but his everlasting torment.

"Forgive us our debts."

Oh! if he could only have breathed this prayer to the heart so full of long-suffering and mercy—to Him who forgives the sins of all; to whom all cry, because all so often stumble and fall. But his sorrow was too bitter, his despair too wild. He could not pray.

The sympathizing herdsmen of the Alps, who sometimes sought his hut, saw his sorrow, without knowing its cause. They often brought him a part of the product of their flocks. But it was done secretly, when, after a long and bitter conflict, iron sleep held his relaxed members, and even from these alms he hardly allowed himself what was absolutely necessary to sustain his miserable life. Soon he who had been a strong man became weak and old. By degrees, as his strength diminished, his despair became milder, but his sorrow and penitence were the same.

Now he sought to pray, "Forgive us our debts."

He had learned it when a child, when his heart was pure and innocent. But he could not hope. If sometimes the prayer burst from his agonizing heart, from the lowest depths of that heart came the answer, "God can never, never forgive thee."

Year after year passed. He lived with the flocks upon the few vegetables produced by the stony ground, and upon the loving gifts of men, who pitied him, though they were strangers to his heart. His repentance had not effaced his guilt; his prayer brought no peace to his heart.

It was a damp, gloomy autumn; a cold continuous rain had made the mountain paths slippery. Yet the old man, to whose humors such a time of year was best suited, had gone farther than usual from his hut. To him there was something soothing in it; alas! there could be nothing

good for him to whom all nature was covered by a garment as cold and dark as his own life.

Musing, he wandered farther and farther; suddenly he heard a distant step, a cry, a fall, and then a deep low groan. The fearful recollection gave him strength; he sprang to the spot. There, far below him, in a scrubby fir tree which had been washed from the steep precipice, a youth hung over the gaping abyss. The old man, to whom the thought of his heavy sin had given sudden strength, felt his boldness and daring return with the opportunity of displaying it.

Quickly he perceived a possibility of escape, and soon returning from his hut with a rope, he noticed a small projection upon the inner precipice; he descended skillfully, holding by the scanty underwood, and the pointed teeth of the rock. From here he threw one end of the rope to the anxious youth, and fastened the other to a sharp rock. The youth seized the rope convulsively, but his haste and weight threatened to precipitate the old man, with him, into the abyss. The dawning hope of atoning, at least in a measure, for his crime, had given the old man gigantic strength; he threw himself flat on the ground, and with excessive labor, by the help of God, he succeeded in drawing him up to the point on which he stood.

Still, only the first part of the escape was accomplished; or rather both were now in the same danger of falling into the yawning abyss; but God's hand upheld them.

Quite near them was a small projecting flat, above which rose a second, but rather a smaller foot-hold. When they had reached the second of these the ascent became easier. Here and there they found impressions almost like steps in the rock, and sometimes a slender branch, or the root of a tree, by which they sustained themselves.

With unspeakable labor, in continual fear of death, they pursued their course, sometimes drawing near and helping each other up the steep, till at last, bleeding, but out of danger, they stood upon the narrow, slippery path.

Here, when life was restored to them, the youth fell at his kind deliverer's feet, but he, pale and trembling, gazed upon his blooming face, started back and tried to escape, but he could not; something held him fast, and forced from his lips the question, "Who art thou?" It was the son of the murdered man.

"Oh, God! oh, God! Thou art merciful," cried the old man as he fell upon his knees. "Thou hast permitted me to rescue from death him whom I so wickedly deprived of a father. I feel that Thou wilt forgive me; that Thou wilt forgive the great sin of my life. Oh, Thy endless love! Thy everlasting mercy! Thou wilt not reject the vilest sinner."

Thus, he rejoiced aloud, and pressed the youth to his heart; who gazed with wonder and astonishment at the old man's joy, and felt the heart that beat so warmly against his grow more and more languid. It had forgotten how to bear such unexpected happiness. And now when hope, and trust and peace returned, it stood still. But the departing soul carried with it the feeling of renewed hope, to where the Father would fully answer the prayer, "Forgive us our debts."

HOURS AMONG AUTOGRAPHS.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

No. III.

HOW TO GET THEM.

It is said of the late John Jacob Astor, that he once remarked: "It is an easy thing to get rich; the only difficulty is in securing *the first hundred thousand dollars*." In a somewhat similar manner it might be said, that it is easy to collect autographs after you have secured a large number of rare duplicate specimens, with which to make the necessary exchanges. But just here lies the difficulty, as the nucleus of a collection is generally very small. The incipient collector has, in some way or other, come into possession of one or more interesting autographs, and thereupon conceives the idea of increasing the number. Difficulties meet him at the very outset, but if he be made of the right stuff they will but serve to strengthen his passion.

There are three ways in which the collector may legitimately increase his stores—by gift, exchange, and purchase. If he should happen to be on intimate terms with a few families that are descended from eminent Revolutionary patriots, and they should permit him to examine the correspondence of their ancestors, and select specimens from it, he might be able to make, at once, a very good beginning. If a collector should, in this way, light upon a correspondence of Washington, Franklin, or some other distinguished Revolutionary patriot, his "autographic" fortune might be said to be almost made. He might, of course, exchange the duplicates with other collectors, and thus increase the number of his specimens. But such "windfalls" are now exceedingly rare, as in most cases such ancient papers have long since been destroyed. Moreover, there are many persons who fear to permit a stranger to examine the papers of their ancestors, lest some family secret should accidentally leak out. There is, however, no just ground for such an apprehension. Collectors only seek manuscripts written by *great* men, and *really great* men never write anything of which they are ashamed, or which requires to be kept secret for half a century after their death. It should, furthermore, be remembered, that in the hands of collectors, valuable documents will be carefully preserved, and will thus become materials for history; while in the garrets of the families possessing them, they are constantly liable to destruction by the careless or the ignorant.

The most obvious way of obtaining the autograph of a living man, would seem to be to write to him for it. Such a mode of proceeding is, however, far from satisfactory. The present writer, at any rate, can truth-

fully affirm that he has never attempted it. For if you were to receive a reply, it would be only a line or two, granting your request, which, apart from the autograph, would be entirely uninteresting. Moreover, eminent men are so *pestered* for their autographs—principally by boys and girls who have taken a freak in that direction—that they frequently feel themselves compelled to decline responding to requests of this kind. I wish I remembered the name of the eminent Irishman—for certainly none but an Irishman could have perpetrated such a “bull”—who always *wrote* in answer to such applications, “I beg leave to inform you, that I have made it a rule never to send my autograph to any person,” and then subscribed *his name in full*.

Once in a while a characteristic response is obtained by direct application. A short time ago, a Western editor wrote for an autograph to the celebrated English author, Thomas Carlyle, and received the following laconic reply :

“Here is my autograph. Much good may it do you! Thomas Carlyle.”

Though this response is somewhat insolent, it cannot be denied that it is eminently characteristic of the gruff old bear that wrote it, and that, some day or other, it will be considered interesting and valuable.

A pleasant anecdote is related of the late Prince Metternich, “the Nestor of European diplomacy,” who, as we have already mentioned, was very fond of autographs. He had formed a series of letters of modern French authors, which lacked only Jules Janin, the celebrated critic, of being complete. Being very desirous of completing the set, he mentioned his wish to Janin’s friend, Count Apponyi, who immediately volunteered to write to the author, informing him of the desire of the prince. When Janin received his friend’s letter, he at once procured a beautiful sheet of paper, and, remembering that the prince was the proprietor of the celebrated Johannisberg vineyards, wrote the following receipt :

“I herewith acknowledge the receipt, from Prince Metternich, of fifty bottles of his best ‘Johannisberger’ wine, for which munificent present I return my heartfelt thanks to the generous donor. Jules Janin.”

The Prince, who was greatly amused at the *naivete* manifested by the author in thus receipting in advance for an anticipated present, immediately sent him, not fifty, but *one hundred* bottles of his best Johannisberger.”

Horace Greeley says, in one of his “Ledger articles,” that he was once addressed by an autograph collector, who asked him for an autograph of Edgar A. Poe, and that he offered him an *unpaid* note of hand, signed by the poet, on condition that he paid him the amount it called for. Did it not occur to the “white coated philosopher,” when he afterwards chuckled at his own wit, in having thus *non-plussed* the collector, that the latter probably had no sanguine expectations of receiving one of Poe’s autographs, but rather made use of this device to draw from Greeley himself a characteristic letter, and that his ruse succeeded admirably?

Dishonorable means have sometimes been employed in order to obtain the autographs of great men. Of course, no genuine collector would stoop to anything of the kind; but there is, in Europe especially, a class of “middle men,” who gather autographs for the purpose of selling them to

collectors, and who are capable of almost any degree of meanness. One of these, a few years ago, received a commission from a wealthy lady to form for her a large collection of autograph letters of eminent contemporaries. He at once addressed a written circular to all the eminent men of Europe, in which he asked their opinion of a certain great work that was about to be issued under the auspices of the Russian government, and inquired whether they could, under any circumstances, be induced to contribute an article to it. Of course, every man of letters would answer such a communication, and in this way the scamp obtained over two thousand autographic replies, for which his patroness gave him a large sum of money.

An impoverished French nobleman, in 1843, undertook to make his living by writing to eminent persons, and then selling the replies which he received from them. In order to accomplish his purpose he did not hesitate to make use of the most varied, and often shameful, devices. One of the methods he adopted was to send to any famous person, whose autograph he desired to possess, a letter, in which he pretended to be a violinist but twenty years old, who, on account of great misfortunes, had been brought to despair, and was on the point of committing suicide. "Nevertheless, before performing so desperate an act, he felt himself impelled to address a person in whose wisdom he placed the most implicit confidence, hoping to obtain advice that would prove aid and succor." It would require a flinty nature not to be startled when the *concierge* handed in such an epistle, and distinguished authors and artists—such as Jules Janin, Felicien David, Pierre Dupont, Sivori, Henry Reber, P. J. Prudhon, Delphine, Girardin, Reybrand, and George Sand—ministered to the supposed sufferer, the consolation he desired, and gave him the advice he asked. These replies are very *Frenchy*, and do not generally contain those comprehensive views of the responsibilities of life, which are characteristic of a Christian mind, but they are, nevertheless, not devoid of interest.

George Sand wrote with greater brevity than most of the others, "Life is a great school for entering a great battle field, the right to win which only belongs to man. All I can therefore say is, Be a man, and rise above the cowardly feelings that harass you!" Jules Janin said, in substance, the same thing, but stretched it out into an epistle of three or four closely-written foolscap pages, in which he gives, as an example of how a man in difficult circumstances should act, a sketch of his own life. The celebrated Spanish General Espartero replied, with military brevity: "Life is a battle-field and death a bullet—wait till the bullet strikes you!" It is sad to reflect, that not a single one of these eminent men and women had faith enough to direct the supposed sufferer to the Saviour of the world.

We cannot refrain from quoting, in this connection, an amusing anecdote concerning the late Duke of Wellington, which we clip from an old copy of the "*Court Journal*," though, of course, we deprecate the dishonest manner in which his autograph was obtained:

"It is well known, that during the latter years of the late Duke of Wellington's life, it was next to impossible to coax or wheedle his autograph out of him. A lady who had an album garnished with the auto-

graphs of most of the great men of the day, but who wanted that of the 'great captain,' mentioned her distress to the late Mr. H——. and a few days after, he, to her great surprise and pleasure, brought her a note. It ran thus: 'Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington never ordered a pair of braces from the Messrs. Simpkin. If F. M. the Duke of Wellington had ordered the articles he could not forget it. The Duke of Wellington always pays for his braces.' This was a very odd document for a lady's album, but its authenticity was undoubted. The way in which this singular note was elicited was this: Mr. H—— filled up one of the bankruptcy court forms, and signed it, informing the Duke that in winding up the affairs of the Messrs. Simpkin, he (the assignee) found on their books the sum of 6s. 6d., due by his grace for a pair of braces. Mr. H——'s ruse was founded on pure fiction, but it succeeded; and now, in a certain lady's album, may be seen the curious note, of which we have given a copy."

Though eminent men are sometimes annoyed by the importunities of autograph collectors, it would seem as though they ought not to be displeased at seeing their manuscripts side by side with those of the most celebrated persons of modern times. Such must, at least, have been the opinion of the poet John G. Saxe, when he recently wrote, in answer to an application for his autograph:

"My autograph! 'tis pleasant to reflect,
Although the thought may cost a single sigh,
That what a banker would with scorn reject,
Should have a value in a scholar's eye."

If I were writing for the benefit of young collectors, I would have much more to say, with reference, especially, to the purchase of autographs at public sale, and the kind of specimens which it is advisable to collect; but as such things would prove uninteresting to the general reader, they must, of course, be excluded from an article like the present. It is enough to remark, that the *minutiæ* of autography have been elaborated to such a degree that its terminology has become almost as intricate as that of some of the sciences. Of course it requires patience and perseverance to become familiar with these details, but it must, on the other hand, be remembered, that "a labor of love is always light."

"AUTOGRAPHIC PHYSIOGNOMY."

A friend at my elbow wants me to write something about "the art of reading the character of individuals by an examination of their handwriting." This art I have been in the habit of calling *chiromancy*, though Webster defines the latter word as synonymous with palmistry, the wicked practice of pretending to tell fortunes by examining the lineaments of the hand. If Webster is right—and I presume he is—I confess myself at a loss for a word by which to designate this branch of my subject, and must, therefore, *coin* a term, which, for the want of a better, shall be "autographic physiognomy." Some of the Germans have called it "*chirogrammatomantie*," but I hope such a "jaw-breaker" will never be introduced into the English language.

This is a difficult subject, and perhaps the easiest way to dispose of it would be to say, that there is about as much truth in it as in physiogno-

my; but then the question would arise, How much truth is there in physiognomy?

Lavater, the physiognomist, was of course a warm believer in the art. He says: "It may be laid down as an axiom, that no member of the human body can contradict the rest; there is no patch-work in nature. Every motion and gesture is modified by our temperament and character. Every act, however trifling, is an external manifestation of our internal being; so that we may agree with Sterne, or possibly De la Bruyere, in saying, 'The wise man does not even hang up his hat like a fool.'" In this way he goes on to show, that as the hand is capable of a greater variety of movements than any other part of the body, these movements, especially as they occur in the act of writing, must be particularly expressive of character and emotion. In short, his arguments are of a similar character with those which he uses so freely in defence of physiognomy.

The illustrious Goethe says in a letter to K. Preusker, dated April 20th, 1820: "There can be no doubt but that a man's autograph is greatly influenced by his temperament and modes of thought, in the same way as his voice, gestures, and movements must be in harmony with his individuality. Nevertheless, we have only an indistinct feeling of this truth, not a clear consciousness; and while it may be safe to express an opinion in single instances, it will not do to lay down scientific rules for the reading of character from manuscript in every case. I have myself a considerable collection of autographs, which I often contemplate with great pleasure; and it strikes me, that every person who directs his attention to such subjects will soon acquire a degree of skill which will be delightful and useful to himself, though he may find it difficult to communicate it to others."

A recent German writer, Dr. Gunther, of Leipzig, gives extracts from the writings of a large number of authors, who have given their opinion on these subjects, most of whom agree with Goethe and Lavater. On the other hand several of the most eminent collectors of Germany declare the whole thing to be a "a delusion, like Phrenology and Physiognomy."

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

The present writer can claim no skill in "autographic physiognomy," nor has he much confidence in it as an art. Men of genius, it is said, generally write badly, but not all who write badly are men of genius. It is, of course, easy to know the writing of a farmer from that of a scholar; to distinguish between the autograph of a lawyer and that of a merchant. Moreover, there are, I doubt not, some persons who can generally, by examining an autograph, discover the temperament of the writer. Beyond this, I plead guilty to skepticism as to the pretensions of "chiro-mantists"—of whom there are, I believe, very few in this country.—except where previous knowledge of the writer suggests points of resemblance between his character and chirography. Nevertheless, if any of my readers think differently, they are heartily welcome to their opinion, and we will, I trust, *agree to disagree*.

BEARING OUR CROSS.

BY MARY ELLEN.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee. Psalm lv. 22.

The circumstances in which the members of the human family are placed, vary in each case. No one can find his exact counterpart, nor read his own history in the life of another. Upon each, however, there is a badge affixed which denotes a common destiny, an emblem, proving that the law of compensation is justly executed.

From that bitter moment when Eve pathetically cried, "*Must I leave thee, Paradise!*" down to the hour, when the Arch-angel's trump shall sound "*Time was, time is, but time shall be no more,*" all her erring, apostate children shall carry this universal mark of brotherhood. *All* have sinned—all must bear the Cross. The infant sobbing in its mother's arms, and the hoary-headed, who declare the grass-hopper a burden—each carries the sign of woe. None are exempt.

Our cross is not taken up by chance. It was appointed us in the councils of eternity. "To some God gives crosses of iron, and of lead, which are overwhelming in themselves; some He forms for us of straw, that seem to weigh nothing, and yet which are no less difficult to bear. Some He makes of gold and precious stones. And it is not for us to prefer the leaden to the golden; but to prefer that our Lord's blessed will may be perfectly done in us and by us." In this view we can speak of "*Bearing our Cross,*" feeling that it will find a response in every breast whether it be acknowledged or not—it is that only, in which all are equally concerned. This it is which tries our characters and the nature of the hope that is within us. If borne with murmuring, the burden is increased: if one cross is thrown away, a heavier one takes its place.

"Take up the cross and follow me," are the words of our Saviour, the "*Model Cross Bearer,*" who, for our sake, had not one moment's respite from the anguish of His Passion or Cross. We sometimes show a willingness to bear a burden, but we would choose our own—one suited, as we suppose, to our tastes and circumstances; one bearing a greater resemblance to that of our neighbor, which to us may seem light. Our self-will leads us thus to forget, that the "*Yoke*" is put upon us by One perfectly acquainted with our frame, who remembers we are dust; by the great Architect of our souls, who knows exactly wherein our weakness lies and how to apply the restraint; from which, good Baxter says, we must not wish to draw our necks.

When asked for "*The palm branch, the robe and the crown,*" He sometimes shows in their stead, "*A cross and a grave.*" "For whom

the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

Hence from one He sometimes withdraws the light of His countenance, for a season, causing such to cry out in great bitterness, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." Or like Bunyan's Pilgrim, another may be bowed down by reason of the weight of sin, which presseth so heavily. By ill health he often causes the strong man to be brought low, while His plans lie unfinished; and by a "Thorn in the flesh," He leads others to exclaim, "Oh wretched man that I am!" At times He sends the chilling blasts of poverty to sweep over the dwelling of a disciple, leaving him not where to lay his head; or suffers riches to take wings; and like them, the friends of sunshine often flee away.

Wounded affection, with all its withering influences, may turn inward—gnaw the heart and blight the life. To a parent, a wayward, thankless child, often gives sorrow "sharper than a serpent's tooth," while a child in turn, oft pines beneath the scoffs and jeers of an ungodly fireside. A yearning soul mourns for want of those much forgotten blessings—the melting eye of tenderness, with affection's cheerful voice—in other words, they are called to take up the plaintive lament, "Home I have *none*!" To these might be added labors and self-denials without end.

There are crosses too, of an inward nature, of which each heart knoweth its own bitterness. No doubt we often impose on ourselves burdens, which our Lord never intended we should carry, and for which He has not promised supporting grace. Hence arise, contentions, discontent, *ennui*, or "a want of a want," and a long list of ills, which to some, are grievous to be borne.

It has been asserted that our sufferings or trials are in proportion to our sensibilities. The feelings of some may be so cultivated as to render them as sensitive as the mimosa. Therefore, what may be an actual cross to one may fail to make an impression on another, or to such may appear in the light of a blessing. "The very sensibility that dreads the cross, is the cancer which needs the surgeon's knife." Natural disposition, education and our surroundings do modify our crosses.

The "Great Cross Bearer" is not unmindful of individual infirmities; but turns them all to account. In this connection He says: "The very hairs of your head are all numbered."

A woman of opulence, being an invalid, was reclining in her richly cushioned chair, in which she had been placed, in order that she might seek the invigorating influences of the bracing country air. In the course of her ride she had her attention drawn to the buoyant step of a little peasant girl, tripping by the coach. How ardently she longed for a like elastic gait, in comparison with which her luxury appeared to her as naught! Think you a like reflection was passing in the mind of that poor child? Ah! no. She was revolving in her own thoughts how very happy she would be, if only she were permitted thus to ride in ease and comfort, instead of wending her weary way, by reason of her own strength and vigor. In this instance, each had a cross which she would have gladly exchanged; provided, she could retain her own peculiar blessings—or keep "back a part of the price."

★

A prince once issued a proclamation, in which he invited his discontented subjects to assemble at a given point, each bringing his burden with him. All were then commanded to cast their own down, and the privilege given to select from the common heap, just such as might suit their tastes and circumstances. Great was the consternation of those poor deluded mortals. When thus left to decide their own fate, they found no cross as light as their own—gladly shouldering it, they returned home, having ever after a disposition to say, “I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.” Just so, methinks it would be with us, were the Prince of our salvation to let us alone, in the choice of our relations in life.

Thomas à Kempis left us judicious counsel when he said, “Prepare thyself to bear many adversities in this sorrowing life; for so it will be with thee wheresoever thou art, and so surely thou shalt find it wheresoever thou hide thyself.”

All are bearing a Cross; it is of Divine appointment. *How* shall we carry it? Alone? Or will we accept the help of Him, who so tenderly says to us, “Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee,” or bear thee up, when weary? From a human stand-point, we all know what it is to be sustained when ready to sink from any oppression. We then thankfully share even the *lightest* part with another. It has been aptly said, that Christ places on His own shoulder the *heaviest* end of the burden He imposes on us, and He then offers to sustain us with the remainder.

“Oh, for such love, let rocks and hills,
Their lasting silence break!”

The modes of carrying the cross are as various as the form and size of the “Cross” itself. One drags it with a sullen air—another picks it up and proudly parades it after the manner of the Pharisee. An effort is sometimes made to clip away a portion, and thus lighten the load—or by falling down before it worship it. Others hide it in confusion of face; instead of honoring the badge, and having shame only for that typified. Some will bear a cross, but they prefer not to follow their Lord with it. One becoming weary, casts it down, or verily tramples it beneath his feet. The “Great Cross Bearer” says of all such—“They are not worthy of me.”

Of all the graces of godliness—that of meekly bearing the cross, *just as it is, after our Lord, until the end*—is that, which is the most difficult the Christian is called to exercise himself unto. The loveliest characters found in every community, are those who have borne rugged crosses patiently, submissively—not in stoicism or indifference. As our Divine Leader, such may faint for a season, but finally they triumph, through Christ, who strengtheneth them. We all have doubtless seen such, around whose countenance, there actually seemed a halo, which is indescribable and hard to understand, were it not that light comes to us from the inspired Word, telling us that “Wisdom maketh the face to shine”—that such are as gold, purified seven times. They bear a “mark in their foreheads,” which denotes them as Christ’s “Hidden Ones.” It is light proceeding from the Saviour’s Cross, around which no heart grows old.

We here recall one of the faithful, upon whom “Trial has succeeded

trial, like the waves of the Ocean." Said she to us, "You know God has not spared me—the Cross has been laid heavily upon me all the three score years and ten, of my life; but the good Lord has so graciously supported me all the while, that I can now only say, 'Trust Him under all circumstances.'" The same spirit manifested to a greater degree—led Job to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Surely such complete submission is not of our own stubborn will; it is the gift of God in answer to a life of prayer. Only then can the Christian say:

"Oh, give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure, but Thine."

Though daily called upon to bear our cross, it alone must not engross all our thoughts. In the language of David, we must cry, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits"—present good and mercies past. * It was once our privilege to enjoy a ride on the ocean's beach, in company with a heavenly-minded woman, widow of an eminent servant of God. Remarking the immense crowd, at this time enjoying the pleasures of the walk, such as can only be had by the sea, she very cheerfully observed, "How many such delightful strolls has my Heavenly Father granted me in former days! Now my step is feeble, and I can enjoy no more such. I feel thankful for the past." Her manner rather than her words left an impression in her Master's favor.

In the spirit of the gospel, our crosses are our greatest temporal blessings, to illustrate which, a more than ordinarily earnest Sunday School Superintendent called to his aid his blackboard. Ardently he then inquired of his teachers and pupils, "What is the *greatest* blessing God bestows upon us from an earthly stand-point?" The long list of our daily mercies were promptly rehearsed and just as rapidly noted down. The devoted Superintendent shook his head. Glances from all directions plainly said, "We have recounted them all." Still not the *greatest*. After a respectful interval—he wrote "*Suffering*." Every countenance bespoke surprise and seemed to say, "*can it be*—is suffering our *greatest* blessing?" Even so—their worthy leader, being a prominent physician of the town, has fully witnessed the blessing, and then testified that through the cross of suffering, we reach that World where crowns are given. In his opinion, he has the support of him, who was after our Lord's own heart. Hear his testimony—"Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I not forgotten Thy law."

How differently would we all act in our intercourse with each other did we but properly consider the cross under which each labors. It may be known only to God. It is not always they who speak most of the burden they bear, who actually feel the greatest weight. Those there are who ne'er pour out their complaint, save into the ear of Him, who has invited such to cast their burdens upon Him.

If as "Cross Bearers" in our families and congregations, we would strive to "Bear one another's burdens," there is no doubt but much of the weight of our own would be rolled off. Or in society at large—mid the busy thoroughfares of life, could we but lift the smiling mask and view the bleeding, wounded heart beneath—or pierce the brazen helmet which shields for shame, a Cross—we would at least, carry about with

us, at all times, a respectful mien, and a heart all alive to the feelings of others. Among whom, there may be, yea are, those who say :

“ The way seems long, dear Leader, and my feet
Are weary, pressing oft those thorns, how sweet,
Methinks, to rest—this heavy *Cross* remove;
Thou surely need’st not thus my love to prove ;

A sweeter than an angel’s voice, whispers to such

Rest not, weak heart, nor lay thy *burden* down;
For earth’s short rest, would’st lose thy Heavenly crown ?”

Thus cheered the fainting heart replies :

Onward, dear Jesus ! safely by Thee led,
“ Faint yet pursuing,” still the path I’ll tread ;
Gird me with strength, then e’er my prayer shall be
“ Father, e’en so, it seemeth good to Thee.”

CHURCH CHOIRS.

BY PERKIOMEN.

The chanting of Psalms and Hymns soon became a chief part in the Temple and Synagogue worship of the Jews. This circumstance must have called for the appointment of Choirs and Choristers, as we surely cannot suppose all the Israelites to have been born sweet singers. The Levites largely supplied this room.

The Apostolic and Primitive Christians had consequently only to follow the precedent set for them, in this respect. We have satisfactory evidence of an early and natural flowing over of this element of religious worship into Christian channels. Jesus and His Choir sang a *De Profundis*, on “that dark and doleful night,” as both Matthew and Mark relate. The seemingly unmusical and rigidly doctrinal Apostle of the Gentiles urges both the Ephesians and Colossians to edify themselves “in psalms, and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their heart to the Lord.” The language employed in every case implies a familiarity with the theme, rather than an introduction of some new and strange thing.

It is asserted, and with no lack of proof, that, from the Apostolic age, for several centuries, the whole body of worshipers united in singing, and that the already existing Choristers were only a temporary provision, to regulate and restore the general exercise to some tolerable degree of harmony. The governing usage still had been, for the whole assembly to join—a fact which obliges our modern Christians to step backward, in order to go forward.

Systems of Psalmody and Hymnology were early introduced, both of an easy and complicate order. The Hymn of Clement of Alexandria is

considered by some the most ancient specimen of the Primitive Church. Origen says: "We sing hymns to God who is over all, and to His only begotten Son, the Word and God." There are evident causes, why so few hymns of the early Christians have come down to us. They were few in number—there ought not to be near so many in use now. As Christ attracted many poor around Himself, the great mass could not afford to purchase the hymns in manuscript, and were obliged to rely on memory. Consequently, still a less number came into familiar use. We fancy a singing from memory to be far more hearty than one from the book. We believe it easier to sing a hymn from the heart after it is first planted in the head. Persecution too sifted the hymnology of the early Christians like wheat.

Much doxology, praise and thanksgiving are found in the sparsely remaining specimens. This is owing to the fact, that the existing sects of heretics adapted their psalmody to their peculiar sentiments. The Orthodox belief was consequently embodied to neutralize false doctrines. Like Creeds and Catechisms, their hymnology was made to contain and express a *summary* of the true Christian faith. Hence, as an antidote to Arian poison, we have the ever-recurring ascriptions to the Holy Trinity. The two zealous monks, Flavian and Diodorus, of Antioch, in 348, introduced the manner of singing hymns alternately, and of concluding each hymn with, "*Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; as it was, &c.*" Thus, over the graves of the Martyrs (since the Arians had possession of the churches), originated, as is held by some, what is now known as *responsive* singing. Theodoret so maintains, though Socrates attributes it to Ignatius, the martyr, who having, as he there relates, heard angels in a vision singing the divine praises alternately, instituted that manner of singing in the church of Antioch. From this quarter the pious custom was soon spread over all the Eastern and Western churches. St. Ambrose is said to have first introduced into the West the custom of singing Hymns in the church.

The Clergy originally performed the singing service, along with all the other church exercises. They surrounded the altar and chanted the Psalms, Hymns, the Gospel and Epistle, from which the term *Chorus*—*Choir*—originated, which means, in its last ground, *a circle*. As the service multiplied, the singing devolved by degrees on the Pastor's assistants and other officers of the congregation. Gradually the Chorister rose to a marked prominence, and stood next to the Pastor. *Psalmista*—*Psalmistanus* and *Cantor*, was he named in the Latin Church. His associates became known as the *psalmi pronuntiatores*—leaders. It was their chief task to begin, and so to conduct the melody, that all the worshipers might easily unite their voices in harmony. Had the Chorister ventured to introduce any novel air, or half-religious round-e-lay, it would doubtless have cost him his place. But such a rigorous discipline (alas!) no longer exists. His whole office is thus defined: *pertinet ad psalmistam, officium canendi, dicere benedictiones, laudes, sacrificium, responsoria, et quid quid pertinet ad canendi peritiam*. Though not ordained, the Chorister was commissioned by the Presbyter, and, after the IVth Council of Carthage, in these words: "See that what thou singest with thy mouth, thou believest also with thy heart; and that what thou believest with thy heart,

thou confirmest in thy life." Most excellent installation words, we think.

Schools of sacred music were established as early as the VIth Century, and gradually spread over Europe. Gregory, the Great, patronized them largely. In such institutions the famous *Gregorian Chant* originated—a plain but becoming system of Congregational singing, in which choir and people united. The Principal of such a school became more and more celebrated, and was known as an *Archicantor ecclesiæ Romanæ*.

The readers of German parentage, as well as those of an older Pennsylvania German ancestry, can readily understand and appreciate all this accorded honor to the officer in question. They still remember the honorable position which the "*Schulmaeschter*," or "*vor-singer*" held in the congregation. His home was by the church. The School-House stood on sacred ground. A good part of the year he taught the children of the parish. He taught Prayers, Hymns and the Catechism—as well as the rudiments of a secular education. He was the right-hand and next best man to the Pastor, in those days of *Parochial* schools. Many such a school-master grew into a Minister too. The good-spirited and now sainted Dr. Bibighaus went right over from such an honorable height into the ministry—nor does God want much better servants, as a rule, than Dr. Bibighaus proved to be.

And the singing of those primitive and later days, as compared with what must often be endured now, can best be described by one of old Æsop's Fables, which is not much known, and may therefore be given entire, as illustrative of our musical taste: "A trial of skill in singing being agreed on between the cuckoo and the nightingale, the ass was chosen as umpire. After each had done his best, the sagacious judge declared, that the nightingale had sung extremely well, but for a good plain song, the cuckoo was his superior." Many are ready to adopt that verdict, asinine though it be.

From the position originally occupied by the Chorister and his associates, in the Church, as already intimated, we have the now familiar but little understood term—"CHOIR." The *chorus* was the inner portion of the sacred edifice, which had been appropriated to the Clergy. Though known also as the *Bema* (an elevated platform), and as the *sanctum* (because the sacred rites were performed therein), it was likewise called the "*Chorus*," because the singing was there conducted, whilst *encircling* the altar. The entire space was separated from the body of the church by a net-work, (*cancelli*), and became known as the *chancel*.

But, like many other sound and healthy terms, our "Choir" has become wholly conventional. Why must every other leading act of worship be conducted in the fore-front of the church—within the Chancel, and near the altar—save the singing only? Why crowd that out, and back, and up—clear up in the sky-loft—against the lowering ceiling—almost into the belfry? Will any one oblige us by rendering a reason? We do not know whether we could feel devotional enough up there to worship at all. Some pretend to tell us, there is very little of it done in the ecclesiastical garret. But many other and altogether unbecoming things are done in it—whispering, talking, laughing, game-making, soaking troches, passing an occasional *billet-doux*, relating the experiences of the past week,

anticipating those of the coming one, turning the back on the Gospel and the Altar, letting down the lights, leaving the church slyly and slyly returning again, in time to perform, and having 'a good time' generally in very many other ways. Dr. G—— once piled a whole hour-full of eloquence on the backs of his choir functionaries—without effect, however, as such characters are not very sensitive in that part, unless King Solomon's oblong instrument be applied. But when their turn came, they too *turned* and actually sang right well. We once read a Hymn; during that while the Chorister lay doubled up in a corner, dividing his body between the wall and bench. Then, and not till then, did he sluggishly rise—rubbed his eyes—moved slowly to what was unfortunately his post—commenced a series of pitchings, soundings and tunings, and at last started in with——— 'Old Hundred!'

Another unfortunate young man, we know of, would stand in the choir-loft, during the singing service, and remain in the near groggery, over the sermon. We often heard it remarked, that "he could sing bass as out of a hogshead." Perhaps it was because he had already drank one or two of them in his short life-time.

Now, as a rule, our choir members are a respectable and pious class of Christians; but we all know that there are numerous exceptions. We question whether these latter characters would exist at all, or existing, would venture on such profanation, were they not driven up into a dark attic. It is only when swallows are lined along the eaves, that they twitter, titter and chirp. Bring them down around the Pulpit and Altar, into the *sanctum sanctorum*, where the odor of sanctity will cover and influence them, and we will bail all for good behavior—far rather, at all events, than when crowded into a sort of upper-story vestibule. The most reverential indwellers of the Cathedral are the Priest's subordinates—the little waiting boys about the Altar. The most devout minds will have their devotion dissipated amid such surroundings as are too often found in choir-attics. "Why are you no longer in the choir, Mrs. Green?" said we once to a good singer and pious woman. "I have left the choir forever!" said she. "Neither will I suffer my daughter to enter it. I go to church to worship, and I hold that it is impossible to do so in choirs, as they are generally constituted." This is severe testimony, and given as against oneself. A good authority tells us, that evil communications corrupt good manners—*morals*, perhaps—and whilst we know of many honorable and devout spirits who go up, with the best intentions to be good and do good, we still do not believe that the precept loses its force, even on such.

None are ready to confer higher honor on those, who enter the place to render praise comely and adorn the beauties of holiness, than we are. We have no sympathy with, and protest against the "No choir" cry. Before we took an inside view of church choirs, we looked longingly up towards their elevated quarters, as to a little heaven, filled with angels. Our boy-soul longed to soar and be with them. But (alas!) we know that we are speaking the thoughts of all earnest minds, when we pronounce it the poorest of all places in the Sanctuary, to worship God, who is a spirit, 'in spirit and in truth.' The history of a choir is not generally a beautiful one. Their isolated position leads them to think themselves likewise in-

dependent, as it were, of the congregation—which is but too true, in fact. Thus wholly self-existent and unmoored—aloof, and beyond the reach of church-discipline, as a choir—what can be expected but a constant recurring of confusion and disorder? If the biography of a choir were written—and one would answer for all—it would present a series of ups and downs, of ebbs and flows, of waxings and wanings, of quarrels and makings-up, of poutings and coaxings, of breakings up and startings *de novo*, of a full choir and no choir at all. An old Priest remarked: “The only way for me to preserve a choir, I find, is to maintain a Parochial school and teach the children the Church Anthems, Chants and Hymns. That affords me an angelic choir from generation to generation: for the children sing very beautifully.” The good man is doubtless in the right; but he forgets that some things may be done in one position, which are impossible in another.

As a still further illustration of the independency of modern church choirs, take the following incident, for which we vouch:—

A certain chorister and his troupe (of no mean ability, professionally), attended a musical Festival. He asked permission to change the programme, in so far as to have the privilege of performing his allotted task somewhat earlier in the day, because he had another engagement for the evening. His request was granted, and off went the chorister and his *posse*, to accompany a country dance with their voices and instruments. This was on a Saturday night too. When asked, whether such conduct were allowed, the chief replied: “Why! Our Pastors don’t say a word—far less, the members!” We know of choir members who are regularly on the boards at every rural ‘frolic,’ and just as regularly in the gallery seats on a Sunday. No matter how much of a hoddy doddy the character may be, if he be but something of a singer, the doors are thrown open for him, and he is invited to take a seat in the choir. And if once in, he may sin, provided only he sing.

In order to remedy the evil, in part at least, we suggest, that churches be built, in future, after such a manner as to bring the choir and organ within the chancel—around the Altar and Pulpit, and in the full, open eye of the congregation.

We further suggest, that the choir—whether seated in the Gallery or Chancel—be placed as fully under the control of the Presbyterium, as are the other interests of the congregation. None ought to enter or remain in the choir, unless duly admitted and approved by those who hold the keys. Let them feel and know that they are the employees of the congregation, and not mere *amateur* volunteers—that their services are appreciated—that they are not ignored, but cared and provided for by those, under whom they serve, as much so as all other interests and officers; but let it be known and felt too, that the choir department will be expected to square with the general order and regimen of God’s house.

We find fault too, and would correct, if we could, the false aim which church choirs very generally set before themselves. Scarcely is an organization effected, when the most novel and intricate music is secured and tried. An inexcusable ambition lies at the bottom of all such effort. If all the members of the *corps* were so highly gifted in the art, as to be

able to perform such airs without sacrificing the idea of worship *in toto*, we might then not object. But in what church choir will you find all the members to be such *connoisseurs*? If it can only be done with great straining, and at the cost of devotion, much better let all such intricacies lie over for the concert and entertainment, which might be held, say quarterly in the church. The time-honored and familiar church-tunes can be breathed as easily and naturally as a bird warbles its notes, and devotionally besides. Let no one think that these are not capable of a most happy execution. Most of the ancient melodies—like Creeds and Litanies and Prayers—have never yet been fully and finally fathomed. Some of our nibblers at Mozart, Handel and others, would be sorely puzzled to lead off in some Grandfather air. They remind us of a balloon, which can fly, but not walk. It has wings, but no legs. If there must be a safety-valve to let off extra musical force, let the “Introductory,” and “Voluntary,” during the collection of Alms, answer for that. But, in the main, hold fast to the standard tunes. No choir need be ashamed to be ever and ever endeavoring to improve on the *Te Deum*, *Gloria in Excelsis*, Old Hundred, “*Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit*,” &c. Such airs ought to be the choir’s daily bread. We never give up bread, even though we live not by that alone. And no danger of doing them ever too well. What was our surprise to find poor ‘Blind Tom’ excelling all the executions of Old Hundred we had ever before heard. If church choirs would aim more towards the solid, the useful, and the worshipful, they might accomplish far more good, and spare themselves much time, labor and anxiety, and secure a more pleasant and enduring history. No body can exist in constant strain and excitement. Water seeks its own level, and so will choirs collapse and fall to the ground, from whence they sprung, after they have tarried for a time in ornamental clouds. That is one reason why choirs are short-lived and need a frequent moulting.

Much ado is made of “hired” singers. We have no objections to file against the custom. We would just as soon pay for good music rendered in the Sanctuary, as in Concert Hall or the Academy of Music. Yea, rather, since we have not only the edification and the entertainment, but the worship to boot. No good choir ought to be asked to labor gratuitously. This “laborer is worthy of his hire” too. The ancient church liberally remunerated her Archicantors and *Cantors*. So did the German Fathers, and so do their Pennsylvania German descendants. The *Vorsinger* and *Schulmaeschter* have their home and living, as well as the Pastor. And could we bring it about, we would have an annual entertainment given by the choir, and oblige every one of the Congregation to pay *twenty-five cents* admittance, or a like *fine* for non-attendance—all for the choir’s benefit!

It is not because we undervalue church choirs, that we have written seemingly bitter things. Our aim is to induce the churches to slough off all the demoralizing elements, and to restore it to its proper character and position. We want it to be again what it had been—a co-operating and fellow-officiating institution with the ministry, in the sanctuary. Nor do we believe it to be a hopeless task. There are worthy hearts and voices in every congregation—material of which to build such a choir, as soon as the church will own and foster such an institution in a proper way. Let

but the church awake from her long sleep, in this respect, and this work may and will be done.

But, let the choir be merely endured as a sort of ornamental fixture, over an uncomely worship, or, as spice in an unsavory series of prayers and sermons ; let the Pastor but condescendingly tolerate them who compose it, as his little band of wild Egyptians ; let the congregation speak of the interest, as a not ugly, to be sure, but still not vital organ either, to the body at large ; let such a Jew-and-Samaritan relation continue to indent itself still deeper, and it is easy to see, that the melodious echoes of sweet sounds will by no means atone for the improprieties and sins which necessarily result from its semi-foreign position. As long as the ‘prose-lytes of the gate’ are not fully initiated, we dare not look for an entire unity of heart and voice.

POTHINUS, BLANDINA AND THE OTHER MARTYRS OF LYONS.

From Adolf Monod.

BY L. H. S.

The Lord who said : Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple ; also said by the mouth of one of His Apostles : Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. Indeed there has been no period in history when the true disciples of Jesus Christ have been free from the hatred of the world. This hatred, however, assumes different shapes in different periods. The believing Church has days of rest, like those in which we live, when the Lord exempts her from trials and vouchsafes prosperity ; but she has also days of unrest when the Lord delivers her over to all the violence of her enemies, in order to make manifest, not only the infernal wickedness of the spirit that pervades her opponents, but also the power of grace which is effective during these fiery trials. More than once have such troublous but glorious days broken in upon the Church ; Satan has stirred up successively heathen Rome in opposition to the labors of the holy Apostles, and Christian or pretended Christian Rome in opposition to the labors of the blessed Reformers. From time to time such bloody pages are to be found in history, and it is well for us to peruse them, so that we may rightly value the peace which we enjoy, we who “have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin,” and be ready, if God so calls us, to offer up our blood for Him, should He perhaps count us ripe enough for such temptations, and worthy of such honor !

In no land has the rage of the old Deceiver been shown more fiercely than in France. This has been particularly the case in the southern portion, especially in its chief city of Lyons. Lyons, so celebrated among

the cities of this great country on account of its antiquity and importance, so happily situated on the banks of two rivers (Saone and Rhone), has been more than once the key of the evangelization of France and of a portion of Europe, just as it was the key of their civilization and commerce. The blows, that this city and its neighborhood received in the plans of the great Adversary, were felt to the extremest confines of the large territory, of which Lyons was the natural centre. A fearful illustration of this, although one at the same time encouraging to our faith, marked the introduction of the Gospel into Gallia, when in the year 177, Pothinus, the first Bishop of Lyons, underwent martyrdom along with a large number of the members of the two Churches of Lyons and Vienne (Dauphiny). We give a brief account of this martyrdom drawn from a contemporaneous document, one of the most precious that has descended to us from Christian antiquity, namely a letter sent by the Churches in Lyons and Vienne to those in Asia and Phrygia (probably written by Irenæus, who followed Pothinus as Bishop of Lyons), which has been preserved by Eusebius in his Church-history, Book V, Chapters I and II. We have not sufficient room to present the whole of this letter, although it is wholly permeated with a true apostolic spirit, but we will suffer this most venerable witness to tell the main facts of our story.

Men and women—servants of the Lord Jesus, who belonged to both these Churches and had already undergone many sufferings, were brought before the Governor of the Province in the public square, and there publicly examined by him. He treated them so harshly, that Epagathus, a young Christian standing by during the examination, although not known as such, asked permission to say a word and to vindicate the innocence of his brethren. After he had confessed his faith, the Judge was pleased to include him among the martyrs—calling him in derision the Christian's advocate. Such an example induced other Christians also to come out from among the heathen, with whom they had heretofore been associating. New arrests still further increased the number of confessors of Christ, while the fury of the populace and of the authorities was most intensely aroused by the baseless and calumnious statements that fear extracted from heathen slaves, who had been thrust into prison along with their Christian masters. The most terrible tortures were resorted to with the view of shaking if possible the firmness of the martyrs.

Some of them—among those who had just renounced heathenism—were brought to the test without being suitably armed for it, or rather without being sufficiently penetrated with a sense of their own weakness. Such succumbed; ten Christians renounced their faith. This was a source of general sorrow to the Church, which trembled at the thought of an increase of the apostates.

Most, however, remained unshaken, despite the infernal arts which the heathen, in the hope of eventually overcoming them, showed in the invention and intensification of tortures. What a terrible manifestation of the natural wickedness of man and his bitter hatred for divine truth was furnished, when the executioner, the people and the authorities were occupied whole days and nights, employing all their faculties in the invention of a martyrdom, which might exceed its predecessors in horror, and be more successful in wresting from their victims a word of apostacy

or unfaithfulness ! But what a manifest indication of the grace of the invisible God was shown, when these victims, one after another, men and women, old men, young men and maidens, yea, even children, challenged the might and craft of their enemies, remained firm amid manifold sufferings, and answered their persecutors only with modest but invincible confessions of their faith ! All this was shown in the persecution of Lyons. One or two examples of these we now give, although it may be repulsive to depict such scenes of horror.

“The blessed *Pothinus*, who presided then over the Church at Lyons, possessing the might of a youthful and powerful spirit in a body broken down by age, was seized by the soldiery and brought before the tribunal. The near prospect of martyrdom caused an expression of joy to diffuse itself over his countenance. His body weakened by the great weight of his years and a recent sickness only kept his soul from the everlasting union with Christ. A large crowd of people was collected, who raised a great cry against him and overwhelmed him with insults, being as much enraged against him as though he were Christ Himself. When the Governor asked him who was the God of the Christians, he replied, despite the revilings which he foresaw would be provoked, ‘that any one might know Him, as soon as he was worthy.’ For this he was overwhelmed with abuse. Those, who stood near him, unmindful of his age, struck him violent blows,—those at a distance threw any thing at him that their hands could seize ; and *Pothinus*, with but a breath of life left in him, was carried to prison, where he died two days afterwards.”

“*Sanctus*, a native of *Vienne* and a Deacon of the Church in Lyons, endured unheard of tortures with extraordinary patience. The heathen flattered themselves that by repeated tortures they might wrest some unbecoming expressions from him, but he endured their cruelty with a firmness which nothing could overcome. To every question addressed him, he answered : ‘I am a Christian :’ this title served him in the place of name, country and position,—answered him for all ; and no other answer could be wrung from him. The Governor and the Executioner could not restrain themselves for rage. After all the ingenious tortures which they could devise had been employed, they applied iron rods heated to a white heat to the most sensitive portions of his body, but sustained by the power of grace the martyr persevered in his confession of faith. His body was so bruised and covered with wounds, that it lost the appearance of a human being. Jesus Christ, whom they persecuted in him, had made him an excellent instrument to triumph over the Fiend, and to show that there can be no pain which man cannot endure, if it conduce to His glory. Some days afterwards the martyr was exposed to a new test : the executioners were engaged in applying fire and iron again to the wounds still highly inflamed ; they hoped either to wear out his constancy or to end his life, and in this way to intimidate the other Christians. Their hope was deceived. In fact, to the astonishment of the spectators, strength seemed to be again restored to the martyr’s body, and freedom of motion to his limbs.”

A few days later *Sanctus* with his friend *Maturus*, who had endured torture equally well, were brought to the amphitheatre to be exposed to the wild beasts. “Having been first cruelly scourged, they were then

given over to the furious animals, who dragged them around the amphitheatre. But they suffered also other forms of martyrdom, at the pleasure of the people, who demanded that they should be tortured at one time in one way and at another in another. At length the heathen resolved to seat them upon an iron chair that had been raised to a white heat. The intolerable stench, which proceeded from the burning flesh, far from moderating the rage of the populace only heightened it. Nothing else could be drawn from the lips of Sanctus other than his first confession: 'I am a Christian.' After he had suffered for a long time with Maturus, both were strangled."

The Lord remembered to be merciful towards the few weak youths, who had apostatized through fear of martyrdom; who among us would dare to cast the first stone at them? Among these a woman, named Biblis, was first re-established in the faith. Not content with her renunciation of the faith, the heathen wished to compel her to bring false charges against her brethren, and she was put to the torture. But the very excessiveness of their malice caused them to lose the fruit of it. Weak but truthful, Biblis would not consent to speak evil of the Church; the pain of the tortures to which she was exposed directed her thoughts to the unending torments of hell; she awoke as from a deep sleep, gave God the honor, and acquired for herself the crown of martyrdom.

With the other apostates the Lord employed still other means to lead them back to Him. The treacherous executioners threw them into prison along with their brethren, made them partake of their sufferings, and taunted them bitterly on account of their cowardice. In such a common test, the diversity of their experiences was very great. The apostates found an increase of their anguish in the reproof of their consciences, whilst the confessors were kept in good spirits by the Word of God and the Holy Spirit that animated them. They could be readily distinguished from one another by the expression of their countenances; the martyrs were brave and joyous, the apostates sad and downcast. But who would trust to their sincerity, if they renounced their apostacy now? Their situation was desperate, and manifestly without relief. But the opportunity of suffering for the Lord was given them, through a special circumstance ordered by Providence.

The Governor had learned that one of the faithful martyrs, Attalus, was a Roman citizen, and dared not to put him to death without a special order of the Emperor, which he asked for, along with instructions touching the others. The answer was long delayed. The confessors availed themselves of this respite to obtain, if possible, by their prayers and exhortations the restoration of their fallen brethren. At length the orders of the Emperor arrived: the wise Marcus Aurelius ordered, that those should be executed who adhered to their faith, and those set free who renounced it. Here now the grace of Christ Jesus was made manifest in the timid youths, who had once denied Him. It was particularly shown when they were to be set free. Most of them declared they were Christians, and were condemned to death with the others. What a triumph for the Church! What joy for the angels in heaven!

The remainder of the martyrs, in accordance with the imperial decree, were exposed to fresh tortures and finally strangled;—Attalus Alexander

—who had delivered himself under circumstances similar to those which influenced Epagathus, and all the rest. But who would dare to award the palm among this little band of heroes, even were it proper so to do? A poor maiden, named *Blandina*, whose martyrdom made a greater impression upon the heathen than all the rest, closed a long series of the most terrible sufferings, in the amphitheatre, with death.

At first she had been brought to the torture at the same time with Sanctus and Maturus. “She was,” says the letter which is our authority, “of such weak bodily constitution that we all trembled for her. Her mistress, who was one of the martyrs herself, feared lest she might not have strength or courage enough to acknowledge her faith. But the wonderful woman, by the help of grace, was enabled to withstand the different executioners, who tortured her from break of day even to night. Finally they acknowledged themselves conquered. They asserted that all the contrivances of their barbarous art had been exhausted, and manifested the greatest astonishment that Blandina was still alive, after all that they had made her suffer. “We cannot understand it,” they said; “any one of the means of torture we have employed would be sufficient commonly to destroy life.” But Blandina acquired fresh strength from the confession of her faith. “I am a Christian woman,” she exclaimed repeatedly, and these words blunted the acuteness of her pains.

On the same day that Sanctus and Maturus were strangled in the amphitheatre, Blandina was tied to a stake in order that she might be devoured by wild beasts. But none of them touched her; she was untied again and carried back to prison to be preserved for another occasion.

She reached her end on the last day of the gladiatorial exhibition. She was brought into the arena along with a youth, or rather a child fifteen years of age, named Ponticus, after both had been obliged to witness the torments of the martyrs during the preceding days. The heathen wished to compel them to swear by the images of their gods, counting upon the youth of one and the sex of the other. But in this calculation they had forgotten Christ Jesus, who aids the weak and puts the strong to shame. Both refused to obey. The populace, like a wild beast deprived of its prey, demanded that they should be exposed to all manner of torture. They began with Ponticus, who, strengthened by his faithful companion, underwent the different steps of martyrdom with firmness and closed with a glorious death. Blandina was left alone, as Christ had been in the wilderness, with hell tempting, earth deserting, and heaven sustaining her. “She was scourged, torn by wild beasts, placed upon the white hot chair,—then wrapped in a net and exposed to a wild, raging bull, who tossed her bruised body into the air. At length she was strangled. The heathen were astounded at such courage; they acknowledged that no one of their women could have undergone such a long and strange series of tortures.”

Reader, have you the spirit of this woman? She was of herself like what you are. Seek where she sought, and you will find where she found. When I am weak, then am I strong.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1870.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIst volume, on the first of January 1870. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number is embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continues to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers promise to continue to use a superior quality of paper; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

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THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

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LIFE,
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THE
GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

MARCH,
1870.

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Phila., Pa.
JAS. B. RODGERS CO., PRS.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XXI.—MARCH, 1870.—No. 3.

SUNDAYS ABROAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

“Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild—
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear;
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place.”

Thus wrote Oliver Goldsmith about his father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, a pastor in an Irish Village, one hundred years ago. The name of the Village is Lissoy. All that remains of

“Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,”

consists of some mouldering walls, amid a few humble cottages, about a hundred miles from Dublin, Ireland. Few who read Goldsmith's “Deserted Village,” and his charming picture of the life and labors of a village pastor in Ireland, but what cherish the fond wish of visiting such a scene of peace and pious pleasure. For in an Irish parish and pastor, we get a glimpse of Sunday in Ireland.

Let us to sweet Auburn. The chief part of the road I travel by rail. Then walk twelve miles to Ballymahon, a dirty village. This proved a long and pleasing walk, through one of the most charming districts of the “Emerald Isle.” That is to say, nature as God has made it, is charming. The soil naturally very fertile. The color of the grass, grain and foliage has a peculiar freshness one rarely finds elsewhere. The birds and beasts of the field seem happy, according to their animal capacity. Farms are cut up into small tracts. The farm-houses in size and arrangement, are inferior to our American Rail Road Shanties. The many that I passed, standing by the wayside, are so poorly constructed, that kind-hearted American people would hesitate to house their cattle therein in winter time.

Seeing the door of one open I took the liberty of viewing the interior. It had the bare earth for its floor; on the unplastered walls hung pots and kettles, pants and petticoats. A few small windows admitted scarcely light enough to see the smaller articles of furniture. The lower story was all in one apartment, and that very small. A few pigs and chickens were hunting for crumbs on the ground inside the door, not half as dirty as the children keeping them company. The ceiling would scarcely have allowed me to stand erect. Along the wall, near the door, a ladder with some six or eight rounds, answered the part of a stairway, leading to the dark sleeping place under the low straw roof. This is an average tenant house on an Irish farm. As for barns, one seldom sees the resemblance of one. The few cattle must weather the cold blasts of winter as best they can, with but little shelter. Nineteen out of twenty of the farmers are renters, renting from third and fourth parties, each of whom claims his profits, leaving the poor tenant nothing for his labor; sometimes nothing but milk and potatoes for his food. He can not afford to fertilize the land, and tries to extort from it all he can to secure his meagre living. In spite of this impoverishing system, Ireland retains marks of unequalled loveliness,

“Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.”

Traveling afoot gives one a healthy appetite. So I found it here, without the means of satisfying it. Hunger increased my fatigue, until miles seemed to stretch out to three times their ordinary length. The fare of these so called farm-houses I could not enjoy. Bread taken from such a larder it would require a great extremity of hunger to relish. At a post station consisting of a small cluster of huts, I fortunately got a piece of bread and cheese at a grocery.

At Ballymahon, a small inn gave me rest and refreshment. A frank hearted and rotund priest was my messmate. Although ordinary bread and butter, and a few boiled eggs made up the meal, rarely have I enjoyed a feast with sweeter relish. My friend, the intelligent parish priest, gave me interesting information concerning the religion and people of Ireland. After dinner he happened to pass along the street, possibly to attend to his parish duties. He had not gone a hundred yards when a crowd of beggars, ragged men, women and children, surrounded him each extending the hand, all “crying for help.” “Plase your riverence, give a poor auld widow a penny, for the love of God.” “Yeer hauliness jist a penny for bread, I am so hungry.” “Dear father, help me, and I will pray the hauly vargin for you when I am dying, that God may be your friend and heaven your home.” So the crowd whined and lamented around the patient priest, dogging his steps as he tried to pass along the street. At first he put his hand into his pocket, dealing out a penny to one here and there, which made the disappointed ones more clamorous. Some even chided him for being so slow to relieve them. I could scarcely blame him for bidding the crowd, with a wave of his hand, to open the way for him to go after his business. For what purse of priest or parson could endure such a demand long?

As both of us were going the same way, I joined my intelligent friend in a ride on a rickety cab. After an hour's journey we parted, he for

Aithlone and I for "Sweet Auburn." Truly a "Deserted Village" now. At one end of it are the ruined walls of what was once the village Inn; 'The three Jolly Pigeons,' it was called, where loafing villagers in boisterous mirth spent their long winter evenings around mugs of ale. The remains of the "Modest Mansion" stand back from the street, leaving room for a garden in front of it. While musing at the front garden-gate I was pleased to see beautiful daisies growing wild. They seemed all the prettier for growing without the tender care bestowed on the more fortunate of their floral race in cultivated gardens. Strange indeed that I should be allowed to see precisely what Goldsmith saw one hundred years ago,—the place where

"Still many a garden flower grows wild."

From the garden-gate I saw on a neighboring hill, perhaps two miles distant,

"The decent church that topt the neighboring hill."

A very old building, which some fifteen years previous had been remodeled. It is still a sanctuary for all the country round, to which the family tribes go up on Sabbath days.

I greatly fear that poor Oliver Goldsmith, instead of giving us his godly father and his parish as they really were, allowed his imagination to create an ideal pastor and his people. To say the least, we must make due allowance for "poetic license" and for the pardonable infirmity of filial partiality. A godly man Charles Goldsmith doubtless was, happy and contented, and in favor with God and man. His like could not be readily found now.

He says of him:

"My father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the church. His education was alone his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave them, they returned him an equivalent in praise; and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of his army, influenced my father at the head of his table. He told the story of the ivy tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the sedan-chair was sure to set the table in a roar. Thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave; he loved all the world, and he fancied all the world loved him.

"As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the very extent of it; he had no intention of leaving his children money, for that was dross; he resolved they should have learning; for learning he used to observe, was better than silver or gold. For this purpose he undertook to instruct us himself, and took as much care to form our morals as to improve our understanding. We were told that universal benevolence was what first cemented society; we were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own; to regard the human face divine with affection and esteem; he wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse made either by real or fictitious

distress. In a word we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands before we were taught the necessary qualifications of getting a farthing."

"At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven."

Truly a model pastor. His virtues would suit the present age no less than his ; some of his joking ways, perhaps not so well. Not that in the proper place a clerical joke is sinful ; but in pastor or layman, the reins of a joker's genius should be held with a firm and cautious hand.

But how could the dear pastor keep open house all the year round with forty pounds (less than \$250) a year ? For the "vagrant train," "the long remembered beggar," "the ruined spendthrift," and "the broken soldier" were alike his guests. Around this modest village mansion lay the parish farm of seventy acres. The produce of this made the forty pounds go a great ways, at a time when living was cheap. In sooth it is a pleasing picture of the sunny side of a pastor's life ; of one who loved and was beloved of all ; who having but little, was passing rich ; though poor, could practice the most agreeable hospitality to those most needing and most capable of appreciating it ; who gave alike to toper, spendthrift or deserving pauper—

"Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side."

At eventide I leisurely strolled back to Ballymahon, a distance of five miles. On my way I fell in with a group of field laborers. Many a question had they to ask of me, and I as many of them. What their earnings, who their landlords, what their profits and prospects were—these and other questions I plied them with. As we went on, others, men, women and children came out of the small fields along the road, bringing their rakes, hoes and scythes with them. They all went the same way with myself. In a short time, I saw motley processions of working people scattered over a mile, merrily chatting. Stiff-jointed old laborers limping along, contentedly whiffing their little clay pipes, now and then one handing his pipe to me to indulge in a few whiffs ; young men and maidens grouping together and filling the air with merry laughter and boisterous

fun. "Whither are all these people going?" I inquired "To rosaries" was the reply. "Where is that?" "In the church a few miles from here." "And you too are going there?" they asked. I evaded their well meant question. I learned that these Irish country people close every day in their church. At a certain time in the evening they stop working, and at once repair to their sanctuary, to praise God for the blessings of the day and pray for His preserving care during the night. Some thus walk from three to six miles every evening, after their day's work, to worship God together. At length we reached the church, standing by the wayside in the country. Quite a pile of farming tools was already standing aside of the church door. Others emerged from the lanes and roads of the surrounding country, and added their implements to the general pile, until the front yard of the sanctuary looked, from a short distance, like the headquarters of a military detachment, which had stacked arms against the outside wall. It was a very plain country church, but to these simple-hearted rustics a very sacred place. Men and boys all entered the door with hat in hand.

This walking to the house of God with a congregation of field laborers in Ireland reminded me of the resistless streams of church goers on the streets of Edinburgh on Sunday. Here, however, I was borne to church by a week day current. To me all the more pleasant for happening on every day of the week, instead of being confined to Sunday. Indeed, with all the superstition and degradation of Irish Catholics, there is much that we Protestants might learn from them. Among other things the lesson promptly and regularly to worship God in the sanctuary on week-days. Think of tired working people walking five miles to church every evening. True, it may be only a habit; but then it is a very good habit, which all professing Christians would do well to cultivate. Whilst Protestant churches are not open every day of the year, they are open on many week-day evenings. Yet how few, comparatively, resort thither at such times.

In traveling afoot in Catholic countries I would often pass a wayside church, whose doors were open all day long. At many a church door I saw the staff and dirty little knapsack of the wandering beggar, whose owner devoutly spent a few moments on his knees within, praying to the God of the poor. Protestant though I was, I too at times laid my cane and little traveling pouch aside the door of the plain country church, and spent a brief season in its sacred inclosure, in meditation and prayer, according to the way I had been taught. To my mind there is something very pleasing in these wayside country churches, whose open doors, all day long, invite every passing pilgrim to enter, and while he rests his weary limbs, worship his God and Redeemer.

Longfellow gives a beautiful description of the Vesper or evening prayers in a Spanish town. Many Catholic villages in Northern Europe present a similar evening scene.

"Just as the evening twilight commences, the bell tolls to pray. In a moment, throughout the crowded city, the hum of business is hushed; the thronged streets are still; the gay multitudes that crowd the public walks stand motionless; the angry dispute ceases; the laugh of merriment dies away; life seems for a moment to be arrested in its career, and to stand still. The multitude uncover their heads, and with the sign of the cross,

whisper their evening prayer to the Virgin. Then the bells ring a merrier peal; the crowds move again in the streets, and the rush and turmoil of business recommence. I have always listened with feelings of solemn pleasure to the bell that sounded forth the Ave Maria. As it announced the close of day, it seemed also to call the soul from its worldly occupations to repose and devotion. There is something beautiful in thus measuring the march of time. The hour, too, naturally brings the heart into unison with the feelings and sentiments of devotion. The close of the day, the shadows of evening, the calm of twilight, inspire a feeling of tranquility; and though I may differ from the Catholic in regard to the object of his supplication, yet it seems to me a beautiful and appropriate solemnity, that, at the close of each daily epoch of life—which, if it have not been fruitful in incidents to ourselves, has, nevertheless, been so to many of the great human family,—the voice of a whole people, and of the whole world, should go up to heaven in praise, and supplication and thankfulness.”

I need not tell my readers, that, in praising this general habit of daily evening devotions in Catholic countries, I do not thereby approve of their worshipping the Virgin Mary. Only the good and true in their services do I approve of and commend. There is a “shady side,” too, to the picture of Ireland’s country life and religion. Were I to describe the “Irish wakes,” and Sunday afternoon frolics, I should have to portray bloody faces, black eyes, and bandaged limbs, and other fruits of Irish follies.

Can there be any strong home ties, any warm home affections in such miserable famine infested hovels? Indeed few nations can boast of homes with warmer hearts, than those of Ireland. Thanks to the oppressive policy of the British Government, a large proportion of Ireland’s sturdiest children are forced to seek homes in America. Many a village retains scarcely half its former population. Yet few can part from their native Erin without a pang.

“Have we not seen at pleasure’s lordly call
The smiling, long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire, decay’d,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc’d from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the Western main.”

Approaching Belfast the train stopped at the station of a small country village. A young man, attended to the station by his mother, sisters and comrades, stood on the platform, awaiting the arrival of the cars, which were to bear him away from dear ones towards America. His unattractive home lay a short distance from here. He and his comrades were perceptibly heated with whisky, and tried to silence the grief of parting, with shouts of drunken mirth. I can still see the poor old mother, throw her arms around his neck, covering his face with kisses, and weeping as if her heart would break. Mother and sisters in turn embraced the boy, then tried to turn away, with shrieks of grief. When the train gave the signal for starting, they again rushed on the platform of the car, re-embraced and kissed, and pressed him to their hearts, then clasping and wringing their hands in pitiful agony, until the conductor by force closed the door, and bade them get off of the car.

Many were the country comrades who escorted him to the train—hale and generous-looking fellows. Strong drink had made them insensible to the proprieties of the sad occasion. In wild boisterous confusion they crowded around him, each reaching for a parting grasp. As the cars began to move, they shouted him a last farewell with uncovered heads, whilst his mother and sisters threw up their clasped hands as if to hold back the cruel train that tore him from their loving embrace.

All this while the youth, though blushing from liquor or filial love, shed not a tear. He shouted a last adieu to “mamma” and his sisters. Then, as the train sped him away towards the setting sun, he leaned back in his seat, and with his sleeve wiped away the tears rapidly rolling over his flushed cheeks.

They little thought that a lonely stranger, far from his dear home “beyond the western main,” was watching them with a tender heart and moist eyes, thinking of his dear father offering his nightly prayers for his far-absent son, and of his mother gone to the “sweet home” in heaven. This parting scene of an humble Irish peasant family gave me much to think about. Perhaps he was the only stay of his aged mother in this poverty ridden country, and the pride of his loving sisters. And now to give him up—perhaps forever. How lonely and forsaken their little hut will seem. Who will till their small farm, and help them to pay their high rent, and supply them with their wonted food and raiment? Perhaps he solemnly promised to save his first earnings in America, to bring them too, to his new home. Possibly this hope of meeting again partly soothes the grief of parting.

A SUNDAY IN DUBLIN.

This is the chief city of Ireland, with 300.000 inhabitants. Like Edinburgh, Dublin is comprised of an old and a new town. The new part is regularly and substantially built. It is mainly inhabited by persons of respectability and wealth. The streets and dwellings possess an air of neatness and comfort. The old town is the abode of poverty and filth; its houses are wretched tenements, brimful of filth and running over. Their tenants dirty and degraded, presenting as striking a contrast to new Dublin as Lowgate does to the new town of Edinburgh. Poor as they are, there are few houses where you do not find the purse, pipe and bottle. Of course the first is almost always empty; the others never.

Dublin is a Catholic city. To see its church-going population you must attend the Catholic Church. It was on Whitsunday morning, as I wended my way to the Church of the University of Ireland, where High Mass was celebrated. Rev. Father Gaffey preached a sermon on Acts ii. 2-4. It was a practical and extemporaneous sermon, containing much that was edifying, and little that would have been offensive to the most fastidious Protestant taste. The music was charming; especially the praising part of the service; reminding one of thousands of birds in a grove on a spring morning, skipping cheerily from limb to limb, warbling their grateful melodies in sweet confusion to their common Father.

The congregation was mainly composed of the most respectable and intelligent people of Dublin. During some parts of the service, all seemed

so'lemnly impressed. During others many were perceptibly undevout, carelessly slipping rapidly over their prayers, their eyes meanwhile roving over the congregation and the church. I could not resist the impression that, from a certain part in the service, the chief aim of many was mechanically to get over the largest number of prayers in the shortest time.

The celebrated Dr. Newman, once a very prominent and learned minister in the Church of England, presides over this University. He sat on a chair opposite the pulpit. He is old and looks care-worn. His whole bearing is like that of an earnest man, bowed down beneath the burden of eventful years. For his outward appearance he seems to have very little concern. His gray hairs hang in uncombed confusion over his large forehead. His furrowed features bear the impress of severe soul conflicts. In walking he stoops and leans forward, and steps as if it caused him a perceptible effort to move a limb. He looks as artless as a child; and more like one of the scholastics of the early Church than a Catholic Theologian of the Nineteenth Century. He looks profound rather than learned, more disposed to grapple with one idea than with many. In the whole-souled fervor with which he joined in the service of this morning, one could not detect the slightest shade of his earlier Protestant training.

In the evening I worshiped in an Episcopal Church. A clergyman preached on the cleansing of Naaman, the Leper. The large church was not half filled. The people seemed devout, and the services were solemn, and the sermon was not as instructive and edifying as the one I had heard in the morning.

The Dublin Sunday might be materially improved. Business is not wholly suspended. Many of the Groceries and Confectionaries were open. The streets swarm with ragged beggars. Despite the many Asylums, hospitals, and other charitable institutions of the city, trains of whining mendicants escort you along the street, and beg you for the sake of the "hauly vargin," or a list of saints, to have pity on them. Around church doors, too, they congregate to ply their sad art, to get bread.

Very pleasant people are the better class of the Irish; abounding in genial kindness of heart. They have more heart than the English and less intellect than the Scotch. All that an Irishman does to you, be it good or evil, comes red-hot from his heart. Their orators are the most stirring, because they put their hearts into their orations. Their poets are above all others, men of warm hearts. Shakespeare and Johnson we admire and never weary of studying; Goldsmith and Moore we love despite their faults, and feel like pressing them to our hearts.

THE ONLY REFUGE.—When Krishnu Pul, the first convert to Christ in Bengal, was on his death-bed, he was asked if he loved Jesus Christ. "Where can a sinner go," he replied, "but unto Christ?" Soon after the same question was repeated. "Yes," said he; "but He loves me more than I love Him."

Let prayer be the key of the morning, and the bolt of the evening.

WHICH?

The following beautiful home-circle poem is intended for the family circle. It is founded upon an incident where a rich neighbor offered to make a poor family comfortable, and provide for the child, if one of seven was given to him. Some one who has felt the pangs of poverty, and yet been a father, with all the deep and holy feelings of a parent, has clothed it in poetical attire, and breathed into it a spirit of love, devotion, and faith that will find a holy response in the breast of every father and mother who are blessed with little pledges of affection, be they one or seven — *Sunday School World*.

“Which shall it be? Which shall it be?”
I looked at John—John looked at me,
(Dear patient John, who loves me yet,
As well as though my locks were jet).
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak;
“Tell me again, what Robert said?”
And then I list’ning bent my head.
“This is his letter:

“‘I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.’”
I looked at John’s old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not spare;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children’s need,
And then of this.

“Come, John,” said I,
“We’ll choose among them as they lie
Asleep:” so walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lillian, the baby, slept,
A glory ’gainst the pillow white;
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, “Not her—not her.”

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,

In sleep so pitiful and fair :
 I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek,
 A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
 "He's but a baby, too," said I,
 And kissed him, as we hurried by.
 Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
 Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace,
 "No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
 He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick ! bad Dick ! our wayward son,
 Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
 Could he be spared ? Nay, He who gave,
 Bid us befriend him to the grave ;
 Only a mother's heart could be
 Patient enough for such as he ;
 "And so," said John, "I would not dare
 To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
 And knelt by Mary, child of love.
 "Perhaps for her 't would better be,"
 I said to John. Quite silently
 He lifted up a curl that lay
 Across her cheek in wilful way,
 And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee."
 The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
 Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
 So like his father. "No, John, no—
 I can not, will not, let him go."

And so we wrote in courteous way,
 We could not drive one child away ;
 And afterward toil lighter seemed,
 Thinking of that of which we dreamed ;
 Happy, in truth, that not one face
 We missed from its accustomed place ;
 Thankful to work for all the seven,
 Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

COMMON MISTAKES.—There are three things, which, if Christians do, they will prove mistaken.

1. If they look for that in themselves, which is to be had in another, viz., righteousness.

2. If they look for that in the law, which is to be had only in the gospel, viz., mercy.

3. If they look for that on earth, which is to be had only in heaven, viz., perfection.

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

(March 25)

From the German of W. Hoffman of Berlin.

BY L. H. S.

The Christian Church celebrated a festival, for more than 1200 years, bearing this name, setting forth—with a forward glance to the Christmas festival, the wonderful glory of the Father, as shown in the Incarnation of His only begotten Son. She pierced with it the season of fasting, in other respects closed to festivals, and presented, at the very door of the Easter Season, a festival belonging to Advent, so that she might accompany the wonder of the Saviour's birth through all the stages recorded in the revealed word. If the more careful Evangelical judgment of the Reformation properly deprived this day of its festival splendor, observing it wholly in some countries, in that the festival was either reduced to a holy day of less value than Sunday, or was reduced absolutely to the level of ordinary working-days, still it was not intended to alienate from the memory of Christendom, a sacredly tender, and precious sublime fact of Revelation. The festival calendar and the starry crown of the Church years are not the only reminder to us of the different incidents of the Incarnation. The Church places the Scriptures in the hands of the confessing Christian, and bids him follow by reading and meditation the footprints of saving grace in its proclamation of the divine mysteries.

In accordance with such a command, and from the Scriptures as our source, we invite our readers assembled before the peaceful door of the chosen Virgin, the Mother of the Lord, to enter and pay devout attention to the mighty though gentle steps of that grace, in whose praise millions of voices sing upon earth, and *countless* hosts, in heavenly tones, before the seat of God and the Lamb through the heaven of heavens.

I. THE MISSION.

The Evangelist (Luke i. 26—38) announces in very few words the occurrence, whose effects reach through all periods of the world's history even to eternity. It is linked to another occurrence, and is said to have taken place "in the sixth month" after it. It is the same angel Gabriel, the man of God, the mighty servant of the Lord, who set forth, in former times (Daniel viii. 16, ix. 21), the mysteries of the re-establishment of God's kingdom in Israel in obscure visions, who also foretold, in the sanctuary of the temple (Luke i. 11, 19), the appearance of the forerunner of the Son, whom you now see appear to the Virgin. The bright faces of heavenly messengers had not been seen for a long time upon the

earth, since the temple had been erected upon Mount Moriah, and the golden cherubim had overshadowed the ark of the covenant, since the pledges of Jehovah's presence had been established in the golden hall's of the temple, the priesthood, the magnificent divine service and the royal city of Zion. When all these had perished, the heavenly faces again shone forth majestically in the dark hours of Israel's bondage, becoming new pledges of, and securities for, that hope which was ever springing forth from the roots of the ancient promises. Again the temple was raised, although the Holy of holies was empty. Its marble pile and golden roof gave courage to the hopeful Israelites that, at some future time, the Son would come again to His temple, and the Angel of the Covenant whom they had so longed for. But during this long twilight period of half a thousand years, no one had heard the rustling of those angelic wings, which had in former days brought to the fathers and the prophets the breezes of the other world. But now the portals of heaven are open, and Gabriel, "that stands in the presence of God," has been sent by Him; the natal hour of a new divine revelation in human history has arrived. God is speaking new things to men, such as earthly ear had never before heard in this way. They were the old sounds that had come down from the gates of Paradise, the lonely journeyings of Abraham, the royal harp of David, the watch-tower of Isaiah, the cry of Micah, the awful dreams of Ezekiel and Daniel, the wonderful visions of Zechariah, and Malachi's longings for the purification of the temple,—and yet they were as though never heard before, so heavenly new and clear, when their prophecy was near its fulfilment. Now He was coming—the Trust of Israel;—the paths had been prepared, the forerunners had all appeared, and "Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth." It was Galilee of the Gentiles that saw the great light; the way of the sea, upon which it dawned. It was the flourishing city, in which the bud should blossom,—it bore the name (Nazareth) which the Promised one Himself received in prophetic language (Nezer or Zernach). Wherefore He was called a Nazarene.

Gabriel was sent by God "to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David." The picture of the chosen virgin had shone in the eyes of believers from the mysterious words of Isaiah. But the king's house, and the distant hilly country of the Gentiles! the Idumean Herod governed as a Gentile upon the throne of Zion. His dark cunning sought to erase the record of the house of David from the rolls of history. Therefore its remote and obscure descendants dwelt far away from their city of Bethlehem and from Jerusalem, in the dominion of another less crafty ruler. The espousal of Joseph, the carpenter, to the elect of God, is told very simply by Matthew (i. 18). We know not, whether he had been her guardian before and continued to be so, because they were both of the house of David, as Luke (iii. 22) testifies.

The Virgin was called "Mary"—a very ancient name of a holy prophetess—the Sister of Moses and Aaron was so called. Its sweet sound—whether its humble or exalted meaning be considered (it means, their stubbornness, their rebellion, and expresses either the consciousness of Israel as regards its sins, or the victory over the enemies of God), is

prominent in the different forms it answers in different languages; and through false interpretation it has awoken many a soul picture—such as the shining star of the sea, or the rolling waves of the sea itself from which life takes its beginning—which have been conjured up by the poetic mind,—misty pictures that disappear before the pure, shining form of the quiet “handmaid of the Lord,”—the blessed Virgin with her heavenly-mindedness.

II. THE SALUTATION.

“And the angel came in unto her and said:”—a complete revelation from the everlasting majesty! “The man of God” appears in clear distinct form, the seal of his heavenly mission lighting up his face, and speaking in the language of men, words, that can never disappear from the mind or memory; that have been carefully treasured up by the world, whose tones shall linger to the end of time. The consecrated solitude of the Virgin; the prayerful silence of a soul trusting in God; the closed chamber where the sounds of supplication and thankfulness are only heard: the place where many a holy and blessed presentiment may have trembled in a heart for years prepared by the Spirit of God, has been converted into a temple, where the voice of the Lord speaks. “Hail thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee!” “Ave,” thus this greeting sounds in Latin through the halls of the Christian Church, Ave Maria!

With these words from the mouth of the angel, the grace and mercy of the everlasting God are communicated to the heart of the timid Virgin. She has also already trembled in the presence of the holy God. She is in the habit, being sprung from a sinful race, to bow herself in dust before His righteous majesty. And now because she is the most anxious of all the longing souls, that hope and in faith expect deliverance from their sins, upon the assurance of the promises and prophecies—being oppressed by the burden of the Law, she is therefore the one selected. But the Creator greets His creature, and a new world is opened up to her old testament, purified, religious soul—as not prophecy could have revealed it. It is the proclamation preliminary to the publication of the new covenant. God’s salutation of grace to a mortal woman! The removal of the curse that had been imposed in consequence of sin. The complete perfection of the blessing that had been hinted at in that curse! Although it is only a play upon letters, still it is worthy of thought, that “Ave” is but *Eva* reversed. A heavenly flood of light flows into the tranquil, gentle soul of the Virgin. All her holiest longings have been fulfilled, her most sacred hopes have been swallowed up in an ocean of bliss. “Hail thou!”

But listen to the titles given her by the angel!—“Highly-favored”—“Blessed!”—Here the stream first breaks upon her in full force. Grace is not promised to her, but it is said that she is already in full possession of it. How she had been in the habit of gazing at those chosen, God-favored women,—the Mother of the human race, that courageous heroine of hoping faith,—Noah’s wife; at Sarah, Rebecca, and Rachel; at the mothers of kings and prophets enveloped with the light of prophecy! In what unconscious humility she had deemed herself far, far beneath them!

But now this word from the angel's mouth: "Blessed"! She knew full well that with it more had been said to her than had been received by all these mothers of promise. All the silver rivulets of favor that had been communicated to them, were concentrated in one rich stream upon her. As "The blessed among women" she has been endowed with holy graciousness and the splendor of consecrated beauty; as "the highly favored," elevated to the earthly ideal of modest, God-favored, female loveliness, she is the recipient of all those gifts, that glorify even her bodily appearance with the sunlight of spiritual glory. This innocence, thus restored by grace and virginity, shines forth to the Christian world as the first result of the redemption.

"The Lord is with thee!"—the angelic salutation continues; this was a seal to her faith. How often may her soul have lingered in thought and prayer over Isaiah's words, announcing that a Virgin should bear a Son, and beating in grand, glorious accord with the pain and anxiety connected therewith, have been blessed with the hope contained in His name, Immanuel—God with us! He would be first for one—the chosen woman! "The Lord is with thee"—thus was she designated by the mark of the divine selection, as were the holy men of God and the noble women during the age of promise.

But all these had a work to do, a testimony to deliver, a battle to fight; and with such a call hence there would be opened up a path of sorrow. The salutation opened a door for her. Whither? whither? The question forced itself upon the heart of the timid Virgin, so suddenly overcome by the flood of favor.

"And when she saw him, she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be."

The question is not uttered by her lips; the troubled heart only speaks to the angelic spirit, who reads it in her soul. The sweet dread of a timid heart! The noble surprise of guileless submission!

III. THE MESSAGE.

"Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God." Here the Virgin sees her inmost thoughts revealed. Not a single one of her trembling, anxious, troubled emotions had escaped the heavenly eye. But lo! he finds no fault with her weak faith in the divine mission, he does not reprove her sinful fear and mortal dread of the task which the God of life imposes. His lips utter sweet words of consolation. He exhibits to her more fully and clearly that which was involved in the salutation. Human fear may be silent here; the blessedness of what she has received and now possesses drives away all feelings of want and timidity. God's messenger calls her by her earthly name—Mary, and thus makes it sacred. It is as though it had just been given her from heaven. Henceforward it will always be connected with the annunciation of God's grace. That certainly is a baptism when the name of a mortal is called from heaven, and such a name is recorded in heaven. But the message only opens with these words; it continues thus: "Thou hast found favor with God." Only where there has been seeking can the bliss of finding be secured. The past life of the Virgin was one of longing, hoping, and faithful seeking. The royal promises, the inheritance of the house of David, must

have already provoked the Excellent Virgin to seeking, to looking forward to the future. A feeling responsive to these promises was aroused in her inmost soul. Persons destined for distinction have presentiments of their future. The contrast of her flight into a strange country on the extreme borders of the land of promise, of the poverty that made her the espoused of a carpenter, and this descendant of a king a craftsman, with the lustre of the crown of her fathers, had kept alive in her heart the search after the highest good, the favor of God. But what she had been seeking is now found, and with it her past life is closed; the Old Covenant has led her to the Saviour. The favor of God, the everlasting favor which was shown to His image-man, to Israel for all these centuries, is now vouchsafed to the lonely woman, the obscure Virgin. Henceforward she feels that the eye of everlasting love rests upon her; she receives light and life from its gracious glances; and that, which was only clearly defined and confirmed to the first believers on Pentecost after the crucifixion, burial and ascension, is given her in blissful anticipation,—the peace of God through grace!

Now the clouds of fear are dispelled by the sunshine of heavenly love; the Old Testament fear in the presence of Jehovah is converted into New Testament love and praise; even the tremulous timidity of the Virgin is removed, and her soul is prepared for the angelic message.

“And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a Son, and shalt call His name Jesus.” Mary, the daughter of David, who had lived trusting in the promises, did not need any further reference from the lips of the angel to the Prophet and his words touching the Son of the Virgin. She knew that the honor conferred upon her, to be the mother of the Son of the promises, was something greater than the favor shown to Sarah, or the maternal dignity of Eve. Mother of the Messiah! That was overpowering! The name, Jesus, had been sounding through her soul in all the types and prophecies from Joshua down,—and this name had been brought to her from the lips of God in heaven.

The paintings, which represent Mary as having fainted away on the reception of this message, might be correct, had the power of grace and the joy of its accomplishment, which the opening words had given her, not existed in her soul. She did not swoon away, but clearly and distinctly heard every sound. She knew that she had been chosen and raised to a dignity of which she had never dreamed, although as the descendant of David she might have had a claim to it. But before she had fully recovered herself from the contemplation of the magnitude of the divine grace as shown in her choice, the heavenly sounds of the message continued:

“He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David: And He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of His kingdom there shall be no end.”

All that had been promised from the beginning is embraced here in a few words. The true Man born of her—the human mother, the Son of David sprung from her—the daughter of David, but still the Everlasting King, the Eternal Ruler, the God of Heaven, Jehovah, before whom she had been accustomed to bow herself with reverence in the dust. All this

she had heard, had read in the prophets, wondered at, prayed for; her heart had longed for and rejoiced at it. But now to know suddenly that all this majesty and glory was in such close, peculiar, exclusive contact with herself, her own life, her own body, her whole person, this was something that the men of old had longed for in vain. Was it not a dream? Did she dare to receive such glory? But God had spoken. As she raised her eyes again, the shining angelic form still stood there, and any doubt was impossible.

IV. THE WONDER.

“Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?” There is no longer doubt as to her having been chosen as the mother of the Saviour, only astonishment that one unmarried had been chosen, simply an exclamation of the soul in the presence of the incomprehensible. From the time of Eve down, the birth of a child had only occurred where there were two parents. Now for the first time a man was to spring from a woman as at the beginning Eve from Adam, a new creation! Religious art introduces, in nearly all the representations of the Annunciation, at this moment, the blooming of a lily in the Virgin’s chamber, either to remind her of God’s creative power that could produce it from nothing in an instant, or to show the flower of innocence as the emblem of the mother of Christ. She was herself a visible manifestation of the angel’s words: “With God nothing shall be impossible.”

Here we encounter a mystery, which even an angel’s lips cannot explain in human speech, but can only cover with a semi-transparent veil. “The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee.” What words! That the Spirit of God from the beginning, when He moved upon the waters, acted as a creative power,—that He was afterwards, as regards all material representations of ideas in accordance with their divine prototypes, the inmost productive power, and middle-point, and the consecrator of all natural human powers,—that He stimulated the depths of the soul to holy feelings, heavenly knowledge, and godly deeds,—that He was the fullness of light, the might of the Word as well as the efficient cause of the deed and the miracle in the apostolic Church,—must be certain to every one acquainted with the details of revelation. The Holy Ghost is the divine personal efficient agent in the spiritual, as well as the natural world. But it is He especially who exercises all the divine activity upon man, created in His own likeness, who became a living soul through the breathing of the living Odem (Spirit) of God upon his earthly form. All the activity of God in the world, since the fall of the human race, has had reference to the redemption of the latter, and all physical powers as well as all spiritual movements connected therewith have been derived from, controlled, gathered together and governed by Him.

In the Incarnation of God, in the birth of the God-man, all these powers, these movements find a centre, towards which they converge. Hence *the operation of the Holy Ghost* was shown here upon the chosen woman, body, soul and spirit,—upon her who had been long since made ready by family descent, habit of life, and internal religious experience, but who was now perfectly prepared by the mission, salutation, and mess-

age of the angel. This holy operation was to be shown in all the functions and proclivities of her mental and spiritual life, which indeed attained a sublime poetico-prophetic character as shown in Luke i. 46-55, and also in a holy creative effect upon her bodily life. That which would "come upon" the Virgin was the all-glorious power of Eternal life, as it here entered into the sphere of time and brought with it a rapturous experience, the perfect fullness of communion with God, the exultation of holy joy, the possession and enjoyment of that which heretofore had only been approximated through faith and hope. God was thus present, and the Incarnation of God was completed by the generation of His only begotten Son.

"The power of the Highest shall overshadow thee,"—is this something besides the coming of the Holy Ghost? Most assuredly. The Holy Ghost is a divine life, that is felt in the soul, spiritually experienced. But the power of the Highest,—this creative, constantly-wonder-working omnipotence, whose nature and essence it is to surpass all human conception of *its operation*, and only to make itself known in *its works*, which acts invisibly, calling upon that, which is not, to appear,—of this man can have no adequate idea. And yet they are one and the same. For the creative operation of the Holy Spirit in the material as connected with the spiritual world, is inseparably united with the power of the Highest.

Thus a new beginning is established for humanity; the second Adam is the descendant of the first Adam, and is yet at the same time directly from God like the first. The Saviour is a descendant from the fathers according to the flesh, but is shown also to be the Son of God according to the Spirit.

"Therefore also that holy Thing which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God."

The angel announces reverently the divinity of the Eternal Son, even in His Incarnation and in His Humanity. Mary was to give birth to God in human form, and the Church has warmly contended for her claims to the honorable title of *θεότοκος*, although it has indeed been much misunderstood even in her midst. The angel's words are, however, sure, that, to that which should be born of the woman—to our Lord Jesus Christ, the name, "Son of God," belonged in fullest measure and sense, because He had His earthly existence from the Holy Ghost and the power of the Highest. On the authority of this passage, the Church of Christ pours forth her lamentations at the cross and grave of the Lord, shouts her jubilant songs on Ascension and her other festival days.

And the Child is called "holy" before His birth,—thus announcing the *sinlessness* of our Lord in His human form. We have here declared as God's will, that which apostolical inspiration afterwards stated, that He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin," and what Satan himself was obliged to acknowledge in the wilderness.

From that time, for this "holy Thing," all the feelings of the soul, all the movements of the spirit and even her bodily life were so gathered together and hallowed, that the peccability, with which she was born, could not be communicated to Him, but rather that she might derive holy powers from His holy life so as to preserve her, until His birth, in holy tranquility, and to enable her, through divine power, to resist the degrading influences of a sin-polluted earth.

V. THE OBEDIENCE.

“And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord ; be it unto me according to Thy word. And the angel departed from her.” In the presence of this wonder of wonders, every doubt, every question is silenced. See, the power and grace of God ! The enraptured heart humbly submits ! Even her own poverty disappears in the presence of such abundance. This delicate humility, this tranquil, gentle spirit—are manifestly the results of the operation of the Holy Ghost : Behold the handmaid of the Lord. She knows only one thing—the joyous, blessed privilege of obeying the will of God. This humility is her dignity and majesty,—a new royal glory in addition to those inherited from David. As she was the lovely Virgin in the holy beauty of God’s favor, so is she now the consecrated Mother in the noblest union of dignity and obedience, and henceforward she will remain the type of pure motherliness for all time and all the world, wherever there is faith in the only-begotten Son, to whom she gave birth for mankind.

And now although the splendor of heaven has departed from her quiet chamber, and the glory has disappeared that transformed it from an earthly habitation into the portals of heaven,—although the celestial tones that brought from the divine heart greeting and tidings to her are now silent, the wonder still remains, and henceforward her angel shall be the Child given to her by God’s gracious power, and through her to the world. And she followed the steps of that Son ; saw with her eyes His glory as that of the only-begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth ; her soul was pierced with the sword,—while through faith in the Son of God she waited for the redemption of her body, living to see the mighty power of God perfected. She remains, in our days, as a shining image of female grace, as the Virgin Mother, the chosen one, the princely humble soul, as the first diamond in the crown of her Saviour, and every Christian heart honors and loves her, although it may devote no festival day (and no worship) to her honor, attribute to her no intercessory power or authority in heaven, invest her with none of the fictitious colorings of human poetry, nor interweave with the incidents of her own birth those marvels which she lived to experience. Her lovely image, freed from the gaudy adornments of an impure human heart, open and clear, biblically true and sharply defined, confronts the Evangelical Christian as a living manifestation of what God’s grace can make out of His creatures here below.

STRONG IN CHRIST.—I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world ; yet when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from his school. Perhaps I feel something like the young bride, when she contemplates resigning the pleasant associations of her childhood for a yet dearer home—though only a very little like her, for *there is no doubt resting on my future.*

“Then death would not take you by surprise,” I remarked, “if it should come even before you could get on board ship?” “Oh ! no,” she said ; “death will never take me by surprise ; do not be afraid of that ; I feel so *strong in Christ.* He has not led me so tenderly thus far, to forsake me at the very gate of heaven !”

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near ;
And the fagot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
Are the only sounds I hear ;
And over my soul, in its solitude,
Sweet feelings of sadness glide ;
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones, all,
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son—
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

And when I gazed on his innocent face,
As still and cold he lay,
And thought what a lovely child he had been,
And how soon he must decay,
"Oh, death, thou lovest the beautiful,"
In the woe of my spirit I cried ;
For sparkled the eyes, and the forehead was fair,
Of the little boy that died.

Again I will go to my father's house—
Go home to the dear ones all—
And sadly I'll open the garden gate,
And sadly the door of the hall.
I shall meet my mother, but never more
With her darling by her side ;
But she'll kiss me, and sigh, and weep again
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played ;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed.
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride,
And they will speak with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

I shall see his little sister again,
With her playmates about the door :
And I'll watch the children in their sport
As I never did before ;

And if in the group I see a child
 That's dimpled and laughing eyed,
 I'd look to see if it may not be
 The little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—
 To our Father's house in the skies—
 Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
 And our love no broken ties:
 We shall roam on the banks of the river of Peace,
 And bathe in its blissful tide,
 And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
 The little boy that died.

And therefore when I am sitting alone,
 And the midnight hour is near,
 When the fagot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
 Are the only sounds I hear,
 Oh, sweet o'er my soul in its solitude,
 Are the feelings of sadness that glide;
 Though my heart and my eyes are full, when I think
 Of the little boy that died.

A COUNTRY PASTOR AND A RAINY SUNDAY.

BY PERKIOMEN.

I awoke early—I always do on Lord's Day morning, and am therefore different in this respect too, from a notorious revivalist, whom his confiding parishioners cannot succeed to bring to church in time for a regular morning service. I have never been two minutes late in meeting my appointment. I claim no meed of honor—none whatever. It is all owing to getting up early on Sunday morning.

Well—it rained—it blowed, and did some other disagreeable things, on this particular morning. My first half-awake thoughts were, not to go four miles away to preach. Something said:—"What's the use? The congregation won't venture out.—Nobody will come.—The people will think the Parson foolish.—The sermon will be profligately spent on a few, at most—yea wasted." And having administered such soporifics to my but partially roused conscience, I turned over with the hopeful expectation of sleeping 'till broad day light.' [Why does sleep seem so much sweeter on Sunday morning, than on any other? Is it because that is a day of rest, *par excellence*? Or, is it because stolen waters *are* sweet?]

But a man's moral nature sometimes seems not to sleep 'a purpose,' no less than his physical constitution. Duty seemed to me, on this occasion, just determined to battle with and overcome inclination, in spite even of all the aid and comfort I, as an ally afforded the latter. Of course I wished to feel, during the conflict, that I was perfectly honest, fair, impartial and conscientious, in the matter of going or not going to preach

four miles away, on a rainy Sunday morning. I rose and went to the window, in order to take the bearings of the weather from all its four great points. I knew, nevertheless, that *through window panes*, all bad weather appears as under a magnifier. It always did deceive me, and everybody else too. An old practitioner once gave it as his experience, that when once actually and fully *out*, a tornado even seemed more tolerable, than a Summer gust appeared through a window. Another physician, of twenty years' practice, told us one morning after a black night full of weather that seemed to us fearful enough to alarm a brigand, that he had been *out* all night, and, that 'the elements had simply been masquerading a little.'

I had not been unmindful of the *miraging* power of window glasses generally; but *such* a morning really was too bad to go and preach, four miles away. And such a chattering as inclination had with me, on the subject—by the way inclination wants no fairer field than a soft, warm bed, on a cold, rainy morning. It is almost certain of a victory then and there. It whispered the most plausible things into my ear, that morning: "You risk a spell of sickness. An upset or some accident will happen you. Pity your horse, carriage and harness. No good to come from all the sacrifice, besides." And all this seemed so reasonable to my delicate and partial self.

But then duty spoke up curtly, bluntly, and imperiously, as is her way. And thus she spoke: It is the first Lord's Day in 1870. It is no time to shirk obligations, in the very opening of the New Year. Would you not go, were there a prospect of making the sum of \$25 to loom up? Would a physician remain away from his patients to-day? Would not a coachman venture out? A teamster? A huckster? Any man of merchandise—trade—or, business? Did you ever meet any of your appointments—no matter how the weather stood—without finding, at least, more than our Lord's fixed number—"two or three gathered in His name?" Did you never read how Lyman Beecher met but one man, on a rainy Sunday; how he and his single hearer held a full round service; how the man was converted then and there; how he became a Minister of God; how the incident became a story; how the story is read and told from time to time, and how it is believed too? If you would show yourself a man, and enter the New Year in a manly way, then no parleying, but go about your Father's business. But do you wish to prove a coward and hang a millstone to your heart for 365 days and 6 hours—then, stay." Duty has a fashion of putting her sayings over short formulas, such as—" *Entweder, oder.*"

In the mean time, worship and breakfast came between. But still, "the conflict rages," and amid the din the voice of duty was heard to cry: "On ye brave!" whilst in an undertone inclination responded:—"But it is really too bad a day. 'Self-preservation is the first law of nature.' 'Unnecessary exposure is bronchitis—consumption, suicide.' 'An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.' Punctiliousness is not necessarily punctuality. To be governed by notion is not to be swayed by principle. Head-strongness is not courage. It is not death that makes the martyr, but the cause!"

For a time the conflict might issue either way, for all I knew. It ap-

peared now this way—now that way. At a certain juncture duty actually had her way, and compelled me to *don* wrappings and overalls, and forth I went, with robe in arms, towards the stable, to set ‘Harry’ on his well-known church-road. I felt as a man invariably feels who does his duty and obeys his conscience. Still, it rained—it blowed and did many other disagreeable things—and not now against the window panes, but into my very face and eyes. How could I help communing with flesh and blood, standing in the stall door and hearing and seeing it pouring and roaring around me. Now was the time for inclination to charge vigorously once more. ‘Pity Harry!’—said she—‘if you care not for yourself. Horse, carriage, harness, to be soiled and ruined, perhaps—and for no earthly good!’ We heard the tempter; we listened and surrendered.

In the house and disrobed once more, duty again endeavored to make its claims felt severely. She had a better foot-hold, doubtless, than in those ‘slippery places’ out doors. There I sat, not comfortable, by any means, but very much like one who had been conquered by the Evil One. Angels came and ministered unto me; but what kind of angels were they?

As gladiators and combatants like to contend before witnesses and in company, I too drew another character into the conflict—an old, worked out ‘*Land-Prediger*,’ who had faced and braved many a storm, during a forty years’ service, and whose advice might well be taken as an authority. I had a colloquy with him, consequently. Thus it ran:—“I believe I won’t go! Am afraid of an up-set. Nobody will be there anyhow. It’s imprudent to venture out. It’s dangerous!”

If you seek advice from a disinterested party, don’t proclaim your own feeling, bias, or inclination ahead. The party will be apt to catch the spark of sympathy and then advise you as you *wish* to be advised. The parties are scarce indeed, who are really sufficiently friendly enough towards you, to counsel you against your own desires, unless they should perchance see an evil immediately impending. On this principle the old Parson replied to our mind:

“Of course don’t go! I’m sure you won’t find any people there. The folks will laugh at you for going out to-day.”

“But didn’t you go still? Don’t you boast even yet, that weather never kept you back? And wouldn’t you go, if you were still in the service, as I am?”

“I used to go, I know; but often regretted my going afterwards. I see the folly of it now.”

“But didn’t you feel better on it—I don’t mean, on getting drenched, but on doing your duty?”

“No! I felt all the worse on it. It was an unnecessary exposure. I had often a severe cold on it.”

“But how does the commission read: Go ye, and preach the Gospel? That implies—*No postponement on account of the weather.*”

The old Parson retreated under the subterfuge—‘Do as you like,—and muttering something about young men wanting to know more than their fathers,’ and the like.

It was very foolish to ask an *old* man of three-score years and ten, whether a *young* man ought to venture out on a rainy Sunday. Besides,

how can another man, be he young or old, speak for *your* conscience? Just as well ask another stomach to take in food to still your own hunger. Others can at most only help us to think—but not think for us. The old Parson saw and felt that, and so told me to ‘do as I liked.’

There I was again—left to be torn now right, now left—no one being able to tell my conscience what it should say to me. Both duty and inclination had now left me, and I was wholly in the power of a swarm of conflicting *impulses*, which, turn and turn about, said: “Go!—Don’t go!—I’d go! I wouldn’t go! You’d better go! You’d better not! It’s your duty to go and preach! It’s your duty to obey Providence and stay at home!”

If it had been at all possible, I surely would have done both—gone and not gone.

I soon learned, that not much good would likely come out of such a series of fits and starts, and as if to get out of their meshes and chase them out of the window, I walked to and fro. But stirring about is not the best way to calm down either, so I sat down and tried to settle the matter on *principle*. [Why did I not do that before? I don’t know. Why don’t you do so, still?]

As soon as principle is consulted, duty stands forth armed with arguments *cap-a-pie*, and drives inclination to the wall at once. On went overcoat, wrapps, overall, and with robe in arms, a second time, we sallied forth again.

There stood Harry, glistening and dry, with harness clean and pliable. “How different all that will be by evening,” whispered sympathy in a mawkish way.

Did you ever hear a horse’s soliloquy? Here’s Harry’s, as he looked archly out of the stable door into the storm:—“I am glad my master does not ask me to splash, be-patter and drench myself on such a day as this is. A horse has feelings too. The driver can sit high and dry, if he chooses; but I must wade along far down and in the mud. He can exchange his coat, if dampened; but I must wear mine dry. Besides, drivers generally hurry all the more on such days, forgetting that it is all the more burdensome for our race, to make speed in rain and mud. They let us pleasure along frequently in fine weather and on solid road; but on such trips, it’s forever—‘G’long there!’ But, my master is a Parson, and knows what the Bible says about the merciful man and his beast.”

Thus far we heard the soliloquy, which, on the principle of *ventriloquism*, we interpreted as Harry’s speech. Wherever it may have come from, I heard or felt it, from some quarter or other.

Principle and duty had retired to the interior of the stable and hid themselves under the hay and straw, I guess. At all events, I saw nothing of them for some ten minutes.

The old Parson would every now and then cry out, like some worn-out Court-crier—“I wouldn’t go!” Inclination responded—“Amen!” Impulses beset me again as thickly as the falling rain-drops, and using the howling storm as a tongue, re-echoed the Parson’s only speech—I wouldn’t go!” Now, as I would sooner contend with a swarm of bees than with a brood of impulses, I deliberately walked away, turning my back on the whole multitude, and looked about to see whether principle and duty could

again make themselves visible in the dark stable and audible in the storm, saying to myself:—"Well—I don't know what to do. I certainly want to do right. It's the first Lord's Day in 1870. I would rather go than stay—rain or no rain—storm or no storm. But will there be any people there?"

Then it was that principle and duty spoke up: "You are not called upon to decide on *their* going—only on yours. What thou doest, do quickly!"

That sharp, short and decisive speech settled the controversy, and out went horse and man.

One mile on the way. "It's folly to go, I know. But then, it's not as bad as it seemed awhile ago. Then too, you can keep dry. How the old Parsons used to split the weather on horse back, for ten, twenty and thirty miles. Those old Parsons would almost be willing to come back and make their pilgrimage over again, just for the sake of trying modern conveniences and comforts. And, after all, it is worth something to have started in bravely on the first Sunday in 1870. No compunctions of conscience—to-night—anyhow. G'long, Harry!"

Two miles on the way. "But it *does* rain! How it blows! There's that long woods too. Those trees might fall on a fellow and crush horse—man and all! Some bear right across the road too. I wish I were at home again.

But then, better to perish with harness on, than to loaf lazily by the hot stove. I will return with the shield of faith, or *on* it. '*Befiel du deine Wege,*' &c. G'long, Harry!"

Three miles on the way. "Not a soul will be there. Well—I'll just drive to the church—turn back and go home again. Can say, that I had been there, at all events. Can reprimand my people with more grace then, for being afraid of a little rain. G'long, Harry!"

The last mile on the way. "There's the church! It looks deserted. But—lo!—what's that? A carriage! Two carriages! Still more carriages! As I live! *twenty*—carriages! Did you ever? Who would have thought it? Ain't I glad I came? Not for much would I not have come!"

I entered—held service and preached a New Year's Sermon, to over one hundred and twenty souls—a greater number than had gathered in that upper room in Jerusalem, on the primitive Pentecost of the Christian Church.

All seemed to think the weather fearful; but all were glad to be there; and the gladdest was I—unless an aged mother of more than seventy, who said 'she would not have been absent for anything, since it was doubtless her last New Year's Lord's Day on Earth!'

COROLLARIES.

1. Whenever God wishes to especially bless the inner ring of the Christian circle—the 'Peter—James—and John' fraternity—then it is that He permits a rainy Sunday to intervene. What Pastor has not felt a peculiar atmosphere to pervade the House of God on such days, when the 'two or three' are assembled in the name of Christ? They are such *confidential* days!—those rainy Sundays. Pastor and people come so near together; the services are participated in by all; the homily becomes so

pointed and direct; every exercise has so much of the "thou-art-the-man" about it, that no one has any margin left for his neighbor. If yours is a church-soul, you must have felt your religious life to have risen to such a comfortable heat in God's House on a rainy Sunday, as to enjoy such days, rather than abominate them. Be sure that it is wholly *impossible* for you to be there, ere you absent yourself, for the 'Lord has something to say unto thee.'

2. I know of no rule by which clergymen can regulate their going or not going to duty on a rainy Sunday—save that of the *impossible*. My authority—for such a declaration is, the illustrious example of the REVEREND APOSTLE PAUL, a very punctual minister of the Early Church. In one of his letters he tells us, that he had often been "in perils of waters," from which I infer that he was not frightened off on a rainy Sunday.

To concede anything short of the insurmountable as sufficient excuse for remaining away from your post, is only to open the door to the question:—How *hard* must it rain, snow or blow, to absolve or convict me of guilt for the failure in duty? Better, therefore, make the impossible degree the *positive*, and you will have no *comparative* or *superlative* beyond it.

Besides, pastors, who by the improvidence of man rather than in the Providence of God, are permitted to visit their flocks *lunarly* or *semi-lunarly*, stand in danger of making their ministerial trips few and far between, indeed, if they suffer any and every coarse drizzle, or any extra inclemency, to be a sufficient excuse for non-attendance.

People tell me, 'a rainy night is a good night to sleep.' I know a country Pastor, who sleeps best on the night following a rainy Sunday—provided he has been out in the rain *ex-officio*.

UNOSTENTATIOUS BENEVOLENCE.—Florence Nightingale, who is a great invalid, writes a letter to Lemuel Moss, in this country, who sent to her for her likeness and some account of her life. In the course of her letter she says: "Nothing, with the approval of my own judgment, has been made public, or I would send it. I have a strong objection to sending my own likeness for the same reason. Some of the most valuable works the world has ever seen we know not who is the author of; we only know that God is the author of all. I do not urge this example upon others, but it is a deep seated religious scruple in myself. I do not wish my name to remain, nor my likeness. That God alone should be remembered, I wish. If I could really give the lessons of my life to my country-women and yours, (indeed I fain look upon us as all one nation)—the lessons of my mistakes as well as of the rest—I would; but for this there is no time. I would only say, work—work in silence at first, in silence for years—it will not be time wasted. Perhaps in all your life it will be the time you will afterward find to have been best spent; and it is very certain that, without it, you will be no worker. You will not produce one 'perfect work, but only a botch, in the service of God.'

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

(TO THE MEMORY OF JACOB S. KACHLINE, AGED 22 YEARS).

Heart-memories are the most sacred. Thinking it more in harmony with his modest, retiring disposition, we had intended to preserve only these, of the dear, departed one, whose name is recorded above and the number that expresses the period of his earthly existence. But if one dies, leaving behind him such a lovely example and blessed hope of a glorious immortality, it seems but right to reveal it. To have the sympathy of others in the hour of sorrow, affords a melancholy satisfaction. Viewed in this light, a sister's humble tribute will be regarded only with feelings of charity.

Since the tender age of four years, he suffered more or less from a pulmonic disease, contracted by a fever with which he was then afflicted. The best medical skill was timely sought to check it, but of no avail. In the latter stages of the disease, the bright, lustrous eye and hectic flush upon the cheek, told but too well the melancholy tale. Like the sunset brightness of the west, it proved the harbinger of approaching night—the night of death. Fell consumption blinded us with her delusive vail, and we thought him of late greatly improving in health. These flattering hopes for the present life, were doomed to perish. When brightest, eternity was nearest.

Early on Monday morning, November 15th, he was suddenly attacked with clonic spasms, which the family physician, on being summoned, pronounced cramp in the nerves. He quickly called for *mother*, and soon the members of the household were gathered around his couch, which even then seemed his dying-bed. It was evident, that he too thought his end nearer; the name of an absent one being mentioned, he gave a beautiful message of love. He lingered until Friday afternoon, November 26th, when just as the hour hand pointed to four, his pure, faith-winged spirit was gently released from the frail earthly mold, and took its heavenward flight. So like sinking into a deep slumber, his death was as peaceful and lovely, as has always been his life.

During all the years of patient suffering, he was never known to murmur, or in a single instance to express a wish for the boon of health denied him. How many a weary, restless night he passed, of which no one around him, would ever have been conscious, had they not heard his deep coughing during the pauses of sleep! His reply to the question in the morning was invariably "*well!*" The thought of his sweet resignation during all his spells of sickness and of the suave, ever-cheerful disposition he manifested during the time intervening, will ever be cherished by us, as a dear reminiscence in memory. How often his fresh, witty

sayings would dispel the monotony of every-day life, and light with the smile of cheer, the features of the group that gathered around the family hearth!

That which above all now sweetens the bitter cup of sorrow, is the beautiful evidence he gave of a meek, child-like faith in the all-atoning blood of a crucified Redeemer. During his severe illness he spoke but little; but all he uttered in reference to eternity conveyed the language of a sweet trust in our dear Saviour. During his greatest suffering he said with deep feeling, "It will be all well; dear Jesus suffered far more on the cross for sinners." To his younger and only brother he said: "Alle, do not weep so. We shall all meet again, I hope." Claspings her in his thin arm, through whose heart his smile had ever shed warm sunlight, and who ministered to his comfort with ceaseless, untiring devotion, so tenderly, so affectionately, during all the years from his infancy, he whispered "My poor, dear *mother!*" then as if to speak words of consolation to her, he said "Do not grieve so,—I know my Saviour will not forsake me in my weakness.—He has been with me so many thousand times, and I have prayed so earnestly to Him, that it seems to me I can see Heaven opening."

He early manifested a desire to join the Church, which he attended faithfully, whenever circumstances would permit. That he listened attentively and devoutly, while there, our own treacherous memory too often tested in afterwards looking for the text together. Owing to his physical infirmity, he could enjoy educational advantages, but to a limited extent. The progress he had made notwithstanding, may well cause those of us to blush, who are favored with the blessing of perfect health. If his class-mates at the Academy he attended in earlier years, ever think of him, we know it will be kindly as of a quiet, but ever-pleasant and obliging companion. Their pictures, which among other mementoes he kept so neatly, speak of his abiding interest in their remembrance. That he engaged not freely in their out-door amusements and hardy exercise, was owing to his pectoral weakness and not to any motive of selfishness. A more generous, unselfish disposition, is rarely enshrined in the bosom of human nature. On his dying bed he prayed not for himself alone, but for those around him. His last breath went out in prayer. "I love you all; I love everybody," was the language that ever beamed from his great, thoughtful eye; but was not expressed in words, until the morning of his sudden illness, when he felt his end approaching. How sweet is the memory of one, who, in life was ever above speaking ill of another! Love, naturally heightens the beauty of every virtue; grief as naturally softens every fault; but thrice lovely is that walk of life, be the circle ever so narrow, where virtues bloom so luxuriantly, that no faults are visible.

After a dark, rainy night, on a beautiful day December 1st, 1869, the feeble body that once encased a soul so true and faithful, was borne to rest in "*Mount Peace Cemetery*," by Egypt Church, Lehigh Co., Pa., while the passing-bell was tolling a requiem. Earth no longer wears her mourning weed; already his grave is thickly covered with a snow-blanket in the beautiful starlight. The wintry winds are souging over it. He

heeds them not. Neither will we ; but look away to heaven with thankful hearts for the sweet assurance, that another is added to the glorious throng of the redeemed. They wear the white robes of rejoicing, while we on earth, move as shadows in the sable garments of grief.

Beautiful and meet to die, is the season, the day, the hour ! Aye, everything connected with his departure, seems a source of rejoicing ; yet so many fond, tender, recollections rise to the mind, that tears will unbidden start. I sadly feel that I did not sufficiently appreciate the angel-spirit that tarried so long with us here, enveloped in mortality. I might have read it all in those clear dark-brown eyes that so often gazed in mine, with yearning tenderness, and then again seemed to look away into distant futurity. But so little prescient we are in life ; so utterly blind, until the portals of eternity, which are being silently opened by unseen fingers, have suddenly closed.

Instead of the emblems of mourning, I would cherish, fresh and bright in the soul, the wreath of memory. It will ever have a purifying influence. Thine, dear brother, is the first death scene I have ever witnessed ; but if it be thus to die, I shall never fear. It is but going home. While we mourn thee, and our eyes, so used to weeping, weep again—*thou art at home*. “It is well with thee !” Oh ! that we may all so live that, when sooner or later, the pale angel is sent to summon *us* from the transient scenes of time, we may also have “a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better !”

E. M. KACHLINE.

EDITH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

I. AM I BAPTIZED ?

“Mother, have I ever been baptized ?” asked Edith Brecht, one Sunday afternoon during Lent, after her return from Sunday-school.

“Baptized, child ? Why do you ask that question ?”

“Because to-day in Sunday-school Pastor Norton went to all the classes, and asked the teachers whether they had any unbaptized children in their classes, and if so he wanted their names. When he left, Mrs. Stiers asked each girl in the class whether she was baptized. All answered yes, except myself. I did not know, and had to say that I did not know whether I was or not. You should have seen how the girls looked at me ! They were so much surprised. Then they began to talk about it. One said she thought all children had to be baptized ; another, that I should at least have known whether or not I was baptized. But the teacher told them to be quiet, and went on with the lesson. When school was out she told me to ask you, and to tell her next Sunday.”

“You can tell your teacher that you are not baptized, neither is your father or mother.”

“Oh mother, I am so sorry !”

“Why?”

“Because—because then I am no child of God,” and Edith’s eyes filled with tears as she looked upon her mother.

“I do not know what you mean,” said the mother. “What kind of notion has got into your head?”

“Do you not know, mother, what the Bible says?”

“No, I have never read much in the Bible.”

Edith brought the New Testament, and turning to Gal. iii. 26, 27, read to her mother these words:—“For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ.”

“This passage,” said Edith, “Mrs. Stiers had us to commit to memory, and often talked to us about it. She says that if we are baptized, and believe in Christ, we are one with Him, children of God and heirs of Heaven. I used often to repeat the words, and rejoiced over them; but now it is all over. I am not baptized, am no child of God and no heir of Heaven.” And Edith, while yet speaking, broke out in sobs.

“I cannot at all see why you weep over this matter. Many people live and die without ever being baptized. Go out now and play, and let such things alone till you are older. Such things have never troubled me.”

Edith went out, but could not dismiss the subject from her mind. The thought that she was not baptized came again and again. She had not long been a Sunday-school scholar. Only a few months before she went along with a playmate, and was so well pleased that from that time onward she attended regularly. She was twelve years old, a thoughtful and sensible child.

Sunday again came, and Edith with downcast eyes told her teacher that she was not baptized. “Then, my dear child,” said the teacher, “you must ask your parents to allow you yet during this Lenten fast to come forward and be baptized. Pastor Norton wishes that all who belong to his Sunday-school, shall before Easter become members of Christ’s flock. I think he will himself speak to your parents. I will give him your name.”

What Pastor Norton said to Edith’s parents made no great impression on them. They were disposed to regard his visit as an obtrusion or interference, as they did not belong to his congregation. But the child took the matter so sorely to heart, that they at length consented that she might be baptized.

“It certainly cannot hurt her,” said the father.

“Nor yet do her any good,” said the mother, “except to satisfy her mind. I told her to leave that Sunday-school and go to another where they would not trouble her with such things; but she cried over this also.”

“It is only a child’s notion; but better that she have her wish than that she grieve over it.”

So it was arranged that Edith should receive holy Baptism; and her parents, out of curiosity, were present when she was thus received into the congregation of Christ and became a child of God. As indifferent as Mr. and Mrs. Brecht were, the solemn transaction yet made an im-

pression upon them, and they with astonishment noticed the joyful countenance of their daughter, as she returned to her place beside them.

Edith was now truly happy. With unusual joy she attended Sunday-school, and studied her lesson with the sweet consciousness, that she herself had part and lot in the heavenly inheritance.

Her teacher, Mrs. Stiers, took great interest in her, and sought more zealously than ever to impress upon her mind texts of Scripture; and those she carefully studied and kept.

II. "YE ALSO SHALL BEAR WITNESS."

Several weeks later, on Sunday before Whitsuntide, Edith learned a text from John xv. 27, "Ye also shall bear witness." In her Scripture Catechism was added the question, "Has Jesus witnesses on earth now?" But no answer was given, and Edith, who could not rightly understand the matter, brought the question to her mother.

"Witnesses on earth now? What a foolish question!" said her mother. "His disciples who lived in His time died more than eighteen hundred years ago. I surely thought you knew so much."

Edith did not feel fully satisfied with this explanation; still, at Sunday-school when the question came to her she answered, though timidly, "No."

The teacher asked every girl in the class. They did not know whether to answer yes, or no.

"I did not know where to find the answer," said one.

"I think you could easily have found the answer, if you had thought carefully over the question that follows: 'What is the duty of every disciple of Christ?'—Luke xii. 8. 'Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God.' Therefore to confess Christ before men, that is the duty of every disciple or follower of Christ. Do you not now see that the answer to the other question must be: 'Every disciple of Christ is a witness for Him?' If we confess Christ before men, we bear witness for Him that He is our Saviour and God. Therefore Jesus has even now many witnesses on earth. All who in faith receive holy Baptism, and in faith receive the holy Communion, and by both word and act follow Christ in holy obedience,—these are His witnesses."

"And can also baptized children be witnesses for Christ?" asked Edith.

"Yes, even children are His disciples and witnesses, if they are true to the solemn baptismal vows which were made in their behalf. This thought should make us very watchful over ourselves. So often as we by faith overcome any temptation to do or speak evil, we bear witness for Christ. When you are tempted to be angry, fretful or impatient, then recollect that you are disciples of Christ. Ask Him to make you patient, gentle and kind as He was when He lived on earth, and He will give you grace to be true disciples or witnesses. Think of this when you are with your brothers, sisters and playmates. You will find plenty of opportunities to return good for evil, and that itself is being a witness for Christ."

Edith went home filled with a new thought. She tried to impart it to her mother, but her mother seemed to care nothing about it. This indifference checked the zeal of Edith a little; but she tried to follow the teaching she had received, and her parents soon noticed a change in her. She was always ready to leave her own work or play in order to assist her mother or other friends. When her father returned home at night, she was always ready to do him any service. It became a common thing in the family to call Edith when any thing was wrong; and often during the day would she leave her lesson, sewing or music, to hunt something that was lost, or in any other way help the rest.

"I am a disciple of Christ," she would say to herself, when becoming impatient at being so much disturbed. "He was meek and lowly in heart, and so also must I be, or else I cannot be a witness for Him." Then, when trying to deny herself, she would sing the beautiful hymn she had learned in Sunday-school,

"Jesus, I live to Thee,
The loveliest and the best;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest."

So often did she sing this hymn, especially when putting her little sister to sleep, that the other children learned it from her and often sang it with her. Through her a new life and spirit seemed to have come into their home.

"However much or little there may be in Baptism," said Mr. Brecht one day to his wife, "it seems at least not to have hurt Edith; she is always in a good humor, friendly and obliging."

"The instruction in the Sunday-school," answered her mother, "makes her both good and happy; she helps me whenever she can. I would by no means know how to do without her. She knows so well how to quiet and take care of the children."

In this way Edith confessed Christ, not only in her Baptism, but also in her everyday life at home, and became a worthy witness to the power of His grace. Her light so shone that others seeing it were led to confess Christ. Among these were her parents; and the younger children grew up in the knowledge and love of God. How blessed it was for her to be a faithful witness!

HOW OUR ANCESTORS LIVED.

The improvement in social comfort and refinement over past ages is strictly shown in the following paragraph:

"Erasmus, who visited England in the early part of the sixteenth century, gives a curious description of an English interior of the better class. The furniture was rough, the walls unplastered, but sometimes wainscoted or hung with tapestry, and the floor covered with rushes, leaving what they could not eat to rot there, with the draining of beer-

vessels and all manner of unmentionable abominations. There was nothing like refinement or elegance in the luxury of the higher ranks; the indulgences which their wealth permitted consisted in rough and wasteful profusion. Salt beef and strong ale constituted the principal part of Queen Elizabeth's breakfast, and similar refreshments were served to her in bed for supper. At a series of entertainments given by the nobility in 1689, where each exhausted his invention to outdo the others, it was universally admitted that Lord Goring won the palm for the magnificence of his fancy. The description of his supper will give us an idea of what was then thought magnificent. It consisted of four huge, brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed, with ropes of sausages, to a huge pudding bag, which served for a chariot."

WEDDING DRESS A CENTURY AGO.

To begin with the lady; her locks were strained upwards over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened by a breast-pin rather larger than a copper cent, containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top of an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, enclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped cautiously out. Now for the swain: his hair was sleeked back and plentifully befloured, while his queue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky-blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps with laces, and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered his wrist, and a portentous frill, worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

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Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

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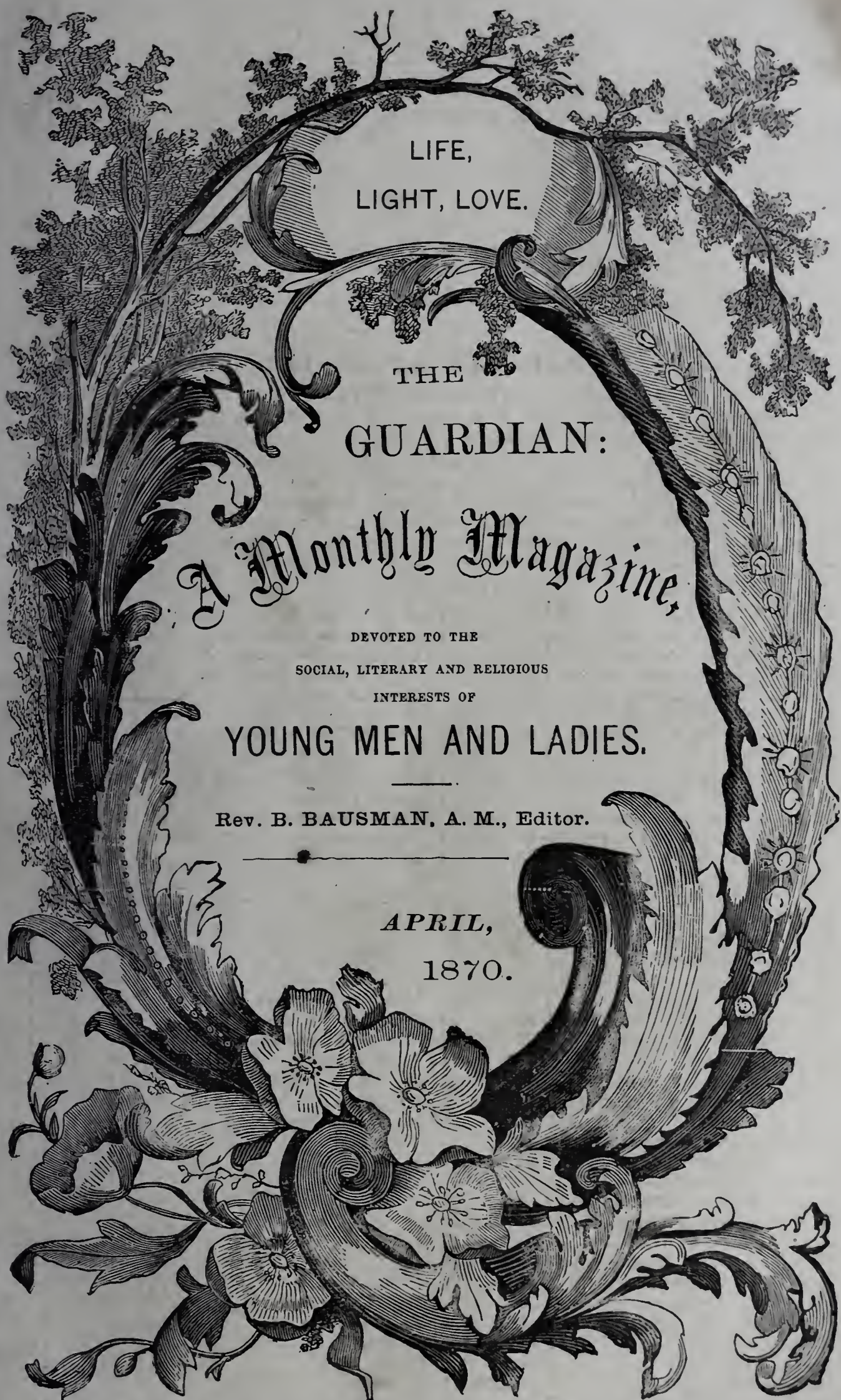
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DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

APRIL,
1870.

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Phila., Pa.
JAS. B. RODGERS CO., PRS.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XXI.—APRIL, 1870.—No. 4.

SUNDAYS ABROAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

A Sunday in Birmingham.

This is the most important manufacturing town in England, situated nearly in its centre. For centuries it has been a place of note, where all manner of goods and metallic ware was produced. It has nearly two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. A busy, boiling, clattering population it has. Even under a clear sky the smoke of its numerous tall chimneys, often veils the cheerful light of the sun. I reached Birmingham late at night. Stepping off the train, I found neither cab nor police officer to direct me to a hotel. The night was dark and rainy. I felt sadly forsaken, as I trudged through one of the principal streets, folding my cloak closely around my person. It was wholly deserted and silent as the grave. Who knows whither it will lead me? At length I spied some one through the dim light of the street lamps; dressed in black, seeming to be a female, most likely a street robber. The figure hailed me, and crossing the street towards me, asked permission to be sheltered by my cloak. To which I of course sternly objected, meanwhile laying firm hold of my cane, with the determination that be it man, ghost or satan, I would, in case of necessity, for once use an arm of flesh to reform the wicked. Scarcely had I escaped from this ill-designing street prowler, before I was accosted by a second and a third one. How thankfully I at length entered a very comfortable hotel.

Like the most manufacturing cities, Birmingham has a class of very industrious people, and another class of idlers and street loungers. These congregate wherever there is anything to excite or amuse. A street showman, or sort of a mountebank behind a curtained box, amused crowds of dirty men, women and children, from the top of which he made a rooster entertain his audience. Monkeys, minstrels and organ-grinders seem to be liberally patronized here.

By Sunday morning the showmen had disappeared. The streets were quiet. Towards the middle of the forenoon, streams of neatly clad orderly people, crowded the pavements. I attended worship in an Episcopal Church, where a Rev. Mr. Miller preached a much more pointed and

practical sermon than one ordinarily hears of Anglican ministers. His theme was "The dispersion and destiny of the Jews." The congregation was large and devout, but almost entirely composed of the higher classes. Therein lies the great weakness of the Church of England. She does not or perhaps cannot, preach the Gospel to the poor. Were it not for the Dissenting Churches of England, those who are not connected with the State Church, her laboring classes, would be almost wholly neglected. At this time, one of the most earnest and influential ministers among the latter was John Angell James, of Birmingham. To my regret he was absent from the city.

In the evening I attended services at a so called church, or chapel, presided over by George Dawson, Esq. He seemed to be the chief of a tribe of Mammon Birmingham worshipers, whom he entertained on Sundays with spicy lectures. He and his followers would have nothing to do with the Church of Christ as a body of believers, preferring that every man should be his own Church, and his own Saviour, too. They met in a large plain building, with a platform instead of a pulpit. Dawson was a man of no mean presence, in citizen's dress and citizen's beard.

His finely trimmed black moustache and flowing bushy beard gave his face quite a classical caste. The chapel was large, and crowded with attentive hearers. I was surprised that a man of such impudent unbelief should allow any singing and praying in his presence. But he did pray; to be sure, it sounded somewhat as if he talked to his equal, on a subject about which he claimed the right to hold his own opinion. The singing, apart from the miserable sentiment of the hymns, was excellent, the large congregation joining in song to an extent that is rarely found in England.

Dawson was doubtless a very scholarly gentleman—a man possessed of great talents and of a very corrupt theology. He had a fine voice, and knew how to use it; was remarkably self-possessed; made use of plain Saxon, eschewing "words of learned length and thundering sound," such as are too often used in more orthodox pulpits. He was a sort of an ecclesiastical Ishmaelite, waging war on all forms of biblical belief; indeed seemingly delighting in nothing so much as in fight. And yet evidently not without a kind and tender heart.

His lecture this evening was on the introduction of Christianity into England by Augustine. Not a sermon, but a lecture. With Dawson a text from history is as good as one from the Bible. It was a bold and spicy discourse. He showed that Christianity was first brought among the Saxons in England by the Pope. That it was unhistorical for the Church of England to torture her succession, if such she have, through any channel but that of the Catholic Church. He says that the Monasteries and Monks have been the promoters and preservers of learning; that the priests have been the mediators between the rich and the poor, humbling the proud and exalting the low; that Papal errors have originated in truth; and that the Popes have been among the worst men that ever lived. He treats Protestants and Papists with equal fairness and equal fury; treats them as the anatomist treats his subject, dissecting the parts for the instruction rather than edification of his hearers. He alleges that in the Roman and Protestant Churches, Priestcraft and Kingcraft have

usurped dominion, and now he shouts: "At them, ye men of Dawson!"

This man is brimful of learning, and understands how to use it. He leads his hearers through the fields of Poetry, Philosophy and History, and plucks for them choicest flowers at will. He uses Poets and Prophets, History and the Bible, Homer and Herodotus, Plato and Paul, Socrates and Christ, as well as all Martyrs and Confessors, as sources of information—to him all equally reliable. His lecture bristled with sarcasm; was full of faith and levity, of ridicule and religious earnestness. Withal, Dawson, with his twelve or fifteen hundred Birmingham followers, gave me much to think about. Alas! he entertains and amuses them, but strips them of every vestige of faith, if such they still have. No soul or sinner can such a mind lead to the Lamb of God. He serves his disciples as Theodore Parker served his. One day an intelligent lady admirer of Parker remarked to him, weeping: "O Mr. Parker, you have taken away my Lord, and I know not where you have laid Him." And Parker could give her no comfort. Neither could Dawson have given her any.

Sunday in London.

Now let us to London, the largest city in the world. In no other one place on the face of the earth, are there four millions of human beings hived together. Like a municipal Lambert, it is an overgrown city, the diseases and corruptions of whose corpulent body seem beyond the reach of a remedy.

It was a charming Sunday morning. Well, now, after careful reflection, I remember that its beginning was after all not so pleasant. The London sky is treacherous. Often when it seems the fairest, it is the foulest. The clearest sky can improvise a shower in five minutes. There are few rainless days in the year in this city. On the fairest morning you see Londoners leave home with an umbrella. Foolish people, you think, as you complacently walk the streets without yours. Ere long your dripping garments remind you, that of the two you are the less wise. What with us would be an ordinary morning fog will there give you a thorough soaking. Emerson says of the London climate: "In a fine day you are looking up a chimney, in a foul day down one."

Alas, that I should have to endure a rainy London Sunday, I thought in the morning. For a while the fickle sky became charming, just long enough to entice the strangers in the city into the streets, to give them a refreshing bath. Despite this deceitful climate, the Londoners spend a great part of the Sunday out of doors. The sidewalks of the principal thoroughfares—Cheapside, Piccadilly, Fleet Street, the Grand Oxford Street, &c., are crowded with people of all ranks and conditions. Crowds stream towards the large Parks, around the edge of the city. Laboring people with their families, who are confined to their shops and hovels on week days, seek the shade trees and grass-bordered walks of Hyde or Regent's Park. Into the darker places of London—the neglected lanes and alleys of the degraded—I did not venture. The reports of others tell us, that hundreds of thousands of the poorer Londoners lead a worse than Pagan life.

I am living in King Street, near the famous Guild Hall—near St. Paul's, too. To St. Paul's we will go. What a grand Christian Temple this is ; five hundred feet long, one hundred wide, with a dome surmounting the centre, whose cross is four hundred and four feet above the pavement in the street. Almost two hundred years ago the first stone for the erection of the present building was laid—for there was a Cathedral here before. Its celebrated architect, Sir Christopher Wren, was thirty-five years in building it. It cost over \$3,700,000. The great builder lies buried in a cell of the Cathedral. A black marble slab marks his place of rest, with the inscription : “ *If you seek his monument, look around you.* ” That is to say, St. Paul's Cathedral, which his genius planned and built, is his monument. And a nobler one few mortals have ever had. On this black marble slab I read this lesson, too, that every one must build his own monument, if it is to publish anything about him worth remembering. A Christian's noblest and most enduring monument is a noble, useful and pure life.

Strange that such a world-renowned Cathedral should be hedged in by short, narrow, crooked streets. The massive wall looks quite dark, almost black, from age. People say it is no wonder, since it was built by taxing the coal brought to London. We will step in. You see how the floor, columns, roof—all are carved out of stone. Room there is here, as much as ten large churches ordinarily furnish. From ten to fifteen thousand people could find standing room here. Rows of thick lofty columns support the roof. Along the wall hang rare and costly paintings, and statues of some of England's great men look down from many a niche. A dim dreary light gives it a cheerless aspect.

We faintly hear the voice of some one. Yonder, at the extreme end of the church, the people seem to be engaging in worship. We will join them. There at one end of the building, is an apartment, but partly enclosed, as large as an ordinary sized church, where the usual services of St. Paul are held. It is a church within a church. Along the sides, near the pulpit, are stationary seats, called “ stalls.” There a few dozen boys, in white robes, are seated. They sing part of the service. Plain seats are occupied by a few hundred people. I, along with a few dozen others, have to stand during the service. The clergyman officiating preaches an earnest sermon ; reads it closely. The majority of the congregation are ladies ; and evidently very few, if any, of the lower or laboring classes are among them.

There daily religious services are held, morning and evening ; only the usual service of the Book of Common Prayer is read without a sermon. While this is held at one end of the church, travelers and others walk through the building, and see its sights ; chatting freely with one another, without seeming to disturb the worshipers or the worshipers them. Among these high columns and arches the voice of the preacher and of the singers, is soon lost. Cathedrals are grand structures ; sermons hewn out of stone, preaching to the ages. But for the preaching of the Gospel through human speech, they are ill adapted.

It is a pleasant Sunday afternoon ; I think we can trust the sky. We will attend worship at Westminster Abbey. We stroll by St. Paul's, through Fleet Street. We shall have to take our time through the

crowds that throng the sidewalks. Yonder you see an old arch spans the street. This with its entire building is the famous Temple Bar, on which England hung the heads of her rebels, as a terror to evil-doers; the heads of some of her martyrs, too, were exposed here. The Bar is the limit of the old city—the end of Fleet Street; beyond this the street is called The Strand. You see that the stream bearing us along can carry tens of thousands of people through this street in one day. Many look like hard-working people, and some are of noble blood. Would you believe it, that yonder gentleman, with iron gray whiskers, in a plain black suit, is Lord ———, and the lady at his arm, with a plain neat dress, is his wife; both walking meekly along with the common crowd? Do noble people then look like ordinary mortals? Indeed they do, and some more so. Many have just as good sense as those of more common blood. Indeed not a few of them are good Christian people, who would not designedly hurt the feelings of the beggars on the street. Many of these fine coaches rolling along the street, bear the families of the nobility. A liveried driver, on the elevated front seat, and two other servants on a high seat in the rear, all dressed in uniform—tall hats, short breeches, and red round-bodied, broad-skirted coats—have charge of a few of the titled gentry within. They, too—well, indeed, they have many wants and woes in common with the servants outside. Toothache hurts them as badly, and when they are hungry, good food tastes as sweetly to them as it does to the man that holds the reins. The most of the gayest people you see on the Strand, this Sunday afternoon, are wealthy shopkeepers, and some that are not wealthy. Among the plainest-looking and least showy of all the wealthier people seen here, are the noble families. Altogether there is far less extravagance and gaiety in dress seen here than one sees in the principal streets of our American cities.

But where are all these people going to? Nine out of ten are going to Kensington Gardens or Hyde Park, whither many thousand people resort on pleasant Sunday afternoons. Of course, the more earnest Christian people spend the day in acts of Christian piety and worship.

But our gadding about after the fashions and follies of London people on the Strand, is very unbecoming on our way to church. Here we are approaching Westminster Abbey, whose walls and finely chiseled statues and turrets are almost as black as the inner wall of a chimney. You see it is built in the form of a cross. We will enter the cross-beam or south transept. The service has commenced. We will here be near the pulpit, where we can hear the word of God, before it loses its sound among the lofty arches. The minister reads his sermon, written in a finished style. He says nothing new, yet the old truth is ever new. His sentences are all carefully rounded. At least two thousand people are present; all hearing with close attention. Though large, it is a select congregation, composed chiefly of travelers, literary and wealthy people.

Doubtless this clergyman is one of London's great men; for no ordinary man is allowed to officiate in Westminster Abbey. He has sense enough not unduly to parade his scholarship before a worshiping congregation. Very singular it is, that he announces the hymns, reads the prayers and Scripture lessons, and his sermon, all with the same tone and modulation of voice. This one finds in the most Church-of-England

ministers. They seem to have acquired a certain sing-song monotonous manner of expression, from the reading of their Liturgical services, which they exhibit in all their public ministrations.

St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are used mainly by a certain class of the aristocracy. All large cities have such establishments. The Church of England has more than any other denomination. Emerson says: "Their religion is a quotation, their church a doll. Their Gospel is: 'By taste are ye saved.'" Emerson is an unbeliever, yet in this critique, he is not far from the truth. A certain member of the British Parliament declared, that he had never seen a poor man in a ragged coat inside of a church. As for the ragged coat, its absence from church might be more to the credit than blame of a religious community, if it supplied its people with better garments. Yet that the Church of England has lost its hold upon the masses of the people, is acknowledged and deplored by many of her best men. There you feel that you are among a kid-gloved religion, suited only for a very select class of people.

Now that the services in the Abbey are ended, there will be no harm to stroll through this venerable sanctuary. You see, during the services, we have been standing in "The Poet's Corner." Here are gathered the busts and dust of many of England's great men. Some are buried beneath this pavement; others have tablets here. Spenser, Chaucer, Shakspeare, Southey, Campbell, Goldsmith, and a host of others are immortalized in this Poet's Corner. Some have epitaphs in English, others in Latin. Johnson wrote Goldsmith's in Latin, saying that he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription. Spenser died "from lack of bread," and was buried here by the then Earl of Essex. Thus after the world has starved the men, who give her light and glory, she builds their monuments. Many a British Scholar cheerfully endures persecution and poverty, and toils to the end of life like a Titan, with the inciting hope, that he can fight his way into "The Poet's Corner." Like St. Paul's, you see the Abbey has many cell like chapels along the side of the building, in which reposes the dust of some of England's kings and nobility.

Back of the high altar you see a chapel, whose floor is elevated. It is reached by a back stairway. It is called the "Chapel of the Kings." Here Queen Victoria was crowned. Indeed the last twenty-four Sovereigns of England were crowned in this Royal Chapel. Think of the immense labor required to cut such a building out of stone—columns, roof, floor all of stone—; a building with more than a dozen smaller churches under its roof!

Now we have seen how and where the learned and wealthy worship God. Where can we find the poor at worship? This evening there is to be a service at Exeter Hall, for the special benefit of poor people. Many earnest Christians see full well, that it is hard for the London poor to enter the kingdom of heaven. For the last few days posters and the newspapers have called upon the neglected poor to attend this service, no matter how ragged and dirty their garments. Exeter Hall is a large edifice, where all manner of mass meetings are held. The hall is filled with a crowd of people—perhaps three or four thousand. Possibly one-tenth are perceptibly poor—dirty and poorly clad. As these cannot afford to

have hymn books, a printed slip is circulated among the congregation, containing eight hymns; and beautiful hymns they are. Such as: "Come let us join our cheerful songs;" "All hail the power of Jesus' name;" "Before Jehovah's awful throne;" "When I survey the wondrous cross;" "From all that dwell below the skies." On the large platform the preacher, with several dozen of Christian friends, is seated. He seems to be a middle-aged man, bent on making himself understood. "What think ye of Christ?" is his text, on which he discourses in a simple, affectionate way. Here, all around us poor hard-working mechanics are seated in their greasy working clothes, attentive and devout. How I pity them. They look sad, like men who rarely have any pleasure; to whom the hope of heaven would be a great relief. Alas, Exeter Hall cannot save them. These poor people need sympathizing pastors, plain commodious churches, and Sunday Schools for them and their children.

On another evening I attended a temperance meeting at Exeter Hall. A number of distinguished and able speakers were present. The most effective speech was delivered by an uneducated sailor. He told the large congregation in his blunt sailor's brogue, how he had been a poor drunken "tar," spending all his earnings for liquor, and leaving his wife and children to suffer want. His family lived in wretchedness, of which he was the cause. And a sense of his sin against them made him take to his cups all the more. At length by the mercy of God he was enabled to reform. "Do you ask me what I have gained?" he said. "I have gained my true manhood; I feel proud, under God, that I am a kind husband and father. I have a neat little cottage home, all paid for; I can clothe my wife and children tidily, and walk with them to the house of God; instead of my former rags, you see I am decently clad and in my right mind;" holding up a gold watch he said, "instead of my flask I have a gold watch in my pocket; I have the dearest wife and children you have ever seen; instead of spending my time in dram shops I find an earthly heaven at home. Do you still ask what I have gained? I have gained character, faith in Christ, and a hope of heaven; I have become a man, a Christian husband and a father, of whom my children need not blush." This was an effective speech—equal to the best that Lord Shaftesbury has delivered on this platform. Many a poor tempted brother man had tears in his eyes when the simple sailor took his seat; and with a sigh perhaps resolved for the hundredth time to abandon his cups.

The late Dr. J. W. Alexander says: "I think Baptist Noel's preaching the right thing; just talking over the Word." Alexander is good authority. I must hear a man whose preaching is "the right thing"—especially as I find from experience how difficult it is to acquire this "right thing."

Noel is the son of an English Nobleman; was for many years a prominent clergyman of the Church of England; at length withdrew and became a Baptist minister; since then, for twenty years he has been Pastor of John's Street Chapel, Bedford Row.

Now for Bedford Row, which I had a great difficulty to find. It was Sunday morning, just after the usual morning London shower. After tracing the route on the map, I started. It seemed a great way off,

towards the outskirts of the city. Vainly I inquired in neighboring streets for Baptist Noel's Church. People on this side of the Atlantic know more about Noel than those living under the shadow of his church.

Noel was then already a man past the meridian of life, very plain in his dress, simple in his style of preaching, and unassuming in his manner; yet withal showing a certain courtly gentility, which reminded one of his character, when he was the idol of the most aristocratic circles. His text was Isaiah xlv. 16, 17. He showed what weapons had been formed against the Church, such as superstition, ecclesiastical authority, the learning and criticism of biblical skepticism; other weapons too he described as existing in the Catholic and Protestant Churches, which have not prospered. He spoke of the slanders of the world against Christians, imputing hypocrisy and rebellion to those, who obey God rather than man, and whose pure lives disprove and silence them.

This sermon was a talking over the text rather than an elaborate, clearly divided discourse; just the opposite from what is heard in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. Nothing new or specially striking, but pointed and practical throughout, like a man talking with his coachman, and whose every word the coachman can understand.

The very plain large church was well filled with a plain-looking congregation, having a larger proportion of men than one usually finds in London churches. Noel looks like a very humble and very earnest man. He preached without a manuscript, of course, otherwise he could not have "talked over the Word."

For twenty years Dr. Cumming has been one of the noted London preachers. He is famous as the most audacious Millenarian Prophet of modern times. I forget how often he has proclaimed the near approach of the world's end, and still the end is not yet. A man, whose published calculations so often turn out fallacious, must have an unconquerable faith in his mathematics. Ordinary men would long since have become disgusted with the tenacious vitality of the world as it is, refusing to end when its doom has been so clearly fixed and defined by figures and facts.

In his own way Cumming is unquestionably a man of mark. What that way precisely is, I have never been able to see. He is a born Scotch Presbyterian, and has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in Crown Court, Drury Lane. In the dusk of a Sunday evening I cautiously hunted my way through narrow streets to Cumming's church. Before one of the most unattractive churches which I saw in London, a crowd of one or two hundred people were standing. The doors were guarded. I pushed my way towards one of the doors. Why can other people enter as they come, and we are kept standing without? They are pew-holders, and we happen to be strangers. When the hour for worship had arrived, the doors were opened, and we were taken to pews whose owners had not come. The interior of the church is little more attractive than the exterior. Cumming now is about sixty years of age. He wears a black robe, is tall and well built; a man of fine presence, and possessing the elements of a popular preacher. He has a pleasing voice, fluent delivery, uses choice simple language, and preaches without a manuscript. His text from 2 Cor. x. 4, gave him an opportunity to belabor the Church of

Rome for her using "Carnal weapons." His sermon delivered in a free and somewhat conversational way, commanded the closest attention of the large congregation. Though ministering in an unusually common-looking church, at an obscure place, in a narrow street, Cumming never lacks hearers, even the aisles back into the doorways being frequently crowded. Among his worshipers all classes, from the Queen down to London laborers, have been represented.

We must hear Spurgeon. At this time he preached across the Thames, in Surrey Music Hall. Fortunately it is a rainless Sunday morning; for I must stand at least half an hour, among hundreds of people before the church door. Crowds with pew tickets are admitted; we patiently bide our time. At length a cab is cautiously driven through the crowd to the door. A number of liveried policemen at once step up to it. An oval-faced, somewhat stout young man, of medium height, in a plain black dress, steps out and follows the police, who open a way for him through the crowd. How young he looks, a little stooping like a true Englishman, fond of roast beef, plump and well fed. A few minutes later the church doors open. I happened to be near a door and was pressed through it by a crushing crowd in a most ungraceful and undevout style. I landed on the window sill of one of the galleries, from which I had a view of the greater part of the building. The aisles, stairways, doorways, up to the third gallery, were crowded, and a considerable number were hanging around the outside of the doors and windows.

What brings this multitude of people here? The transient flash of an ambitious theatrical preacher? So I had suspected. But my mind was disabused before I left the building. Spurgeon possesses rare gifts as a pulpit orator. He has a kind face; as closely shaven as that of a Catholic priest; his black hair neatly enough arranged not to betray an undue use of the brush. In black citizen's dress—Spurgeon abhors a robe. He ascends the pulpit as though unconscious of the immense crowd watching him with a fixed gaze. Every available space in the vast building crowded even up to the pulpit stairs, and in the rear of the pulpit—what a sea of faces. He seems far off from me on his little pulpit. Can I, can the people throughout this building hear him? hear him when those standing become tired and restless? He announces a hymn; his clear voice rings every syllable through the entire building; a voice used in a natural tone, without the least perceptible exertion. A sudden hush ensues. Not a whisper is heard. Among these thousands of people, "roughs" and low-bred, refined and well-bred, I saw not an instance of undevout demeanor; save the dashing of the crowd pell-mell into the church, when the doors were opened, bearing me before them like a bark amid the broken blocks of ice during a spring freshet. I do not wish to be held responsible for entering a place of worship so undevoutly. So much for riding on the crest of the wave.

The singing was grand. Thousands of voices joining in hymns, with whose words and music they were familiar. Spurgeon understands the power of sacred song. Without this his sermons would lose part of their power. On a certain occasion some of the congregation failed to join in the hymn. At the end of the first verse he remarked: "Do you think I am going to be put off with such singing? Nay, verily. Neither will

the Lord accept of it. Begin this verse again, and let all help to sing." I need hardly say that his rebuke was followed with a storm of song.

His prayer reminded me of a child begging its mother to forgive a naughty act, knowing that the mother would press it in her arms and bosom, and kiss it. There is no attempt at eloquence, but a simple child-like pleading with God. But little to which all of his congregation could not say, amen; a rare thing in free prayers.

His sermon was very simple, abounding in homely and telling illustrations. He is a born actor. His manner and style are perfectly natural; no studied gestures or simpering affectation; no overstrained putting on of piety; no cant; no highly wrought figures or sentimental bombast, but the earnest direct speech of a soul that is conscious of the solemnity of having charge of immortal beings. This sermon was perfectly transparent. There was no nibbling at disputed questions of theology, nothing equivocal, not much to excite future reflection and investigation, no points which he left his hearers to analyze or disentangle. The dish had just enough nourishment for the occasion, without giving you a supply for future use. He made me feel that he felt an interest in his hearers—in me. Several times unbidden tears rolled down his cheeks, which he seemed desirous to conceal. Occasionally a simple common-place sentence seemed to thrill every heart and set rough and dirty day laborers around me to weeping. Here and there a droll way of putting a solemn truth, started a smile on many a face. His published sermons give you a poor idea of the man. They look tame on paper. You must hear them preached by himself; through his musical ringing voice; putting yourself in sympathy with him; letting him touch you with his psychological wand; watching the glow of his heart and mind playing on his face, now in smiles through glistening tears, then in frowns.

Who are all these people? Members of Parliament and street sweepers. The great bulk are laboring people. I saw colliers over whose dusty faces penitent tears left perceptible traces. I don't wonder that this man refuses to visit America or any other place. No man can wish for a more enjoyable place than such a field of usefulness with such a power to cultivate it.

A TEST APPLIED.—A correspondent of one of our religious exchanges says:

"I once heard a conversation between a church member and an infidel. After arguments were urged at some length on both sides, the infidel observed to his friend, that he might as well drop the subject of conversation; 'for,' said he, 'I do not believe a single word you say, and more than this, I am satisfied, that you do not really believe it yourself. For to my certain knowledge you have not given, for the last twenty years, as much for the spread of Christianity—such as the building of churches, foreign and domestic missions—as your last Durham cow cost. Why, sir, if I believed one-half of what you say you believe, I would make the Church my rule for giving, and my farm the *exception*.'"

ALABAMA.

BY PERKIOMEN.

Alabama signifies in the Indian tongue—" *Here we rest.*" A legend is current of a tribe, who fled before a relentless foe in the trackless forest of the Southwest. Weary and travel-worn, they reached a noble river, which flowed through a beautiful country. The Chieftain struck his tent-pole in the ground and exclaimed—" *Alabama!*" " *Alabama!*"

In a domain, South and West,
Of our vast Columbia States,
Lies the Province: " *Here we rest—*"
(As the Indian tongue relates)
Alabama! Alabama!

There, saith Legendary lore,
Near a dense primeval wood,
That a Tribe erst halted sore,
Where its Chief cried, where he stood:—
"Alabama!" "Alabama!"

Chased and hunted mile on league,
O'er savannahs, cliffs and stones,
Here, a solace to fatigue,
He spoke to their aching bones:
"Alabama!" "Alabama!"

By the river dark and deep,
Sat the dusky children down—
Like a priest in his retreat—
In their wigwammed Indian Town—
Alabama! Alabama!

"The Great Spirit," kind and good,
Watched their babes, their parents blest;
Gave them sunshine, rain and food,
Whilst they thank'd Him for their rest—
Alabama! Alabama!

But the Chieftain and his host
Are no longer found to-day.
What they found they also lost—
Fate and white men took away.
Alabama! Alabama!

Yet there is a surer lot
For the roving Indian breast,
"Where the wicked trouble not,
And the weary are at rest."
Alabama! Alabama!

"BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL."

FROM THE GERMAN. BY K. E. H.

It was cold, cold winter ; snow covered the ground. In the woods the trees looked as though they were covered with sugar, and glittered in the bright winter sunshine like thousands and thousands of crystals. If the least breeze disturbed them, they shook down millions of flakes from their sparkling branches. All the wild beasts lay hid in their winter-holes ; it was still as death, as though the whole creation were dead, and the earth one wide grave ; and the great wood, with its crystal pillars, its flaky veil and its deep, holy silence, were one great charnel-house, and the spirit of the dead earth was passing silently over it, hurrying to that land where reigns eternal spring.

Something creaked in the deep snow ; a light foot hurried over it into the deep, quiet wood. Now the glittering branches shook down a shower of precious stones, that cracked and snapped under the stiff, but nimble hands of a trembling boy, who heaped up a heavy bundle of wood, which he could hardly carry away.

Alas ! for poor Anthony. A merciless step-father had driven him into the bitter cold, that he might gather wood to warm the family. He paid no attention to Anthony's earnest prayer ; the poor boy's tears turned to ice on his cheek. His own father would never have been so cruel, if he had lived to love and care for his little boy. His hard step-father threatened him with blows, if he did not return soon with a large bundle of wood. Anthony returned half frozen, and the family had wood enough to keep them from freezing for several days. The poor boy's heart was very sad. He worked willingly, and was always industrious ; all he desired was a piece of bread, and a place by the warm fire, where often blows and reproaches awaited him.

No one was friendly to the poor boy ; no heart loved him ; no eye wept for him ; he felt utterly alone. To-day his step-father would not listen to his grief. The family was well provided against the extreme cold, but he had to struggle against another by no means insignificant enemy ; this was hunger.

The father could not earn anything during the winter, yet his family must eat, and he did not know where to get food. Then, it was the first time, and want drove him to it, he encouraged poor Anthony to steal.

It was the blessed Christmas evening ; he was to go to the home of a rich man, where he sometimes went to do work in the house ; where he had often received alms when he was hungry. There all the men and maids were very busy. There was roasted meat, cakes, wine and everything that heart could wish. Anthony was to creep into the house, and at a good opportunity, to take what he could find.

Poor Anthony's heart was full of sorrow and pain ; he could bear hunger, blows, anything, everything rather than steal. But his step-father had no pity. He drove him away and said he would never see or open the door to him again, if he did not bring home something that evening ; something that they could turn into money, and buy provisions.

So the weeping boy stood again in the bitter cold, his shivering limbs scarcely covered by his rags. His heart was so pious that he trembled at the thought of committing so great a sin. Yet he dared not return with empty hands. Where should he go if his hard step-father would not take him in. Oh ! thought he, if only there was one man who sympathized with me, who would listen to my story, and give me a little piece of bread and a warm place, I would work all day. I will ask the man from whom I am to steal, to take me into his house. Then I will not need to commit a sin.

He hurried through the snow and ice, into a distant street, where the large, brilliantly lighted windows of the well-known house greeted his anxious gaze. As if he had received strength through his good resolution, he went quickly into the kitchen to a servant, to whom he soon made known his wish ; for he saw that on this evening no one had time to listen long. But they drove him to the door, and when he wept and resisted, they made motions to throw him down the steps, and overwhelmed him with abuse, that he might not hinder them by his senseless desires.

Once more he stood in the open street ; it became later and darker, and the cold grew more and more intense. Above many millions of stars shone in the pure, bright light, and the heaven, with its dark blue, was like a polished shield, from which all the wishes and longings of earth rebounded, unfelt and unanswered.

The poor boy stood under this cold heaven, and raised his sorrowful eyes to the One Heart that loved him. Men drove him from them, yet he would do them no wrong. "God, deliver Thou me from all evil," was his prayer, and he wished that God would deliver him, by death, from the whole world, from the sorrow and want that he must endure, from the hardness of men who wished him to do evil. He sat down on a stone, folded his arms and rested his tear-stained face upon them, to freeze ; for he dared not venture to return to his step-father, and he had lost the courage to go to strangers and ask for shelter.

"Who is sitting here in this terrible cold ?" He listened to the gentle voice, and looked up. Before him stood a tall man wrapped in a fur coat. On his arm was a lady whom one could scarcely recognize for her thick, warm wrappings.

How full of astonishment and sympathy they were, when Anthony told his sorrowful story, and said he was waiting for God to take him home.

"Poor boy," said the gentleman, "He has sent us to you ; come with us ; no one shall ever tempt you to steal, and you shall never want."

The gentleman and lady went into the public hall, which to-day beamed with light. They took Anthony with them, and he was quite blinded by its magnificence. In the midst of the hall was a long table covered with a white cloth, and upon it stood a shining Christmas-tree with golden apples and nuts, sugar-fruit and gay flickering lights.

Under the tree lay many beautiful things, warm shoes, stockings, caps, cloth, clothes. Anthony could not understand it all. First he had wept from sorrow and pain; now in the midst of this splendor, he felt so happy, it seemed as though his heart must burst; his eyes grew dim and he trembled. It seemed as though all the lights had melted into one great sun, and the men were angels, performing heavenly actions to the well-pleasing of the everlasting Creator.

Suddenly the doors opened wide, and a long train of poor children entered, followed by their parents. All these children, who had never smiled with Christmas-joy, had been brought here by good men, who had prepared this pleasure for them, that they might rejoice with God and the angels. Each child now took its place by the presents, but before they touched them, all joined in a beautiful Christmas-hymn. After which the mirth broke out on all sides.

Anthony was led to the table by his kind protector, and a warm outfit was given him. Never had he called so much his own. He kissed the hand stretched out to him, and vowed to be grateful all his life. The kind man said, "I will never leave you, but will always care for you." And so he did. Anthony was sent to an Orphans' Home, where he was lovingly cared for. Every Sabbath he was allowed to go to his benefactor, and tell him all that he had learned during the week.

He was sent to a great master, and became his most attentive and industrious scholar. Here and in after-life he met many temptations; calls to evil and sin, but God kept him.

When trouble and sickness came upon him, he thought, "God sends it for my good, that I may never forget how poor I was, and from what great want He delivered me." He was industrious and pious, and so wise and virtuous, that all men were pleased with him, but he never forgot the prayer of his childhood, and when temptation came near his heart, he glanced up to Heaven with the confiding prayer,

"Deliver us from evil."

JOHANNES FALK.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY J. W. EBBINGHAUS.

Falk Johannes von der Oshsee was born on the day of Simon Judah, 1768, and died on the 14th of February, 1826. Born—died, two words, between them a stroke; that is every body's history of life, only the dates differ and the length of the stroke between. There are only two kinds of men on earth: fools and wise; fools, who never think of the end of the stroke or line, and wise, who think of it every day and pray: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

But Johannes Falk was born in the ancient City of Danzig, and his father was a wig-maker. That was no dishonorable trade; for at that time everybody carried a wig on his head in place of his own hair, and behind was a long cue. This has gone out of fashion now, although they say that

cues never get out of fashion. Old Mr. Falk, however, had to maintain by his art his family, which consisted of his wife and eight children, and to satisfy so many little mouths day after day was for the poor wig-maker not an easy task, and he had to work hard, that "the meal in the barrel might not waste and the cruse of oil fail not." He lived near the fishergate opposite the wharf, in a small cottage, and the little Johannes had always the ships before his eyes, and often thought of the great distance they had come, and the foreign countries they had visited. He often looked too at the quaint and old houses with their curious windows and roofs, and wondered about the strange and ugly-looking faces and figures of the ancient fountain in the middle of the market-place. Occasionally he got into boyish scrapes and difficulties, and his father inflicted upon him the punishment they merited, which was very wholesome to little Johannes.

Books and learning in general stood not high in the estimation of the old gentleman, but he considered his trade a very good one, and resolved that his son should also become a wig-maker. And so it happened that when Johannes was ten years old, he was taken from school and put into his father's work-shop, so that he might learn early to make wigs and to twist cues. This turn in his life displeased the little fellow exceedingly, and the more he disliked the occupation which his father had chosen for him, the less he was able to comprehend the art, and the more numerous were the reproaches and punishments, which he received from his stern parent for his dullness.

But for one thing he longed, for his books; an insatiable thirst for knowledge burnt within him; to satisfy this he would have endured anything, and all his little earnings he treasured up to buy books. As he received no light in the evening at home, he read on his errands in the streets, standing in the bitter cold of winter time, under the lamp-posts until his hands were stiff and his body shivering from the effects of his uncomfortable study. Had not his dear mother early planted into him the fear of God and love to his Saviour, he would have given great trouble to his parents; for he was wild and impatient, like a young colt ready to kick against the pricks, and the temptations of youth were besetting his way. To study he wanted, and could he have bought the fulfilling of this wish with half of his life, he would have done it gladly.

In a letter he wrote to his cousin in 1781, he says: "God willing I will soon be thirteen years old, and am growing taller every year, and all our friends rejoice to see me growing so much. I cannot say that I rejoice about it; for I see many tall ones who are donkeys in the bargain, and I am sad that I am growing and cannot study. O that I could become a scholar! that would be my pleasure. But my father will not consent to it. My mother would be willing, but she cannot do what she would like. Now I must wait and be patient, and commend the rest to God."

Under such circumstances we need not wonder, that, having made an unfortunate fall from a wagon and broken his leg, he considered the time which he was compelled to spend in bed to heal the same, the best he ever had, because he could now read and study as much as he wanted, and he would cheerfully have submitted to another such accident, could he have been relieved thereby from those dreadful wigs, and returned to the company of his beloved books. However, as this did not happen, and his

father's hazel-stick continually debarred him from enjoying his pleasure, he became more and more tired of his life, and came near running away, had he not just, when he was about to make the attempt, passed by an open church-door, where the sweet and softening peals of the organ touched his ear, penetrated his soul, and reminded his impatient heart of the fifth commandment, and of the grief with which he would fill the hearts of his parents would he execute his rash intention. Then he returned home and worked on quietly, but his soul was full of grief about his troubled boy life. To this grief he gave expression in a pretty little poem, full of sad thoughts. I am too sorry that I cannot translate it. I will, however, give it as I find it, for the benefit of those of my readers, who are able to read the German.

Vögelein !
 Jahr aus—Jahr ein,
 Ich, ich an der Ostsee kommen.
 Keiner hat mich mitgenommen
 In ein fremdes Land hinein.
 Vögelein ! Vögelein !

Vögelein !
 Jahr aus—Jahr ein,
 Sitz ich hier ; ich armer Knabe,
 Auf der Welt ich Niemand habe ;
 Hier auf diesem harten Stein.
 Vögelein ! Vögelein !

Vögelein !
 Jahr aus—Jahr ein,
 Sollt ihr kommen, sollt ihr fliegen,
 Und ich werde schlafen liegen
 Unter diesem harten Stein.
 Vögelein ! Vögelein !

But it was not the will of God, that the poor boy should find nothing but a stone. He had for him the bread of life, and had selected him for a chosen instrument to impart His heavenly mercy. The first sunshine fell into his troubled soul, when his father permitted him, in the year 1784, to attend the instruction of a teacher of the English language, twice a week, on the condition, that Johannes would promise to work several hours in the work-shop. Now he set to work in good earnest, and soon advanced far beyond his fellow-students, who were the sons of rich citizens, and did not like to associate with him on account of the humble position of his father. Especially did he excel in writing. The attention of influential men, among others of his minister, the pastor of St. Peter's, in Danzig, was directed to him, who persuaded his father to give him all his time for study, so that he might prepare himself for the study of theology. Day and night he now studied. To keep himself awake during the night, he would put his feet into a bucket of cold water. Thus he sat many a night and studied.

The second day of Christmas, 1785, well nigh became the day of his death. He went with his younger brother Charles to the river to skate.

The ice being in a good condition, he careered swiftly along. All at once, when looking about for his brother, and not watching his way, he fell into a hole, which the fishermen had made. Down he went, and as the waters were closing upon him, he commended his soul to the Lord, and, as he afterwards related, his first thought was: "In this way shall I perish!" and his second: "My dear parents, my poor mother, my dearest father, O that I could have spared you this grief," and then "if only Charles will not fall in too," and then "Lord Jesus unto Thee I live, unto Thee I die, Thine I am now and forever." Just as he was about to say amen, he felt a hand which drew him forth from the deep, and this was the hand of his brother, who, in spite of the warnings of the fishermen, went to him, in order to save his life. After great exertions and danger for his own life, he succeeded with the help of the fishermen to save his brother. And when both had safely been brought home, all friends and relatives came and congratulated the parents on the happy rescue of their sons. For a season they sat together praising and thanking God with one mind for His goodness and loving-kindness. But one of the visitors, his aunt, Mrs. Anna Martens, a pious woman and member of the Moravian Church, laid her hand upon the head of Johannes and said: "John, God has again been with thee, and He will never leave thee, unless thou dost leave Him; for I am certain of this in my mind, that the Lord has chosen thee for His service." She was right. He was saved from death to bring life to many in the future. From this time forth there began to grow within the soul of the youth the seed of godliness, and germ after germ broke open the earth, to greet the rays of the sun of heaven, which alone is able to warm man's heart and educate him for his heavenly calling. There are many children of God in this world, whose life in peace and quietness passeth silently along, like the quiet stream flowing over a plain, until it reaches the great ocean. The life of others is stormy, the waves rolling high, over rock and precipice, in much danger, fear and trouble. Naught but the cross, the compass of the human sea of life, saves them from shipwreck. The life of Johannes was such a storm life. After every storm comes a calm, and in the solemn silence of the subdued elements, the voice of the human heart sings praises to the Lord, who rebukes the storm and says: Peace, be still. Johannes now attended the Latin school in his native place, and the progress he made here was really astonishing. He stood among the best in the languages and history, and would have commenced to study philosophy, had it not appeared to him exceedingly difficult. Having heard, that a professor of philosophy actually died from the effects of this study, it having fatally damaged his nerves, he resolved to wait a while yet. But he desired to study the sacred art of poetry. In his heart there was a fountain pouring forth songs and melodies. As by a charm he was drawn into the wonder world of poetry and song. One morning he went to a learned professor, who taught this sacred art. Here he was doomed to disappointment. The professor told him after the lecture, when the boy asked his opinion about writing poetry, that he had been a teacher of poetry for more than eighteen years, and that in all this time the Lord had mercifully preserved him from writing any verses, and that he had always warned his pupils against it, because his experience had taught him, that those who wrote poetry generally became good for nothing. Johannes stood there,

as if struck by lightning. If any body had asked him afterwards : Did you ever make verses ? he would have felt like answering : God preserve me ! No, so mean I have never made myself. But a curious thing it seems to me (he writes to his cousin shortly afterwards) to find a professor of the science of reason, whose nerves are affected by philosophy, and a professor of the art of poetry, who warns his pupils against making verses. Fortunately, Johannes was led by a spirit within him, which was not to be subdued by pedantry. As he formerly strove to free himself from the power that bound him to the wigs and cues, so now he shook off the fetters, with which the pedantic spirit of the age tried to chain him and to keep him from the source of truth.

The noble Danzig City Council, who had generously promised to support him while a student, kept their promise, and after two years of diligent preparation for the university, he was furnished by them with all the necessary means, and was ordered to appear before the august session of the council. And when the youth stood before them, his heart moved with grateful feelings, his eyes with tears. They all shook hands with him, and blessed him. One of them, a venerable aged man, took him by the hand and solemnly said to him : ‘ Johannes, you are going away ; go with God ; you remain our debtor, for we have cared and provided for you when you were a poor child. You must pay this debt. Wherever God will lead you, and whatever your destiny may be, always remember, that you were once a poor boy. And whenever, sooner or later, a poor child knocks at your door, then think, that we, the aged gray-headed Burgomasters and Counsellors of Danzig are knocking, and turn it not away from your door.’ And Johannes vowed with sacred tears that dropped into the hands of these noble souls, to remember and do this, and went away attended by a thousand blessings.

HOW TO LIVE.

BY H. BONAR.

He liveth long who liveth well !
 All other life is short and vain ;
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well !
 All else is being flung away ;
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being ; back to Him
 Who freely gave it, freely give ;
 Else is that being but a dream ;
 'Tis but to be, and not to live.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed!
 Hold up to earth the torch divine;
 Be what thou prayest to be made;
 Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
 Buy up the moments as they go;
 The life above, when this is past,
 Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow Truth, if thou the true wouldst reap;
 Who sows the false, shall reap the vain;
 Erect and sound thy conscience keep,
 From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
 Sow peace, and reap its harvests bright;
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
 And find a harvest home of light.

GIVING AND TAKING.

BY PERKIOMEN.

Giving and taking are complements—each to the other. A donor wants a recipient; a recipient argues a donor. They are mutually related and reciprocally affected. An ethics attaches to both exercises, which renders them good, bad, or neither, accordingly as may be the motive from which, the circumstances under which, the rule by which, and the end for which either is done. It is the way by which these acts are performed truly and well, that we are now concerned for—the *morality* of giving and taking.

It is right to give, for God gives. He giveth liberally and upbraideth not. Jesus gives—wine, bread, health, life, and salvation. All God-like and Christ-like minds give.

It is right to receive, too, for God receives. He receives our tepid worship, our poor services, and our unworthy selves. Jesus receives sinners—*beyond* that He cannot well condescend. So we, as dependent creatures, are ever under the necessity of receiving.

Our Lord embraces and commends both exercises—giving and receiving—in those ever-memorable words, “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” We take the divine proposition, not as a commending of the one and a condemning of the other; but as a comparing of both—each with the other—and as a preferring of the former over the latter. “It is *more* blessed to give than to receive.” Both are impliedly beneficiary in their exercising and effects; but, lest the selfishness of nature should incline us too largely towards taking, He would counsel us to be more concerned for the giving as the more excellent thing.

And were these not the words of the Lord Jesus, even, who would question the truth of the declaration, notwithstanding? "To give" implies superiority, elevation, ability, property, and a motion of grace. "To receive" means dependence, deprivation, selfishness, and a coveting of nature. What delicate spirit would not a hundred times rather stand as proprietor and dispenser of gifts, than be obliged to act only in the subordinate capacity of a mere receiving clerk? This nobler position St. Paul has in mind, when he exhorts the Ephesians: "Let him that stole" (which is the lowest form of taking!) "steal no more; but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, *that he may have to give to him that needeth.*" Every upright, generous mind rejoiceth over every opportunity for benefaction; whilst the lop-sided and selfishly deformed alone are gratified in playing the mendicant and pocketing the offal of donating hands. An independent spirit finds it a severer trial to live on the bounty of another, than to maintain a whole poor-house full of paupers. Any true almoner is happier, by much, over his givings, than all the filthy misers, who never got beyond the lesser act of taking, and died amid rags and lice. The miser and misery are one in the root. Only the Lazaroni-souls, whose native *Ehrenföhl* had either never been awakened, or awakened, has been stupified by idleness and vice, can realize any gratification over the act of taking, *per se*.

God gives far more than He receives. It is His chief employ. Jesus spent Himself as the "unspeakable gift," and receives but little in return, all told. Yet God, the Father, and Jesus, His Son, are more happy, we reverently venture to affirm, in dispensing good gifts among needy mortals, than over the sacrifices and offerings of ours, however pleasing these may prove. And in every instance of rightful giving among men, the donor is always the obliged party, he having the greater reward and the larger joy. Who has not seen and pitied the dependent recipient, standing as awkward as a foreigner over his lately made "present," blushing and stuttering apologies, staring at and away from you, fumbling with his hands, agonizing for some suitable response, falling at last on the formal "Much obliged!" and, when once delivered out of his humiliation, striding lightly off, like some emancipated slave from Dixie! It is easy to see that the giver has the "better half" of every such bargain, whilst the receiver has the remainder only. It is good, right, and proper both to give and take; but it is *better* to give than to take!

That we may not vitiate our doings, then, in either direction, or rob both giver and receiver of their several proper gains, it is all-important that such transactions should be gracefully consummated.

How "to give" and how "to receive"—that's the theme.

A good almoner is a *quiet* giver. It is a perfect *legerdemain*, or sleight-of-hand feat. It is so dexterously done as not to "let the left hand know what the right hand doeth." It is the only "under-handed" trick the most rigid code of morals tolerates. He is still as a death-chamber, in order to hear his own heart beat in the work, lest nine-tenths of the grace which oils the gift should slip away. The stillness of the act renders it so surprisingly effectual.

Whenever God would give right bountifully, He first makes the wind and storm be still and works a calm. All the boisterous overtures of Heaven men regard in the light of "visitations," and deprecate them in

the Litany. But the gifts of God come as slyly as the falling dew by night. Tumult and noise seem to prove fatal to their efficacy.

Jesus is the quietest donor we know of, save His Father. When He presented the wine to the marriage company, none in the house became aware of the deed until it was ready to be served. All His precious overtures seem to wear this *caveat*: "*See thou tell no man!*"

So is the gift of the Holy Ghost emblemized by a dove—a bird as sly and quiet as the still-life in a picture.

All true disciples of Jesus have learned of Him how to give. They discard the sound of trumpets, of rams' horns, of pipes, of Jews-harps, and of all other harps. One of our parishioners clandestinely dropped a fifty dollar bill on the altar, as a communion offering, two years ago, and we only know him by surmise at this hour. That man is not far from the kingdom of God's way of giving.

The word *give* means, in its deepest ground, to cast—to throw, like an arrow or javelin. It implies a quick and quiet doing, since a dart that whizzes loudly and flies slowly is sure to miss the game. So, too, will all loud-mouthed and fussy donors miss the aim in giving. The plants of grace are mostly of the *cryptogamous* kind, however open to the senses they may be in their odor and effects. The three personal acts of devotion, especially, our Lord tells us, are done in secret with the very best effect—prayer, fasting, and alms-giving.

An almoner's heart must act *spontaneously*. Cisterns and wells are artificial reservoirs. Pumps and engines are mechanical forces. Springs and fountains are very different, and their waters are natural issues. They are self acting. It is the same with all legitimate and genuine charity. We greatly fear one-half our alms are "pumped." Now a pump, even, is to be preferred to no well at all. So will such forced contributions answer a purpose, and prove beneficial. But to the donors they are not the "more blessed" acts, since these waters have not issued readily, freely, and naturally, as the blood springs from the physical centre from its native impulse. Out of the "fulness of the heart" the genuine gift must emanate. Virtue went forth from the Saviour under the mere slight *touch* of a needy woman. Under just so delicate a spring will every good and perfect gift come from us, so far as it is possible at all. All our modern systems of constraint, pressure, or artifice may not generate a single gift, however many "presents" may come by them.

The Lord "*loveth a cheerful giver.*" The music of good cheer is the necessary accompanying overture of every good gift. This is the only music allowed in the act, instrumental or vocal. God hateth a grudger. Whenever alms are drawn as teeth are, there is less pleasure than pain experienced. There is fire in a flint stone, but still the stone is cold and lifeless. You must fish it out with hooks of steel. It must be beaten out, besides, as men chase fishes from out of their hiding-places ere they net them. But even then it is a "wild-fire," as never a flint has warmed a single heart, with all its latent heat.

The "benefits" of the Lodge, the Circle, and the Order are all "drawn," not given. Most of the charity money which drops into beggars' hands at the door sill, is *doled* out in this unwilling and sullen way. No wonder one of them cast back for us our "two cents"—rather be-

cause of the *quality* of our charity than its quantity. We venture to call three-fourths of our gifts mere "grudgeons."

"The *liberal* giver shall grow fat." To give liberally does not always imply a big sum, a large amount, or a striking quantity. There is a nearer "cut" than George Peabody took, though not an easier one. A certain poor widow gave *mite-y* little, and yet her's was a liberal gift. We do not believe, however, that the venerable matron would be likely to own the vast swarms of "Mite Societies" as her legitimate progeny. There must always be preserved a due proportion between the water in the well and the water in the bucket, on the one side, and the purpose for which it is wanted, on the other. Peter understood this, and hence his declaration: "Such as I have, give I thee!" The Prophets could not give as the Apostles gave; neither did the Apostles give as Jesus gave. Still, all gave liberally. Neither can we give as any of those; nor must we give to one as we are called to give to the many, and yet be liberal givers. The *wherewith* and the *whereto* are to be properly weighed, after which we give proportionally. "He which soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, *so let him give.*" Now the owner of ten acres need not sow as many bushels as he of one hundred; neither would you scatter over a plot the amount you expect to scatter over a field. Still in each case there might be a bountiful sowing, notwithstanding. Hence the liberal giving depends not so much and so directly on the quantity, as upon the circumstances under which, and the end for which, we give. As it is with taxes, so it is with alms—the poor man pays as much as the rich man. The mite equals the million.

It is very mean to give *with expectancy*. We are exhorted to make our feasts for such as "cannot recompense us." The bread is to be cast on the waters. To do anything less is to speculate and gamble with the capital of the needy, which is sacrilege. This is sinking the heart right down into the pocket, and rendering one of the very few holiday exercises of life into a business matter of gain and pelf. It is profanity in deeds. Charity knows nothing of usury, or interest and per centage, whatever trade and commerce may say. Thus, what is justifiable in the counting-house becomes sin in God's house. It was because the Saviour would not have gifts turned into merchandise, that He turned men and barterings out. The table must not supplant the altar, nor the gift and offering of the latter become the dollars and cents of the former. To say all in the matter pointedly, let us listen to an epigram of Jesus: "*And lend, hoping for nothing again.*"

It is still meaner to give *with upbraiding*. A bad spirit only delights to "cast up" favors done or gifts bestowed. The unbroken school-boy may give a barlow in the morning and claim it again at "recess"; but a man, never. A certain man-aged and man-grown character once gave us a horse, out and out. At the conclusion of a sermon, which pricked him in his heart, he cast up the horse, of course, and took his "present" back. Ever since, we feel a little timorous whenever somebody wants "to give us something." Let every man and woman know, that in giving we give for weal or woe, for better or for worse, for ever and ever. An allusion to it subsequently is unmannerly. The object of giving is to

emancipate, not to enslave our friends. We fear the *Present-mania* has bound not a few hand and foot. A "Surprise Party" may have taken captive both house and host indeed, and not in figure only. If men were less human and more divine, all danger were past in this direction; for God "giveth liberally and upbraideth not."

And meanest of all is to give *in bribery*. Secretary Stanton feared this, and refused \$100,000! The ancient statute reads decisively: "Neither take a gift; for a gift doth blind the eyes of the wise, and pervert the words of the righteous." A Chief Justice would not accept of a Christmas turkey, because he sat on the bench. We must concede prudence in Ex-President Johnson, even, for not allowing himself to be led into temptation from this quarter.

Not a few pastors grow more sleek than saintly in consequence of bribing presents. In view of this evil, Miss Martineau says: "I see no safety in anything short of a strict rule on the part of an honorable pastor to accept of no gift whatever."

"It is a mortifying truth, that two men in any rank of society could hardly be found virtuous enough to give money, and to take it, as a necessary gift, without injury to the moral entireness of one or both. But so stands the fact."—*Edinburgh Review*, xlviii. p. 303.

The highest form of giving is *charitable* giving. Much of it is no charity at all. How few have ever suspected it! To most minds those words of St. Paul must appear strange, indeed: "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." Let all this be printed in letters of gold, that men may the more readily appropriate it—not the gold, but the truth. They teach us, that all mere giving, and giving largely and worthily, is not necessarily charity done, just as little as that all have verily *traveled*, who have gone over land and sea. Many a healthy-looking tree proves hollow in the felling. Some apples of fair surface are rotten at the core, if not ashen. There are large actions that are hollow as a drum. We best know the number of sickly men, when a "draft" passes over the population. There are painted birds and carved men. Verily, likewise, have we imitation deeds, counterfeit acts, and forged virtues. Men have burnt to ashes at the stake from sheer obstinacy. But who would canonize such as martyrs? Just as little can we class those among the genuine benefactors, who give from pure selfishness, even to beggary itself. Not wholly without reason does the State suspect men of *insanity*, rather than give them credit for charity. It is only a pity that the Church and the Christian are so easily imposed on in the matter of giving, and take it for granted that there can be no charity shams.

What is this essential ingredient to alms-giving? The same that is vital to all genuine goodness—to religion itself. It is God-in-man; it is Christ-in-man; it is *Immanuelness*! "God is love," and only such love as embodies itself in us can render us akin to God, and our acts akin to God's. Consequently, such gifts as are "the fruit of the Spirit" in the believer's heart can be recognized as coin from the mint of God. Fashion, routine, conceit, merit, self—these may be the main-spring to the gift, and send forth only too successful forgeries to circulate in and out of the Lord's treasury. If a heathen singer already "feared the Greeks bear-

ing presents," the Christian mind has surely reason to be on his guard in the day of universal adulteration and bastardy. He knows the import of that saying: "I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in Me, and *I in him*, the same bringeth forth much fruit; *for without Me ye can do nothing.*"

Such is the ethics of giving, according to our mind. Let our alms be weighed in such delicate and true balances. Giving is a holy art. It comes of tuition and practice under the Divine Teacher. Man and the world are poor preceptors. The rudiments of their systems are faulty. Their foundations are too loosely laid to erect a safe building thereon. Neither will a building of hay, straw or stubble endure the fiery ordeal of God's judgment. "Even though a man run, yet is he not crowned, unless he strive lawfully." All wrong giving is waste—extravagance—a throwing away. All such donors squander their Master's goods. The challenge: "Give an account of thy stewardship!" will one day fall on such as thunder from a clear sky.

But neither is receiving mere child's play. It, too, is an art, and a Christian art. All men can take—it is natural; but not in such a way as to enrich themselves, and render the donor doubly blessed.

"To take" means *to attach and bind*. This is its primitive sense, as well as the immediate and ultimate end of gifts. Formerly parties presented themselves to each other. Now, gifts are the middle-men—mediators—substitutes—*proxies*. Consequently, to receive a gift aright, is to receive the donor; to admit him to yourself—to be atoned or one with him. Gifts are the signs and seals of friendship. They are the badge and proof of the golden principle: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." They make men kind, and aim to constitute the human race *man kind*.

Let us not defeat their aim by taking wrongly.

Never *anticipate* a gift. That is genteel begging—and not so very genteel, either. "Time may be taken by the fore-lock," but "presents," never. By cultivating a sense of unworthiness, a feeling of humility, and a spirit of laudable independence, we will not fall a prey to such a craving.

Take not *greedily*. "Greedy dogs never have enough." Gifts, like sea water, make some hearts very thirsty for more. The bridle leads to the saddle, and the saddle covers the horse. It is a disease. Let us call it *Gipsyism*. It is a loathsome evil, and disgusts as small-pox does. We cannot bear to see a child munch at the table; neither can we be patient with a gulper. To take is not to seize or grab.

Take *courteously*. Observe a genteel style in your manner of receiving. We have no mind to plough still deeper the already too well-worn groove of conventionalism. Formalism bodes no good anywhere. Forms are a necessity, and in their incipency, or as long as they are preserved as channels of life, answer a good end. But when once pickled, smoked, and dried, they render the heart narrow, shrunk, and callous. The plain dress of George Fox was doubtless indicative of his contempt for externals. But with his Quaker followers it is a uniform and badge of caste. We want to be courteous without any acting. If any of the usual *formulas* are to be used, use them in a *live* manner. Be anything but supercilious,

imperious, or cold, and you will be as you ought. The poor and lowly have been cut to the quick by recipients not observing St. Peter's words: "Be courteous.

"And be ye *thankful*." Thanks, in their primary sense, are a discharge or liquidation of indebtedness—a premium paid on a gift. Thus, we say: "*Es ist Dankes werth*"—i. e. thanks are the par value of a gift—its price. Thanks are the cream of a gift. Ingratitude is a mortal sin in the heathen code. Cicero is loud in its denunciation. The Jewish and Christian scriptures declare in favor of "giving thanks always for all things." A grateful heart means a heart full of grace and benediction. A thankful heart *appreciates* a gift. It acknowledges its obligation to the donor in all reasonable things. It perceives the lesson of dependence which gifts would teach. And this leads it on to another principle—our dependence on God, to whom we must most of all give thanks for "His unspeakable gift."

Such a receiving is fruitful in much good, and is as far removed from greed and covetousness as the sun is from the earth. Let men but learn to give as God gives, and they will not be slow to take as God takes. In other words, let men learn the morality of giving and taking, and the Church, society, and world will be the better for it.

A single example may serve to illustrate both wings of our theme. George Peabody had been a shrewd, diligent, careful, honest, and successful business man. Without a family, he took his heart to bank, where his treasure was. He became rich in money and old in years. He naturally asked himself, "And what *next*?" Two things he keenly perceived: "Either I must be my own executor, or others will be." He sensibly chose the former, and gave munificently, and to most worthy ends.

Query: Is George Peabody such an almoner as the gospel calls for—one who gives *according to his means—in self-denial* and in the spirit of *charity*?

The English and American people stood as recipients to this modern prince of donors. Every marked exhibition of appreciation was given him and his remains, down into the grave even. We would not have curtailed those honors in the least, could we have done so by the simple crooking of a finger.

Query: Was the manner of receiving those mammoth gifts, on the part of Great Britain and the States, calculated to encourage Christians to receive after the manner of Christ, as illustrated in the offering of the "poor widow," who "hath cast in more than they all; for all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God; but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had?"

Let us not judge. No! But who can forbid us to *examine*? And is not this well, lest we chill the numerous rivulets of charity, which will no longer percolate into the treasury of the Lord, because they cannot come as a torrent, and thereby excite the praises of men?

LENTEN HYMNS.

Selected for the Guardian, from "The Christian Festivals," by Rev. Alexander Shiras, D.D.

"Thou loving Maker of mankind,
Before Thy throne we pray and weep;
Oh, strengthen us with grace divine
Duly this sacred Lent to keep.

Dear Saviour, who hast borne our griefs
And dost our human weakness know,
Again to Thee with tears we turn,
Again Thy mercy to us show.

Much have we sinned; but we confess
Our guilt, and all our faults deplore,
Oh! for the praise of Thy great name
Our fainting souls to health restore.

And grant us, while by fasts we strive
This mortal body to control,
To fast from all the food of sin,
And so to purify the soul."

Breviary—Caswell's Translation, 1847.

"O thou so weary of thy self-denials
And so impatient of thy little cross,
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,
And count all earthly things a gainful loss?

What if thou always suffer tribulation,
And if thy Christian warfare never cease?
The gaining of thy quiet habitation
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lonely
The path that Jesus once Himself hath gone:
Watch thou in patience through this one hour only—
This one dark hour before the eternal dawn.

In meek obedience to the Heavenly Teacher,
Thy weary soul can only find its peace,
Seeking not aid from any human creature,
Looking to God alone for His release.

And He will come, in His own time and power
To set His earnest-hearted children free;
Watch only through this dark and painful hour,
And the bright morning yet will break for thee."

GOOD FRIDAY.

"This day the scorn, the spite, the pain
Which we deserved to endure,
Our blest Redeemer did sustain
That we might saving health procure.
This day His flesh with nails was torn ;
This day the spear did pierce His side ;
This day He wore a crown of thorn ;
This day for us our Saviour died."

George Wither, 1641.

CONFIRMATION.

My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold I prostrate fall ;
Let every sin be crucified ;
Let Christ be all in all !

Oh, fill me with Thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for Thine own,
That I may see Thy glorious face
And worship at Thy throne !

May the dear blood once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove ;
That I, from first to last may be,
The purchase of Thy love !

Let every thought, and work, and word
To thee be ever given ;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

Brydges, 1814.

EASTER MORNING.

When between the dark and dawning,
Slowly stealing thro' the gloom,
Feet that waited not for morning
Early sought the Saviour's tomb ;
Ere the place they had discovered,
On their lips a question hovered—
In their heart a burden lay :
Who shall roll the rock away ?

Hark ! what wondrous tidings meet them
As they mourn their Saviour gone ;
Angels robed in glory greet them,
Telling of His triumph won.
"Fear not ye ; the Lord has risen !
Come, behold His empty prison !"

Thus their night was turned to day ;
Thus the stone was rolled away.

Not with spices we assemble,
To anoint a Saviour dead ;
Ours are thoughts that burn and tremble
As we seek our living Head !
Oh, for faith, that we may view Him !
Oh, for love to draw us to Him !
Lord ! from every heart this day,
Let the stone be rolled away.

Risen Saviour ! let Thy glory
Every weight of sin remove.
In the light of life before Thee,
Fill each heart with joy and love ;
By Thy death, our souls Thou savest,
By Thy rising, life Thou gavest.
Jesus, make Thy presence known ;
Take away the heart of stone.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen ;
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven ;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the joy of sins forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song,
This is the heavenly table spread for me.
Here let me feast, and feasting still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

I have no help but Thine, nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;
Mine all the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood ;
Here is my sheltering refuge and my peace,
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God !

For soon we rise, the symbols disappear ;
The feast, though not the love, is passed and gone :
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lord's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

H. Bonar, 1859.

HOURS AMONG AUTOGRAPHS.

No. IV.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

A Few Specimens.

About ten years have passed since the present writer began to collect and preserve autograph letters and historical documents. Though his collection is by no means as large and imposing as those of many collectors who are possessed of wealth and leisure, it nevertheless contains many interesting specimens.

We propose, in conclusion, to transcribe a few letters and documents which, we believe, have never before been published. Though there are other specimens in the collection, which would be more highly appreciated by amateurs, we hope those we have selected will prove interesting to our readers.

We cannot refrain from giving a hasty glance at the Signers of the Declaration, a series which, in the present collection, still lack several names, and perhaps will never be completed. Here, first of all, we see the imposing signature of John Hancock, the President of the Continental Congress. It is attached to a letter about military stores, dated July 18th, 1782, and addressed to a certain Brigadier-General Goodwin, who is believed to have been the person immortalized by the author of "Yankee Doodle" in the familiar lines :

"Father and I went down to the camp
Along with *Captain Goodwin*,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty-pudding."

The following is a neat and scholarly letter from John Adams, "the first of an illustrious line:"

Quincy, Jan. 25th, 1815.

SIR:—I thank you for your polite and obliging letter of the 17th, and for the copy, in two volumes, of "The Naval History of the United States," and for several copies of your Proposals for publishing a History of the United States.

The plan is ample and judicious, and I wish you every encouragement in the execution of it.

Mr. Trumbull, of Connecticut, has published a general History of this country. I have not seen it since it was printed. It is probably familiar to you. I am so ill at present that I cannot enlarge.

Your proposals shall be distributed to the best of my judgment. I have given one to the modest gentleman who would not allow his name to appear, and told him at the same time,

Contemptu famæ, Fama augetur.

THOMAS CLARK, ESQ.,
No. 37 South-Second street,
Philad'a.

Farewell!
JOHN ADAMS.

The most distinguished of the delegates from Pennsylvania was, of course, Benjamin Franklin,

“Whom science adoringly hails, while he wrings
The lightning from heaven, and the sceptre from kings.”

The following document, written at the time when he was engaged in erecting Fort Allen, will be interesting to many persons, who are descended from the early settlers of Northampton county. The writer, for instance, is a descendant, in the fourth generation, of Anthony Lark, or Lerch, whose name is mentioned twice.

“Account of the services of the waggoners, and the sums due to each, viz. :

Anthony Lark, from Jan. 14th to Feb. 12th inclusive,					
	being 19 days at 12 s.....		11.	8.	0.
George Harsel,	Do.	11.	8.	0.
Christian Labach,	Do.	11.	8.	0.
Michael Rickel,	Do.	11.	8.	0.
Gratious Lark,	17 days at 12 s.		10.	4.	0.
Daniel Dorney,	11 Do.	6	12.	0.
George Clause,	15 Do.	9.	0.	0.
Rudolf Oberley,	12 Do.	7.	4.	0.
Jacob Shimer,	13 Do.	7.	16	0.
Jacob Brinker,	7 Do.	4.	4.	0.
George Slough,	7 Do.	4.	4.	0.

Mr. Horsfield is requested to pay the waggoners above named according to the above settlemeet. And also to pay Anthony Lark and six others for ten days' service with Col. Clapham at the same rates ; besides what may be due to any of them by any agreement of Mr. Horsfield for carrying up provisions.

Philadelphia, Feb. 21st, 1756.

B. FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Rush, who was alike eminent as a physician and as a statesman, was in his day hardly less famous than “Poor Richard” himself. The following letter was written to Mr. John Arndt, of Easton, who was at the time Recorder of Deeds for Northampton County. It breathes the spirit of fervent patriotism.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter excited me to new exertions in your favor. I have this day written to Mr. Jos. McKean, who accompanied his father to Lancaster, to solicit his good offices with the Governor elect to continue you in your present office. I have pressed every argument upon him that your early patriotism, your wound, and the sire of your family suggested. God grant that my solicitations may be successful !

Give my love to your venerable father. I respect the name of every man who shared in the dangers and toils of 1776.

Adieu !

From, my Dear Friend, Yours sincerely,

Philadelphia, Dec. 12th, 1799.

BENJ'N. RUSH.”

If we had space, it would be pleasant to copy certain very interesting

letters of Francis Lewis, George Clymer, George Taylor, Richard Henry Lee, Carter Braxton, and others ; but we must conclude our examination of the series of the Signers with a brief and amusing note, written by Thomas Jefferson a little more than two months before his death. It seems that he had *misdirected* a letter to Mr. Madison to Col. Peyton, and *vice versa*. He now writes to the latter :

"I correct my blunder of misdirecting my letter to Mr. Madison by enclosing it to him this day. I committed a similar one while in Paris, by *cross* directing two letters to two ladies, out of which scrape I did not get so easily.

Affectionate Salutations,

Monticello, April 15th, 1826.

THOMAS JEFFERSON."

Leaving the Signers, we have time only to take a rapid glance at several other departments of the collection. Here is a letter from George Washington to Governor Greene, dated Jan. 28th, 1781, informing him of the quelling of the mutiny among the Jersey troops. There are also many interesting historical letters from other Generals of the Revolution. The roll of Presidents of the United States is, with a single exception, entirely made out. The following is a curious and characteristic letter from "Old Hickory" to Judge Burk, Postmaster at Cincinnati, in reference to an insulting letter just received by him :

"*Hermitage, May 11th, 1837.*

MY DEAR SIR,

By last night's mail I received the letter which I now enclose to you with the envelope and seal. I have no idea that such a firm as James Delentosh & Co. really exists, but as the seal is a very noted one, and the handwriting good, the real authors of this fraud and forgery, for the sake of insult, may by the handwriting and seal be discovered, and if it can, that a prosecution may be entered against them, and the agents brought to condign punishment.

I have answered "Jas. Delentosh & Co." by the mail that will bear you this, that if such a firm exists I may know them, and if, as I suppose, there is not such a firm, the jester may call for the letter.

As I think it is high time that such wickedness and flagitiousness should be put down, I write to you, that a strict inquiry be made as to the authors, that due legal notice of this kind of crime by forgery may be introduced. Your attention to this may benefit not only the morals of your city, but of the world. With my kind regards to your lady, and best wishes for your health and happiness, in haste, I remain

Your Friend,

JUDGE BURK.

ANDREW JACKSON."

There are in our collection letters written by all the Governors from the Revolution down to the present time, together with a number of an earlier date. The most curious is probably the following *macaronic* letter of the late Governor Shunk. It was addressed to a clergyman whom he highly respected, and whose wife had been one of the Governor's pupils when he was only a country Schoolmaster. He remembered the latter, as he says in another letter, "as a little black-eyed girl," and had

then given her the pet name of "Nippler, Nappler, Ningo," for some reason which is now forgotten. It would be hard to find a more characteristic letter; and though the Governor's German is not immaculate, we give it as we find it, except that we cannot reproduce the German characters:

"Harrisburg, May 20th, 1817.

Freund—

Im gemeinen Deutschen plappern, wie die liebe Angelina, der wahrhaftige 'Nippler, Nappler, Ningo,' und die liebenswürdige Tochter recht gut wissen, bin ich ziemlich mächtig, aber das Schreiben fällt mir schwer, und wenn die Geschäfte drängen gehet es zu langsam.

I received your letter in due time. The division of our good old County prevented a vexatious, and to me a troublesome question. It is one, however, which belongs peculiarly to the consideration of the Legislature; there the petitions and remonstrances are presented; and there the members, who represent the counties which are immediately interested, have an opportunity to do justice to the wishes and sentiments of their constituents. The Executive has not the same means to ascertain public opinion, and his friends being divided and opposed to each other, it is hard for him to take any part.

I spent a Sunday at the Trappe in April. Tell Angelina I was at church. Viele kamen zum heiligen Abendmahl. I saw several of her cousins; her good mother was not there. Ich war in dem nemlichen Stuhl wo der Dadi und der Unkel Jake saßen da sie Vorsinger waren.

Tell my dear friend Angelina and her darling daughter, that our two daughters are married, und ich bin ein lebendiger Grossvater. Our oldest son is learning to make iron in Columbia County, the next is a midshipman now on the coast of California, and the two younger boys are at home going to school. I spent some happy hours last year with your daughter and her grandmother and kinsfolk. Among the pleasant things of my life none is more joyous and delightful than that of meeting old friends in der Mitte ihrer Kinder und Kindeskinde, and revel in the recollection of scenes of past pleasure, and help each other's memory in giving point to the recital of them. Presentiren Sie mich zärtlich zu der Frau liebsten, und ihrer anziehenden Tochter.

I am, respectfully, your friend, FRANCIS R. SHUNK."

We are greatly tempted to reproduce, in conclusion, a long and curious letter from Henry Clay to one of his sons, in which he has not a word to say about politics, but inquires most tenderly after the health of "Hector," "Don Manuel," "Orozimbo" and "Magnum Bonum." On close examination, however, the latter turn out not to be relatives or friends, but "*fancy*" cattle; and the letter would therefore be better suited to the pages of some agricultural periodical than to those of a publication like the GUARDIAN.

We are compelled to pass over without examination such series as the Signers of the Constitution, the Members of the Cabinet, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Theologians and Authors of America, as well as a large foreign collection; which is especially rich in autographs of German Theologians. At some future time we may possibly invite you to accompany us in another ramble; but for the present we are compelled to bid our readers a reluctant—FAREWELL!

BOOK NOTICE.

HOURS AT HOME.—The following are the contents of the April number:—I. The “Frisian Vrow.” By N. S. Dodge. II. Merle, The Counsellor. By Dr. J. G. Holland. III. Reminiscences of Mrs. Bethune. By Mrs. E. E. Evans. IV. Books and Reading. Concluded. No. XII. Poetry and Poets. By Noah Porter. V. How I Became a Scout. By George F. Williams. VI. Hero. Chapters VII, VIII. By Georgiana M. Craik. VII. Strange Wanderers. III. By Water. By Schele De Vere. VIII. Spring. From the Chinese. By R. H. Stoddard. IX. Mr. Lowell’s Cathedral. By W. C. Wilkinson. X. The Great Pyramid and what it means. By B. F. De Costa. XI. Church Building. By A. D. Gridley. XII. Is the Mystery Solved? By James F. Meline. XIII. The Literature of our Sunday-schools, Concluded. III. By Rev. George B. Bacon. XIV. Robie Burns, By J. E. Rankin. XV. Leisure Moments. XVI. Books and Authors Abroad. XVII. Literature of the Day. Published by Charles Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, New York.

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Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIst volume, on the first of January 1870. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number is embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continues to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers promise to continue to use a superior quality of paper; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

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INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

MAY,
1870.

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Phila., Pa.
JAS. B. RODGERS CO., PRS.

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Rev. S. Z. Beam, A. J. Eyerly, J. A. Laubach, J. Odenwelder, W. Keller, H. Daubenspeck, I. A. Skyles, W. D. Moyer, O. S. Moyer, A. Kiehl, W. M. Fox, A. H. Kremer, Rev. G. H. Johnston, (1 sub.), J. Baker, Miss K. Bair, A. S. McClure, S. N. Herdges, Mrs. R. McGargle, Rev. S. G. Wagner, A. Heller, Rev. G. Wolff, Rev. P. S. Davis, B. Apple, W. R. Yeich, (1 sub.), Rev. J. W. Ebbinghaus, J. T. Shireley, W. M. Nevin, Rev. Dr. J. G. Zahner.

MONEYS RECEIVED.

J. L. Acker,	1 11	21	Rev. P. S. Davis, Chambersb'g, Pa	1 00	on 20
M. C. Geiss,	1 11	21	S. B. Pennypacker, Sch'k's St.,	" 1 50	21
Mrs. F. E. Beam, Athens, Mich.,	3 00	20 & 21	E. J. Apple, Woodcock, Pa.,	1 50	21
Ann Eyerman, Easton, Pa.,	1 50	21	Daniel Young, Reading, Pa.,	1 50	21
W. Keller, Heilmandale, Pa.,	1 50	20	Mrs. C. Harke, Reading, Pa.,	1 50	21
H. Daubenspeck, Bruin, Pa.,	1 50	21	Ellen Spohn, Reading, Pa.,	1 50	21
Col. W. L. Bear, Lancaster, Pa	1 50	21	F. Bemenderfer, Heilmand'e, Pa	1 50	21
A. Weisel, Charlesville, Pa.,	1 50	21	Wm. M. Fox, Reading, Pa.,	3 00	20 & 21
Mrs. Margt. Conard, Ursina, Pa.	1 50	21	Rev. J. Reinhart, Columbia'a,	03 00	20 to 21
Lillian Lawall, Easton, Pa.,	1 50	21	Cor. Cort, Irwin's Station, Pa.	1 50	21
Miss K. Bair, Kelley Point, Pa.	1 50	20	A. Guthrie, Law, Pa.,	1 50	on acct.
W. D. Lefevre, Lancaster, Pa.	3 00	20 & 21	J. Bean, Royer's Ford, Pa.,	1 50	21
Rev. S. G. Wagner, Allent'n, Pa.	1 50	21	Rev. J. W. Ebbinghaus, Wash., D. C.	1 50	18
Rev. H. Hoffman, Cony'gh'm Pa	1 50	21	J. T. Shireley, Cove Station, Pa	1 50	20
Sallie P. Hoffman, " " 1 50	21		Miss Nora Hunter, Phila., Pa.,	6 00	pd in full
S. Riebsoma, Schuyl. Haven, " 1 50	21		Ellen Stoffer, Youngstown "	3 00	20 & 21
Charles Mock, Danville, Pa.,	1 50	21	W. M. Nevin, Lancaster, Pa.,	1 50	21
F. T. Gerhart, Stouchsburg, Pa.	1 50	21	Rev. Dr. J. G. Zahner, N. Phila.,	" 1 50	21
E. F. Junkurth, Pottsville, Pa.,	4 50	18 to 20			

The Guardian.

VOL. XXI.—MAY, 1870.—No. 5.

SUNDAYS ABROAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

Sundays at Sea.

Our second day out was the Sabbath. And the second day at sea, on one's first voyage, commonly finds him in a very peevish mood. "They that go down to the sea in ships," above all others, ought to be in a devout frame of mind. For the sea hath no joists on which you can safely stand. Between yourself and the great deep there is but a plank. And to hear this creak and crash in every fibre, during a storm, you wonder that it does not drop you into eternity. When there is a fire, of which there is a great danger, you can not run away from it into the street or find shelter with your neighbor. Either burn up or plunge to the bottom of the sea; between these two you have your choice, and a sad choice it is. Should your ship be wrecked in a storm, you have at best only a life-boat for a refuge; and a life-boat in mid ocean, in nine cases out of ten, proves a death-boat.

Surely on this "great and wide sea," where "go the ships," one must always feel in a praying mood. Alas! not always. At least not always on the second day out. Like a boy's first lessons on stilts, vainly trying to teach the joints, limbs and muscles to steady the body on the poles, so the stomach, liver and head of a land-faring man try to learn walking over the waves of the sea in a ship. The vessel gallops in long swinging jumps over the waves; you try to walk on deck, but "reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at your wits' end," as the Psalmist has it, who must certainly have been terribly sea-sick on the Mediterranean, in his time. Psalm cvii. 23-30. You will no doubt "cry unto the Lord" in your berth. But it may be difficult to keep your praying mind off of your squeamish stomach. In sea-sickness one is fit for the society of neither God nor man. You are surly, peevish, trying to creep in upon yourself, where the drooping soul can brood over its own bitterness. And the trouble is that no one gives you sympathy. When one is dangerously ill, he enjoys the sweet sympathy and prayers of good people. But who will pray for a man suffering from the toothache, or

sympathize with a groaning sea-sick voyager? A godly soul, thus afflicted, will be harassed with a sense of its naughty mood—will feel worried that it can not keep up a calm, serene frame of mind. Indeed one's better nature seems to forsake him. "Where in the world the soul goes to under such influences nobody knows; one would really think the sea tipped it all out of a man, just as it does the water out of his wash-basin."

In such a mood I spent my first Sunday on the Atlantic. Bouncing hither and thither in my berth, like a cork in a tub of water, ignorant of my fellow passengers, indeed morosely indifferent as to who they were or what might become of them. I heard no singing, and concluded that there could have been no religious services held.

By the following Sunday I was myself again—had learned to walk over the waves with a steady step and a calm stomach. Meanwhile I could take my social bearings; become acquainted with my neighbors; with the gentleman sleeping under my bed, and the members of this ship family. All manner of people were mixed together. Most delightful days were spent with people I had never seen, and may never see again till the Judgment day. My unclerical-looking traveling apparel, and a soft felt hat, with a broad brim, helped to disguise my profession. Surely no one knows me here. I will move among the people as an unknown voyager. Thus I did, and very pleasantly. Towards the close of the week, I was conversing with a Pennsylvanian, who had overheard some one calling me by name. "Is such your name?" he inquired. "You wrote this, and you lived there, &c.?" Then the secret was out; but still only among a few. On Saturday morning Captain Eldridge and some of the passengers invited me to hold religious worship the following day.

Cards hung in the Saloons announced that religious services would be held in the large dining Saloon, at 1 P. M. It was a beautiful day. The sea was calm. The sails hung loosely down as in a lull. The ship had no motion, save what little the action of the machinery produced. At one P. M. the ship's bell rang for service. The sailors devoutly sat at one end of the Saloon. The larger part of the people aboard filled the room. The English Liturgy was handed round, from whose collection of hymns we sang. A group of excellent singers from New York and Boston led the singing.

Not without some misgivings I left my state-room for the place of worship. Would not the little swinging of the vessel embarrass me? While waiting for my arrival, not a few of the congregation inquired: "Who is to preach? There is no clergyman on board? Is *he* a clergyman?" was asked by many, as I took my seat by a small stand at one of the apartment. A Bible and prayer book lay thereon. Fortunately it stood aside of the main mast, against which I unsteadily leaned during the sermon.

We sang "Rock of Ages cleft for me," and "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," and sang them well. For here it was easy to feel the need of Jehovah's guidance.

The text was taken from Jeremiah xii. 5: "What wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" I spoke of the social pleasure we had enjoyed

during the preceding week. That we hailed from different far distant countries, and, though accustomed to worship God, in our churches at home, had never mingled our hearts and voices in prayer and praise on the great deep. That if we wished to taste the pleasures of Christian communion we must go into the wide, wide world, and learn how in every true Christian we meet, we find "a brother, a sister, and a mother," who will love us because we love Christ.

I tried to explain what the text directly meant, and applied its truths to individual souls. To reach the Canaan on high we must cross the Jordan of death. This crossing may come upon us suddenly and unexpectedly. We need a pilot to take us across, such as Joshua was to the ancient Jews. This pilot is Christ. I urged them to enter this "Ark of Safety," to choose Him for the steersman of their souls' bark; reminded them how by the mercy of God, after a few days, our good ship Atlantic should reach the harbor, and we separate, perhaps no more to meet till we shall reach the port of the Canaan above :

"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours."

When I noticed some of the poor weather-stained tars intently leaning forward to catch what I said, I forgot the annoying motions of the ship.

Soon after the service a committee waited on me at my state-room, and in the name of the passengers thanked me for my services, with the request that I should hold another service at night. As the rules of the steamer provided for but one service, I declined to comply with their request.

Many kindly and grateful words did I receive for my awkward sermon. The favorable surprise was not owing so much to what I said, as that a man apparelled like a California gold digger should undertake to say anything at all on such an occasion.

A Sunday Dinner at Sea.

Captain Eldridge set a good table. And his Sunday dinners were unusually sumptuous. The services ended, and after spending an hour in reading, the dinner bell rang. Usually from one to two hours was spent at the table. Presently a servant placed a goblet of sparkling champagne aside of my plate with the compliments of Captain Eldridge. A few minutes another servant brings a second glass, with the compliments of a wealthy Californian. Think of having two tall glasses of foaming champagne aside of your plate in the presence of a great company, to whom you have just broken the bread of life. Both gentlemen meant it kindly. Different people use different methods to express their gratitude. These expressed theirs through a glass of wine. Doubtless supposing that I had been somewhat fatigued by my ministrations, they must propose their method of composing body and spirit. Back of the goblets I saw a kindly

intention, more refreshing to me than wine. Of the wine I sipped but very little, yet took good care not to wound the motive of the giver.

The day passed pleasantly, without a jarring note, save the rude, boisterous behavior of two half-drunken men, recently appointed by our Government as foreign Consuls. We had Jews and Gentiles, many very worldly people on board, but none who made such brutes of themselves as these two representatives of the American Government. How unfortunate that so often the moral scum of our country should be sent to represent us among the nations of the earth!

The sailors, in their greasy work-day clothes, were very orderly—indeed always were. Here and there one had a book or paper. Others gathered in groups around some one spinning out his harmless yarns. “Do you like sea-life?” I inquired of one. “No, sir.” “Have you a family?”

“Yes, a wife and children in America.”

“Why do you go to sea then, if you don’t like it?”

“When I am on sea, I resolve never to board another ship after I get home. And after I am home a few weeks, I am home-sick for the sea.”

A strange unsettled life do these voyagers on the deep lead. But few ever lay anything by for a rainy day. Many spend all their earnings for strong drink every time they come ashore. As a rule they are beyond the pale of the Christian Church, rarely finding access to her ministrations, save the occasional services held on board the ship.

The following day Captain E. sought an interview with me, telling me that the service on the Sabbath afforded him comfort. A short time before, his brother, commander of the ill-fated *President*, had been lost with this noble steamer. The sad event deeply impressed this worthy officer. His mind seemed eager to rest upon the sure foundation of the Gospel. He repeated some thoughts of the sermon, and expressed himself comforted thereby.

A Sunday on the Mediterranean is more squally in every way. Very rarely is there a religious service held on any of its steamers. These lines are mostly controlled by French and Austrian companies, which have little regard for the observance of the Lord’s Day on shipboard. On some English steamers provision is made to have the Lord’s Day service in the Prayer Book read on Sundays. Apart from this, this sea gives its voyagers few calm Sundays. Its waters are in almost constant commotion, tossing the ships to and fro and putting the bodies and souls of their passengers into an undevout humor. I have a ghastly recollection of such a Sunday here, when the steamer rolled about like an old-fashioned coffee roaster in the hands of a diligent housewife. Groups of talkative French passengers chattered the live long day, to the great disgust and trial of us groaners. Others devoured their novels with intense relish, holding on to the enchanting book with a grip, which the waves could not in the least disturb. As you get eastward the observance of Sunday disappears on land and sea.

Again we are on the Atlantic, homeward bound. It is a clear, calm Sunday, after a terrific Saturday. Aye, verily, yesterday was a day to make even a seaman nervous. First came a fearful storm, swinging the

ship clear on its side. Then an army of porpoises, like black logs, from eight to ten feet long, rolling about on the water—in all covering acres of surface. “Still more storm heralds,” said the sailors. All of a sudden it became very cold. Shawls and cloaks were brought into requisition. Then a huge iceberg floated in sight, a mile or two in length. A dense mist enveloped the vessel, so as to hide approaching icebergs and ships. Our steamer cautiously felt its way along, lest a sudden collision with an unseen mass of ice might crush it into fragments. How grateful a calm, clear Sunday morning after such a day. The ice and mist had disappeared. Our merciful Father had delivered us from the perils of a fearful storm. Surely on such a Lord’s Day on sea, all would desire to worship God.

Our captain was a bad man, who took more pleasure in profane oaths than in the worship of God. In various acts of rudeness he rendered himself very offensive to his passengers. The latter urged me to hold a religious service. For my text I took John iii. 7. I selected this passage with a view of adapting my remarks to the peculiar wants of my audience. A number of Unitarians, Universalists, and persons of no religious profession were present. In a kind and courteous manner I endeavored to show our need of a divine Redeemer, who could give us a life and salvation, such as human nature does not possess. I felt that a part of my hearers had made up their minds not to believe what I said. Howard, the Actor, who then had acquired quite a reputation in England and America, with *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, and his little daughter Cordelia, the *Eva of Uncle Tom*, were present. In all from fifty to seventy five persons of various creeds and no creeds. Decidedly a hard congregation to preach to, minds which treat the well-meant discourse of the minister as a fencer treats his antagonist—parry all the appeals of truth. A large class of this kind of minds are firmly bent not to be convinced, let the argument be never so clear and well founded.

“Convince a man against his will,
He holds the same opinion still.”

On ship board, where all the passengers form a sort of temporary home circle on a large scale, matters of this kind are discussed with unusual freedom.

Several Englishmen expressed their approval of the doctrine preached, but confessed that they themselves had never taken the necessary steps to become Christians. One recently from California thanked me for the sermon, stating that he laid no claim to piety. His mother and sister, however, were on board; they were pious, and enjoyed hearing a good sermon. So that he seemed to thank me rather for their sakes than for his own; indeed his remarks sounded as if, in some way, he expected to get some benefit from their piety, which he was wholly lacking. He said that the clergy of England, as a rule, had too much exhortation and too little argument in their sermons. Of course this is the talk of a man of the world, and must be taken for what it is worth. The ship’s surgeon expressed his pleasure with views that we are fearful he at that time but poorly practiced.

In the evening came Howard, a man evidently of a fine education, and extensive reading. His mind was poisoned with doubt. The perusal of infidel books had sent his poor soul adrift on a dangerous sea. He spoke about the progress of modern science, by which miracles are explained as the result of natural laws. He had evidently gone to no little trouble to satisfy his reason and silence the claims of his heart and conscience. And still he showed a perceptible feeling of uneasiness and insecurity. I tried to meet his objections in a frank and candid way. He admitted that a man could be happier, if he believed as I did; but that it was difficult for a philosophic mind to reconcile the contradictions of history, as connected with a divine providence. He thought the God spoken of in the Old Testament was cruel. In short, he put himself up as a judge to decide what was proper and what improper, in the dealings and Word of God.

Finally he remarked, in a subdued tone of voice, pointing to his sweet little daughter: "Little Cordelia there believes just as you do. She is firmly convinced, that Jesus is a divine Being, and I would not take this sweet belief from her for the world. It is a pretty faith for children. Them it makes happy."

A sad confession for an unbelieving father to make! How hardly shall an actor enter the kingdom of heaven? "Little Cordelia," was an intelligent and sweet little girl, artless and pious, so far as the child of such a father could be pious. At that time she seemed to be doomed for the stage, and that is an atmosphere destructive to the soundest faith. I have not seen or heard of her since. What better argument could any one wish for Christianity than that it makes children happy? What better argument against infidelity than that it robs children and parents of their happiness?

THE FAMILY.

The family is like a book—
The children are the leaves,
The parents are the cover, that
Protection, beauty gives.

At first, the pages of the book
Are blank and purely fair,
But time soon writeth memories,
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust;
Oh, break it not; lest all the leaves
Shall scatter and be lost.

THE GREAT LAW.

[Adapted for the Guardian from the French of Emile Souvestre.]

BY R. H. S.

In the days of the first dynasty of Frank kings, when most of the tribes which they governed were ignorant of the gospel of Christ, lived an old man named Novaire, who had received the *good news*, and was endeavoring to understand it fully. Abandoning the guilty pleasures of the world, he had withdrawn to a lonely hill, near the spot where Lillebonne now stands, and there built himself a hut of turf, in which he lived alone, without any other occupation than that of enriching and improving his mind.

At length, through meditations and prayers, the carnal veil which hides the invisible world from mortal eyes was opened for Novaire, so that he could behold the avenues of heaven, but without, at the same time, losing sight of the earth. He perceived at once the marvels of the visible and of the hidden universe. His eyes wandered over woods, fields and waters; then, raising them, he beheld the region traversed by the messengers of God, and, still higher, the entrance to the celestial dwelling, guarded by archangels. He heard at once the murmur of brooks, the voice of cherubim, and the Hosannas of the blessed at the foot of the Eternal Throne. Angels brought him food, and conversed freely with him on matters unknown to other mortals; and thus his days passed in ceaseless raptures. Associated with the life of pure spirits, he had felt all earthly ambitions die out within him, one by one, like pale stars in the presence of the glorious sun; and, proud that his intelligence was elevated so far above that of common humanity, he would have ventured by its aid to search out the secrets of God. While he listened to the sounds of life, which rise like a perpetual hymn of creation to the Creator, he murmured again and again,

“Why can I not know what the birds are saying in their songs, the breezes in their murmurs, the insects in their humming, the waves in their sighs, the angels in their celestial hymns? Surely, from these I might learn the *great law* that governs the world!”

But all the efforts of his mind to penetrate these mysteries proved fruitless; he gained nothing but pride and hardness of heart, for intellect which grows by itself resembles those forest trees, which cannot extend their roots without withering all that grows around them; that it may be fruitful and beneficent, it must be watered by the dews of the heart.

One day when he had descended from his ever-verdant hill to traverse

the valley, then desolated by winter, he met a large troop of soldiers conducting a criminal to the gallows; the peasants came in crowds to see him pass, and recounted his crimes aloud; but the condemned man smiled as he listened, and so far from appearing repentant, seemed to pride himself upon the evil he had done. At last, on encountering the hermit he suddenly stopped, and cried, mockingly,

“Come hither, holy man, and give the kiss of peace to one who is about to die!”

But Novaire indignantly drew back.

“Go to thy death, miserable creature! Pure lips may not touch one cursed by sin!”

The criminal went on without replying, and the anchorite, still quite excited, turned back towards his hermitage. But on arriving there, he stood mute with astonishment; the aspect of all around was changed. The trees, which the presence of angels had kept continually green, were now bare as those of the valley: the spot where the eglantine had but a few hours before, exhaled its fragrance, was now white and glittering with frost, and the dry brown moss suffered the barren rocks to peep through its withered strips.

Novaire awaited the heavenly messenger who every day brought him his food, in order to learn the cause of the change; but the messenger did not appear: the invisible world was again closed upon him, and he had fallen back into the poverty and ignorance of humanity. He understood that this was a punishment from God, without being able to divine what fault he had committed. He submitted, however, without murmuring, and kneeling down upon the hill:—

“Since I have offended Thee, O my Creator,” he said, “I must, in expiation, inflict a chastisement upon myself. To day I leave my solitude, and I here resolve to walk on without repose, except at night, until Thou wilt grant me some visible sign that I have deserved Thy mercy.”

Thus saying, Novaire took his hermit’s bell, his iron-clasped book of prayer, and his holly-staff; he girded himself with a leathern thong, fastened on his sandals, and with one farewell look at his hill, he set out toward the wild peninsula later known as the *Jesnetic*.

In that region, now covered with villages, farms and meadows, there were at that day no roads, except those opened by the wild beasts. He was obliged to ford the rivers, to wade through the marshes, to cross heaths, finding only occasionally, at considerable distances, a few poor huts, whose dwellers often repulsed him from their doors. But Novaire serenely endured every fatigue and every privation. With no other end in view than his reinstatement in the favor of God, he met distresses with resignation; obstacles with patience. At last he arrived at the extremity of the peninsula, not far from the place where the celebrated Abbey of Jumieges was afterwards built.

That part of the country was then covered with a forest, in which were concealed pirates, who, in light boats of osier, covered with skins, attacked such barks as passed up and down the river, laden with valuable commodities. One evening, when the hermit was hastening toward the bank, he arrived at a clearing where four of those pirates were seated around a

fire of reeds. On seeing him, they rose, ran toward him, and dragged him to their fire to plunder him. They took his bell, his book, his girdle, his robe; and seeing that he had nothing more, they deliberated whether they should let him go. But the eldest among them, named Toderick, exclaimed that they would keep him to row their boat, and to this the rest agreed.

Novaire was then bound with three chains; one on his feet, another upon his arms, the third around his waist, and he became the slave of the four pirates. It was his business to prepare their food, to sharpen their weapons, to take care of their boat, and to row it, without any other recompense than blows and maledictions. Toderick was particularly brutal toward him, adding mockery to cruelty, and continually asking the hermit of what use to him was the power of his God.

At last, one day, the four pirates attacked a vessel on its way down the Seine, in which they hoped to find rich merchandise; but it so happened that a troop of archers was on board, who received them with a volley of arrows, so well aimed that three of the bandits were killed, and the fourth, which was Toderick, received an arrow in his breast.

Novaire then turned the boat toward the shore, which he succeeded in reaching. He was at liberty, of course, and might at once have taken flight; but he felt at his heart a holy compassion for those who had held him in such long and cruel bondage. He gave burial to the three dead men, and then approached Toderick. The latter, judging the hermit according to his own savage nature, thought he was coming to take vengeance upon him, and said to him,

“Kill me quickly, without making me suffer!”

But Novaire replied,

“So far from wishing to take thy life, I would I could save it at the cost of my own.”

The pirate was surprised and affected.

“That is out of mortal power,” he replied; “for I already feel the chill of death nearing my heart. If, indeed, thou hast any compassion for me, notwithstanding all the evil I have done thee, give me a little water to quench my thirst.”

Novaire hastened to the nearest spring and brought water to the wounded man. When he had drank, he looked up at the hermit.

“Thou hast been kind to the cruel and wicked,” he said. “But would’st thou do still more, and grant the kiss of peace to a guilty sinner?”

“I will!” said Novaire, “May our Lord forgive and bless thee!”

With these words, he bent over the pirate, who received the kiss of peace, and died.

At the same moment, a voice sounded from the sky, saying—

“Thy trial is over, Novaire; God punished thee for refusing pity to a guilty man. He now blesses thee for pardoning thine enemy. All the treasures which thou hadst lost by hardness of heart, thou hast now regained, not by thy pi’grimage, not by thy sufferings, but through LOVE. Raise thine eyes now, and listen,—thou shalt hear and understand the voices of the earth and of Heaven.”

The anchorite, who had listened in mute astonishment, lifted up his head. The trees, stripped by winter, were clothed in greenness and beauty; the frozen streams bounded joyously in their course; the birds were singing in the flowering thorn; while in the heavens above, he beheld the angels ascending and descending on the ladder of Jacob's vision, the cherubim floating above the clouds; the archangels waving their flaming swords; the glorified saints chanting celestial hymns!

And all together, formed a vast choir, the burden of whose unceasing anthem was,

"Love thou the Lord, and thy neighbor as thyself!"

And Novaire sank humbly on the ground, bowing until his forehead rested in adoration upon the grass, and cried,

"I thank Thee, oh my God! I bless Thee,—for now, at last, I understand the *Great Law*!"

GOOD FRIDAY MUSINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine,
Yet, though despised and gory
I joy to call Thee mine!

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee!

And when I am departing,
O part not Thou from me;
When mortal pangs are darting
Come, Lord, and set me free;
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from mine anguish
By Thine own pain and woe!"

The people of God have lately been to the Cross and grave of Christ. And among this people we are happy to class, with very few exceptions, the readers of the *GUARDIAN*. We too have gone thither, with millions of believers. In sooth, it is a *Good Friday*, the day on which our blessed Lord died for us. To Him it was a dark and dreary day, but it brought Life, Light and Love to the world. One feels sad on this day. Our hearts are in sympathy with its spirit. In spirit we adoringly stand around the cross; or perhaps timidly look on at a distance. Indeed one ought scarcely to be censured for keeping in the background. Sometimes very good people shrink from publicity on Calvary. They feel so unworthy and so guilty. With timid meekness they had rather be alone with Christ, and tell Him all that burdens their penitent hearts.

On this sacred day many have formally given themselves to Christ in confirmation; many too of our readers. To all such Good Friday is a day of special solemnity. It recalls the most solemn scene of their life. With it are associated tender memories, vows forever binding. Every return of this day revives these memories. It admonishes wanderers from Christ's fold to return, and the faithful to go forward, and be of good cheer.

Very precious has the day been this year. We have been on Calvary; and seen Him pierced—pierced by our sins. And His blood flowed freely for our cleansing. O how that blood pleads with us! Not only on this day, but often, nay always should we seek our place at the Saviour's Cross. Will we?

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross, I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend!

There I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God!

PRAYER AND BUSINESS.

I like that saying of Martin Luther when he says: "I have so much business to do to day that I shall not be able to get through it with less than three hours prayer." Now, most people would say, "I have so much business to do that I can have only three minutes for prayer; I cannot afford the time." But Luther thought that the more he had to do the more he must pray, or else he could not get through it. That is a blessed kind of logic; may we understand it! "Praying and provender hinder no man's journey." If we have to stop and pray, it is no more a hindrance than when the rider has to stop at the farrier's to have his horse's shoe fastened; for if he went on without attending to that, it may be that ere long he would come to a stop of a more serious kind.—*Spurgeon*.

ADOLPH CLARENBACH AND PETER FLEISTEDEN.

[From the German of Wiesmann.]

BY L. H. S.

These two persons were burned at the stake in Cologne, September 28, 1529. Clarenbach was born of poor parents, at Buscherhof, in the parish of Lüttinghausen, in Berg, near the end of the fifteenth century. When yet a boy, he showed such great thirst for learning, that he was sent to the high schools in Münster and Cologne. Here he was soon able to read the Holy Scriptures in the original, and devoted himself zealously to their study. He also attained the name of leading an unselfish, chaste, God-fearing life. He devoted himself to teaching, and was made (1523) Corrector in Münster, where he excited a love for the pure Gospel, not only in the youths under his care, but also in many of the Burghers of the city. He did the same quite successfully after 1525, as Corrector in Wesel, and afterwards, having been successively banished by the influence of the Cologne official Trip, in Osnaburg, Meldorp (Diethmarschausen), his birth-place, Lennep, Elberfeld, and the surrounding country. One of his friends, Pastor Kloppeis, of Büderich, being summoned to Cologne under charge of heresy, he voluntarily accompanied him, with the hope of rendering some assistance; but on his arrival in Cologne (April 3d, 1528), he was seized and thrown into prison. Here commenced the series of ill-treatment and temptations to apostacy, that culminated in his death.

During repeated examinations, Clarenbach testified with joy to his faith in the living Christ, as the only Saviour and Redeemer of mankind lost in sin, and to the truth of the Holy Scriptures. He showed the Inquisitors, partly composed of his former Cologne teachers, who were laying snares for him by entangling questions in regard to the authority of the Pope, the Church, and their decrees, that the Holy Spirit had given him internal conviction of the truth of the doctrines laid down in the Apostles' Creed, and that he could only recant when convinced from the Holy Scriptures of error.

Towards the end of his imprisonment, Peter Fleisteden, from the village of Fleisteden in Jülich, was made a partaker of his dungeon. Peter had kept his hat on during mass in the Cathedral, and had manifested his abhorrence for the same in the most public manner, with the expectation that the people would demand the reason of his conduct, so that he might show them the meaningless character of the customs of the mass. The people, however, were silent, and the priest made no reference to his

conduct. He had hardly left the Cathedral, when he was seized and put into prison with Clarenbach. Fleisteden's determined courage contrasted strongly with Clarenbach's gentle earnestness. They mutually strengthened each other in the true faith, and looked joyfully forward to death at the stake.

On the 28th of September, 1529, the martyrs, amid a great concourse of people, were conducted through the city to the distant place of execution. Even now they were importuned by monks to apostatize, but nevertheless they praised God in a loud voice on the way, and taught the people. Among other things, Adolph said: "Praise, honor, and thanks be to Thee, O Father, that Thou hast permitted us to see this day so ardently longed for!" "I have put my trust in Christ; I die the death of a Christian; let the will of the Lord be done. It was so with Him, why should it be otherwise with us? He went before, and we must follow Him if we would be His brethren." "O Cologne, Cologne!" he continued after a short silence. "How thou persecutest the word of God! There is a cloud now in the sky, which will burst upon thee some day."* After he had repeated the Creed, among other things, Adolph said to the people: "We must imitate the new Adam, Christ, in our sufferings also, when we are called upon so to do. The more the oppression and persecution, the greater the growth of the new man and the death of the old; of the flesh, sin, the devil and the world. These now revile us and endeavor to deprive us of comfort, but we shall oppose them with the only Christ, our Comforter, Intercessor and Mediator, who shall intercede for us before His heavenly Father. Grieve not at our death, for Christ also had to suffer, and, through suffering, to enter the kingdom. I admonish you, by this Christ, dear brethren, that without strife ye live together lovingly as brothers and Christians, in due obedience to the authorities. Our Lord will cause everything to turn out for the best, and will give you His grace and His divine word."

Then, since Adolph complained of fatigue, Peter began: "We were sinners as we came from our mother's womb, and deserved nothing but death from the justice of God. Hence, I admonish you in God's name, cling only to His word; only to Christ, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and turn away from the Pope of Rome and his Church, which leads you away from the grace of God, giving you instead seals, bulls, absolutions, pilgrimages, godless human as well as diabolical teachings, in order to fill her purses and her kitchens."

Having reached the place of execution, Clarenbach prayed: "O Lord, so fill me with Thy Spirit, that I may, from the bottom of my heart, pardon my enemies," and then said to the Burghers: "Dearly beloved Brethren and Burghers, repeat to each other what I am going to say now; for it will be impossible for all to hear me. First, we entreat that no man will avenge our death upon the Papists in Cologne; further,

* In the first century after the Reformation, a very respectable Evangelical Congregation was collected in Cologne, which was, however, destroyed in the seventeenth century. Since the commencement of the present century, a new prosperous congregation of more than 8,000 souls has been formed, to which some of the most prominent persons in the city belong.

that you will report nothing as from us, but what you have heard and do now hear. Harken now to our faith." Here he repeated the Creed, and expounded it briefly. "In these articles the Devil also believes, but not to salvation. But I firmly believe that everything in them will be for the good of my soul and the souls of all believers."

Up to this time, they had refused to give Adolph anything to allay his great thirst, but now the executioner kindly handed him a flask, and strengthened by it, he began anew: "We must now leave you; but when the Judge comes, who shall separate us all to the right and the left, then we shall see you again. In order that we may be numbered among those on the right, we now suffer patiently and willingly, our Lord God so wishing it. There, what each one has believed, and what we believe will be manifested—whether we are right or wrong, will then be brought to light. Therefore, let each one see well to it what he has to do; hold fast to God and His word. Those who do thus, we shall see again and find again in the Lord." Both then implored the Lord to forgive their sins.

After prayer, Peter assured his friend of the forgiveness of sins through the blood of Jesus Christ, and asked him: "Believest thou that this blood shall free thee from all sins?" "Yes," answered Adolph, "that is my comfort." "Then pardon, also," said Peter, "anything I may have done to offend you during the time we have been together." Adolph answered, "That I do gladly, and do you forgive me also, if I have offended you."

When Peter was led to the stake, Clarenbach cried out to him: "Brother, be strong in the Lord and put your trust in him; for to-day we shall meet our Brother, Christ, and live with Him throughout eternity. Therefore, be steadfast in the faith, and let not the flames affright thee. I shall also put my trust in Him, and His word shall be my seal." Adolph now received a great comfort. One of the mendicant friars, accompanying them, had reproached him with vile names, when an Augustinian monk cried out: "Dear Adolph, I have not yet spoken to you. Listen now to what the Lord says in the eleventh chapter of John: I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die." Adolph said, "Brother, repeat that once more." The monk repeated the words, and Adolph replied: "Thanks to you for proclaiming the Gospel of Christ to me. Greet all the Brothers in the Lord Christ." Then he took off his clothing, and directing his eyes heavenward, said: "O Lord, I ardently desire, since this must be, that we should be made strong through the cross." Meanwhile the executioner kindled the fire, and as the flames ascended, Adolph cried with a clear voice: "O Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," and was immediately suffocated by the smoke.

A procession, very different from this, three centuries afterwards, on the 28th of September, 1829, was had in Cologne, having come from Lüttinghausen amid the singing of psalms, and after the memory of the martyr had been celebrated by solemn divine service, moved to an oak grove, formerly belonging to Buscherhof, in order to lay the corner-

stone of a monument to Clarenbach, the Reformer of Berg. At its head were most of the Superintendents and Preachers of the District, numbering about fifty, and the Presbyteriums of Lüttinghausen and Lennep. In order to get an idea of the interesting and exciting nature of this procession, it must be recollected, that it consisted of at least 12,000 men. Many a one there received a fresh inspiration of the strength of that faith which overcomes the world, and silently praised the Lord, who had permitted the age of wild fanaticism to pass away, and, instead of a wild, excited crowd, had called together one of another kind to honor the sainted memory of the martyr, from the pious promptings of their hearts. The surging crowd of people surrounded the site of the monument, and even the highest tops of the nearest oaks were occupied by spectators. There, in perfect silence on the part of the assemblage, the foundation stone was laid, with addresses and prayers. At the close of the ceremonies, thousands of voices sang Luther's "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," and the crowd dispersed.

The monument is a simple four-sided tower of Gothic shape, bearing a cross on top, and on its sides the following inscriptions: "Upon the front—"To Adolph Clarenbach, the Witness of the Truth—September 28th, 1529—from the District of Berg, September 29th, 1829;" and below this: "What are those which are arrayed in white robes? These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Rev. vii., 13, 14." Upon the rear: "Born in Buscherhof. Died in Cologne. Whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it. Mark viii. 35." On one of the sides, a burning torch upon an open Bible, and these words: "Remember your teachers (them which have the rule over you,) who have spoken unto you the word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. Heb. xiii., 7, 8." On the remaining side, a wreath of palm and laurel surrounded with stars, and these words: "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. John, xi. 25"

Hosts of thoughtful travelers come to see this monument, strengthening themselves by such an example of enduring faith, and recalling the memory of one from whose ashes the tree of life has sprung with the richest heavenly gifts for the land of Berg. May the bright flames of faith never be extinguished in its mountains!



IMMORTALITY OF A THOUGHT.—Beautiful it is to understand and know that a thought did never yet die; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the whole past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole future. It is thus that the heroic heart, the seeing eye of the first times, still feels and sees in us of the latest; that the wise man stands ever encompassed and spiritually embraced by a cloud of witnesses and brothers; and there is a living literal communion of saints, wide as the world itself, and as all the history of the world.—*Carlyle*.

THE MENAGERIE ALONG THE HIGHWAY.

BY PERKIOMEN.

The king's highway should be as free from dangers as it is open and public to all. "The king's person is sacred," and so ought his pathway to be, as well as his loyal subjects passing over it. Our native instinct is sufficiently competent to teach us so much, unaided by the knowledge of books or the training of the school room. Hence it is, that obstructions are removed, frail and unsafe crossings repaired, un-streamworthy bridges renewed, vicious animals kept in, and side-walks even cleared of sleet and ice—lest the life, limb or property of the wayfarer, or the safety of a traveling beast be endangered. The king pays liberally for a broken leg, for the maiming of man or beast, or for the loss or injury of property, occurring in consequence of his majesty's neglect.

But is the king's highway then indeed secure? We know of no more perilous quarters, notwithstanding. The king is not sufficiently versed in the study of social science to perceive, that man and society are still not wholly insured against ruin, so long as morals are suffered to go uncared for. We believe the charge to hold fairly against our Cæsar, not only of suffering dangers to encounter the wayfaring man—a crime fully heinous enough already—but of actually waylaying him with animals in ambush, to jeopardize and destroy his life.

It is conceded, that young and old are in danger "on the street." And this, not so much because of "outlaws," of whom we read quite early and back in our history, who seized and robbed men, leaving them half-dead or quite dead by the wayside. The James Whitneys, the Jonathan Wilds, the Jack Sheppards and other prominent Newgate Calendar characters, are now-a days almost entirely condensed in an occasional Hildebrand, whose depredations are often all but limited in extent, however horrible in execution. It is not from "highway men," but from *highway animals*, that the danger and harm proceeds.

The shield of the wayside inn too often wears an ominous face—a *coat-of-arms* which is singularly prophetic of ruin and death. One of the very handy and familiar ensigns for a public house, is the *lion*. The phrase—"At the Red Lion"—is synonymous with a tavern. You may spy the photograph of this naturally noble beast on the sign, along the crowded thoroughfare of the city, and the sparsely trodden road of the hill-country. In one of our drives, lately, we saw a finger-board, indicating the direction and distance of a knot of dwellings, and underneath the lettering lay the *fac-simile* of the lion—crouching most ashamedly!—with the name of the keeper (of the tavern, we mean) subscribed. Had

the picture become suddenly animated with the aristocratic spirit of its original, it would long ago have been up and off, disdaining to be disgraced in such a way.

The cry was of yore : “ There is a lion in the way ; a lion is in the streets ! ” It is still true. But no longer do men stand in awe and say, “ There is a lion in the way—*I shall be slain !* ” No, indeed. The beast has become domesticated—tamed. The face of the forest-king is now the symbol of hospitality and entertainment. It was a long time before we could account for the change, and interpret the meaning of a lion on the tavern-shield. Surely, thought we, the animal has become historical, for his open and bold manner of attack ; and now, the use of his portrait in such an insidious, sneaking connection, is to wrong his nature as fearfully as it is degrading to the *caste* of the naturally roaming Indian, when men make a stationary fixture of his caricature at the door of a tobacco shop. How abnormal and absurd !

But we have learned to read, not only “ sermons in stones and speeches in running brooks,” but prophecies in tavern signs, as well. Is it, perhaps, because the *den* is near by, when the beast lies without ? Is the figure of the lion not also the hand-writing against the house itself ? Why may we not say so, since all those who pass to and fro, under the shadow of the beast, invariably become *lionized*, in the worst and saddest way ? They are wrecked and destroyed. See—e. g.—engineers, mail-carriers—stage-drivers—canal-men—hucksters and teamsters—“ gentlemen of the road,” generally. The great majority of those travel “ down hill,” no matter whither their routes lead. And it is so, because they are constantly “ bearding the lion in his den.” Ah ! “ its mouth is as that of the lion.”

It formerly was written : “ *Beware of the dog !* ” How much more apt to say : “ Traveler, beware of the lion ! ” He feigns tameness, and assumes a hospitable and entertaining air, but his lair within tells a fearful history of ruined mortals. He has slain more men in the city than in the desert—more in society, than in the forest. It is only under such a masquerade, that he can leave his native wilds and prowl disastrously among the habitations of men.

Few are the Daniels, who, when cast into the lion’s den, can by the grace of God charm his ferocity and strike him with a *lock jaw*. Still fewer are the Samsons, who can turn and slay him, as though he were a kid. Verily, *this* is the “ roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.” He has come up from his thicket, to make the land desolate, and to lay the cities waste.

The *Bear* too has become acclimated to our zone. “ Bruin ” sits contentedly along the king’s highway, never so much as rising from his haunches at the approach of men. But wherein appears the propriety of selecting so sluggish a brute, to serve as a sentinel at the door of a wayside inn ? It is doubtless to imply, that there is some huge *hugging* to be done therein. There is destructive power in his paws and death in his embrace. So too has all intoxicating drink a bearing-down and crushing force. And just here, if anywhere, lies the gist of the symbol. Unconsciously the sign signifies a sad tale of misery. “ Bruin,” that

means *brown-red*; hence, to frequent the tavern, is to be *bruined*, since all such, like

The coral redden, and the ruby, glow.

We thought it the sum of all horror, years ago, when we read this record: "And there came forth two she-bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them." But we have learned since, that one of our modern bruises is continually doing far greater execution. The bear along the king's highway seems to have an 'evil eye,' wherewith to charm a much larger number to his embrace, since the roadside is scattered over with his young and old victims, more so than 'by the way which goeth up unto Bethel.' Perhaps the prophet thought of all this, when he broke forth: "Wailing shall be in all streets; and they shall say in all the highways, Alas! alas!" * * * * * "As if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him." The description answers very well, certainly, to our present street-arrangement. The wailing is loud enough in families and communities, since, in escaping from one beast, we but stumble into the grasp of another.

The modern wayfarer must share something of the good providence of a David, who as a stripling shepherd already slew the lion *and* the bear, if he is not to fall a victim to one or the other on the king's highway. And every young man, especially, who succeeds in escaping the jaws of both, can say with the young and royal hero: "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear!"

We used to wonder, how and why in the world the *camel* strayed along the king's highway? Had some traveling menagerie upset and spilled its contents by the way, that this patient brute, this "desert-ship," is found 'put up,' ever and anon, along the line? And why, besides, should an animal, which can survive two full weeks without taking a drop, stand as a signal for men, who cannot do two full hours without taking a drink? Surely the thing is out of all connection, as much so as ever a fish was out of water. It took us a long while to learn in what possible way men could become *camelites*.

Still, we see it now, and plainly as the sun. Without intent, and even against all design, the camel, like Balaam's ass, turns into a true prophet. He is a beast of burden, *par excellence*. And no man who frequently passes under him, but becomes fearfully *burdened*. What a weight is resting on him! And then too, we are told, that the camel, when *overburdened*, will not rise, but simply cry for misery. So, too, have we seen men *overloaded*, that they would not and could not rise up out of the very gutter. There they lay, crying—and sometimes not even able to do so much—*camelized*.

And still further—we went on learning—these men, in a figurative way, continue 'to swallow camels,' though not without straining always. Such is the interpretation of the camel on the tavern-post.

We always did pity the *horse*, impaled against the shield before the wayside inn. If a landlord offers to provide for man and *beast*, why should this noble fellow be continually exposed to all sorts of wind and

weather? We are still tempted to call the 'hostler,' and order him to the stable. 'The Black Horse'—'The White Horse'—'The Red Horse'—'The Pale Horse'—all these swing on the gallows, all along the king's highway.

Now what's the sense of all this? Simply this: Since "the horse is a vain thing for safety" and can kick, it means to say, that all who enter there and have no money, will be 'kicked out' of the house; whilst those who have money—and no matter how much of it—will soon be 'kicked out' of good society. If you notice, *that* horse is generally on the 'rare up,' and not famous for his kind and innocent bearing. His kicking propensity is very apparent.

Now, children are warned to keep away from the horse's heels; even grown people do well to bear this counsel continually in mind. But this emblematic horse by the king's highway has been the death of more travelers, than all the farming 'nags' and fleet roadsters combined. This is an ugly, vicious brute—so much so, that Rarey himself, with all the majesty of his 'horse-power,' has done nothing, as yet, to break him. 'Canst thou contend with horses'—with *such* horses, especially?

The eagle is liberty in allegory. He is the symbol of freedom to conquering legions, or a victorious people; but his talons are just as indicative of thralldom to the conquered province. He swoops and screams for jealousy against every endeavor to enslave, but shrieks for joy, too, when fortunate enough to bind a foe. As the sun can melt the wax and ice, on the one side, and harden the clay, on the other, so is the eagle an enigma of liberty—and bondage together.

Under this view he is a very apt and striking ensign for the landlord's escutcheon. The design implies a full license to tap and intoxicate.

"*License*" we mean, here, by our liberty.

But woe to the victim, in the talons of the eagle! He rarely relaxes his grasp, but to dash his prey to the lowest deep. The mother, whose child this feathered monster had carried off, is a representative matron of a large army of unfortunate women. She is the modern Rachel, 'weeping for her children because they are no more.' We can respect the bird on the Roman shield and the American flag; but on the tavern-shield, we believe its prestige to be gone. We at once set about imagining for ourselves a drunken eagle, and all the horrors of his depredations.

When a boy, we were taught to say, "Ten dollars make an eagle;" but we have lived to see the day in which 'ten cents' make an eagle—a drink under his shadow—a quickening under his wings. Is it in this way that men renew their youth like the eagle's? Alas, too often we think of a whole cluster of Bible sayings, whenever we see him thus perched by the wayside inn:—"Doth the eagle mount up?" 'The way of the eagle in the air;' 'Make thy nest high as eagles;' 'As an eagle against the house.' And when we think of the many ruined families, we are reminded too of 'the eagle that *stirreth* her nest.'

In every way the eagle is an ominous bird by the king's highway.

The lamb—Ah! It tells a double story too. 'The Golden Lamb' was the very first inn our father led us into, when a boy. Its innocent and gentle looks impressed themselves so deeply on our heart, that we see it all yet. It seemed to say: "Walk in, ye weary and travel-worn. Here is rest and safety, even as sheep can repose and be secure in the fold."

But we read and rendered it wrongly. It means that the unsuspecting guests walk in, only to be *fleeced*! We have known men to come away as bare as sheep jump from the hands of the shearer. The world is full of 'fleeced' men—women and children. They are 'fleeced' of their fortunes, credit, clothing and bread.

If Satan hesitates not to steal the 'livery of heaven,' why should it seem strange for him to station a devouring wolf along the king's highway, covered over in sheep's clothing? 'Beware of false prophets!' They are just as ready to stand and preach from sign-posts, as from pulpits—so they can only deceive and ensnare.

The Good Shepherd tells us that 'He knows *His* sheep;' but we venture to assert that not one of this breed are of His flock; that He does not know them, unless, perhaps, as 'lost' or 'strayed,' or, as such as have no shepherd.

The swan has no rival for fair plumage, for grace and elegance of form and motion, upon the water. But can we say as much for it in a whisky lake, or liquor sea? God made it an *aquatic* animal—a strictly temperance fowl—whilst man would have it reel and stagger by the tavern-door. This is all and very much opposed to the creature's nature.

But as swans have the neck very long, and as the taste of drinkers lies in the throat, the wish to have *their* necks prolonged, may have been father to the thought of placing the swan aloft. If this be indeed the *rationale*, we have only to regard it as a crying wrong perpetrated against this 'thing of beauty,' to degrade it to a public symbol for a vulgar appetite.

Perhaps the tradition has more to do with it, which tells us, that the swan sings its own funeral dirge. It cannot long survive its song. As it falls to singing, it, at the same time, falls to dying. So too, though without the poetry and *plasing* melancholy, the visitor of the tavern will not long survive his habit; beats himself the path to his tomb; digs his own grave; drinks, both like and unlike Socrates, his fatal potion. He drinks and drinking dies. Thus Poe, the author of the "Raven," frequented the saloon, and swan-like sang and died. Never had God and nature done more for a man. Handsome and graceful in form; gifted in song, and with a name which needed but a simple *t*, to render A. Poe, a *poet*—still, the venomous liquid changed the swan into a degraded brute, as with Circean charm.

Let men who crave stimulants be content with T (tea), and beware of the deadly potion, over which the *swan* is sometimes made to brood.

It seems fully as incongruous to chain the *stag* to the sign-post. We read of "the hart panting after the water brooks," but never after the

fumes and vapor of the still. Yet, is there more than one short step between such a stag and *stagger*? Verily the warning lies right on the surface, 'that he running may read and the fool understand.'

Thus, let any one interpret the menagerie along the king's highway, and so far as its animals are symbolical at all, and not purely and entirely arbitrary, they invariably utter a *caveat emptor*, and that too without the first particle of design. All that is necessary, therefore, is to turn this to some account, by directing the attention of the traveler to those public monitors, and instead of being enticed, he will be warned and saved. 'Forewarned, forearmed.' Let then those dubious hieroglyphics be fairly interpreted, that men may understand and take heed.

Better still, perhaps, were the king to frame and order a device to be engraved on the shield of every inn, of easy recognition and unmistakable meaning. How would the *serpent* do? Men hate snakes, because they all think they know their nature and intention. The 'old serpent's' character is proverbial. Besides, considerable is told us of his aim, to put us all on the alert. Who could behold the creature strung up along the highway, without recalling to mind these words: "*Who hath woe? who hath sorrows? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.*"

The Honorable Bovee is spending time, breath and strength to have the gallows cut down. But if thirty-eight of the thirty-nine murders in 1868 were caused through rum (Twitchell being the only exception), ought not the sign-post to fall first, perhaps? Might not the first felling spare us the trouble of the second? Strange, that the State should first make murderers, and then punish them by hanging! Let the source of the evil be closed, therefore; drain the alcoholic stream from the highway, and the flowings of blood will cease, to a great extent. The mortals, whom the gallows devour, have generally passed their apprenticeship under the tavern-beam. No wonder that we hear the challenge uttered from all quarters:—"Rise up in your might and strength and unite your forces against this evil!" Who can point to a greater specific evil, just now, than the whisky demon? The cause of temperance is the cause of humanity, and whatever concerns humanity concerns you and me.



A MIND, by knowing itself, and its own proper powers and virtues, becomes free and independent. It sees its hindrances and obstructions, and finds they are wholly from itself, and from opinions wrongly conceived. The more it conquers in this respect (be it in the least particular), the more it is its own master, feels its own natural liberty, and congratulates with itself on its own advancement and prosperity.

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

“Sad with longing, sick with fears,
Two toward Emmaus slowly go,
And their eyes are dim with tears,
And their hearts oppressed with woe.
Of their ruined hopes they talk ;
Yet while thus they sadly walk,
Jesus is not far away,
And their fears shall soon allay.

Ah ! and still how many a heart
Onward toils in silent grief,
Mourning o’er its woes apart,
Hopeless now of all relief ;
Oft it seeks to walk alone,
But to weep its fill unknown ;
Yet my Jesus cometh now,
Asking, wherefore weepest thou ?

Many a time I’ve felt indeed
That He leaves me ne’er alone.
In the hour of utmost need,
Then Himself He maketh known ;
When in sorrow I consume
As though He no more could come,
Lo ! I find Him more than near.
Quickly with His help He’s here.

Truest Friend, who canst not fail me,
Evermore abide with me ;
When the world would most assail me,
Then Thy presence let me see.
When its heaviest thunders roll,
Shelter Thou my trembling soul !
Come and in my spirit rest,
I will do what seems Thee best !

When I dread some coming ill,
Lord, then bid me think of this,
That my Saviour loves me still,
And that I am surely His :
More of Thy word let me learn,
Till my heart within me burn,
Fill’d with love, and in Thy light,
Learn to know the Lord aright.

Comfort those who, fill'd with gloom,
 Lonely on their journey go,
 Or within their silent room
 Cry to Thee from depths of woe ;
 When they leave the world apart,
 There to weep out all their heart,
 Let them hear Thy whisper mild ;
 Wherefore dost thou mourn, my child ?

When life's day hath fled by,
 When the night of death is near,
 When in vain the darken'd eye
 Seeks some stay, some helper here :
 Then Thy followers' prayers fulfil,
 Then abide Thou with us still.
 Till Thou give us peace and rest
 Stay, O stay, Thou noblest guest !" L. E. S. MÜLLER.

AS IT WAS.

BY MARY ELLEN.

"Scenes must be beautiful, which daily viewed,
 Please daily, and whose novelty survives
 Long knowledge, and the scrutiny of years."

The "Old North State!" In recalling scenes "whose novelty *has* survived the scrutiny of years," we hope to interest the younger portion of those who peruse these pages. If perchance *one* youth may have his attention drawn toward this goodly land, now so white and ready for harvest, may he be waiting, when the Master calls, to cry, "Lord, here am I, send *me*." Or should there be a maiden who longs for greater usefulness in the Reformed vineyard: one who yearns "To rear the young and tender thought,"—let such hear the appeal from those of her own household—"Come over and help us."

"SETTLEMENTS."

Far removed from the dreaded "pines and swamps" of North Carolina, but rather in the upland or mountainous section, lie the "settlements," of which we would speak. Many of these still bear the name of ancient Reformed families, which immigrated thither, principally from Pennsylvania, at a very early date in Carolina history. They are scattered over portions of Guilford, Cabarras, Rowan, Davidson, Lincoln, Catawba and sections of the adjoining counties. Ever famous as have been the North Carolinians for their loyalty during the revolution, no less faithful were

these early Reformed settlers to the standard of Heidelberg. They served God first, and then their country.

Hence, no length of time can be spent 'neath the hospitable roof of any of their descendants, without having intelligently revived in your hearing, many interesting anecdotes relative to the raising of the Reformed ebenezer. With just pride they were wont to recount the self-denials, cheerfully endured to that end, in those days, when Christianity and self-sacrifice went hand in-hand. With enthusiasm, they would refer to the honorable, heroic deeds of their forefathers, as gathered from histrionic lore. For example, they cherished the memory of their Gen. Ramsaur, not so much because of his relation to their native State, but more than that, he was a son of *their* Church.

PECULIARITIES OF THE COUNTRY.

That part of North Carolina over which the Reformed Church extends, is one of the finest sections of the State. The land is fertile and rolling. Many narrow, deep, sluggish rivers, with their tributaries, serve to keep the soil well watered: an item of no small importance to our German ancestors. Having left, as many of them did, the fertile valleys of the "Keystone State," with its magnificent scenery, we wonder not, that those Reformed pioneers pushed rapidly forward, until within sight of the Alleghenies—there pitched their tents, and subsequently erected their "double cabins:" a kind of building generally adopted in those days. Some are yet to be seen, though in most cases, they have been supplanted by the more modern style of architecture. That part of the State yields the same varieties of grain as Pennsylvania. Its wheat crop is probably not as abundant, but for that, there is compensation in its superior corn; especially that raised in the low-lands or loamy river bottoms. It there often attains great height. Cotton may be produced, but it is of medium quality. The warm season is too short to bring it properly to perfection. However, it was grown sufficiently for home consumption. The cotton gin was of use there, though not an actual necessity. Sweet potatoes of the Spanish variety; also, yams, are cultivated abundantly. They sometimes reach an enormous size; far exceeding any which are brought to our markets in the North. This is probably owing to the fact, that they require a very even temperature, in addition to a special mode of storage, else they decay very rapidly. The season being about one month earlier than that of the Middle States, vegetables, in every variety, grow abundantly and mature proportionately earlier. As a fruit country, it is not surpassed. The peach crop is especially luxuriant. They vary in quality, from the wild fruit along the by-ways to that of the most luxurious flavor as a result of careful cultivation. Great quantities of this favorite luxury are annually dried in that region, and many bushels are forwarded to Northern markets. For this purpose large kilns are constructed, by which means great quantities are dried at one time, without injury to the fruit. It is kept from direct influence of the heat by means of the long flues through which it is conveyed to the drying apartment proper, in which the fruit is stored. It was not uncommon for planters to turn their swine into orchards, after first bountifully sup-

plying all neighbors who did not possess peach trees. In March, the country resembled an immense flower garden, and the atmosphere was fragrant from the odor of the peach blossom. Western North Carolina bids fair to be one of the principal wine-producing sections of the country. Some of our highly valued varieties, including Scuppernong, Muscadine and Catawba, may there be gathered bountifully by the occupant of a canoe or row boat, as they grow wild and overhang the banks of the streams in rich profusion. The soil is also remarkably well adapted to the small fruits. Berries are plentiful during the whole season, beginning in May. The cultivated varieties are of fine quality, and require much less labor and care than in our latitude. We might here relate a report, which reached our ears concerning strawberries grown in a neighboring garden, said to be so large as to require slicing before the cook could properly form her pastry. We were not quite so unsophisticated as to credit the story; yet, it goes to show what a variety exists in the art of "putting things." The soil, in places, is of a white, sandy, formation. Comparatively speaking, the yards, lawns and forests were destitute of grass, save where it was specially cultivated. For this purpose, the "Kentucky blue grass" was a great favorite, and as highly valued as was a bed of pinks or violets, because more rare. Shrubs of all kinds flourish, however, as do flowers generally. It was no uncommon thing to be refreshed in February by a winter bouquet, culled by hands, eager to bring the first floral donation, in way of a tempting surprise. Immense tracts of heavy timber land, utterly void of grass or undergrowth, could be seen in every direction. The white sand presented an ever-pleasing contrast with the leafy boughs above. Particularly was this the case when the moon shone, often reminding us of a remark made by a D. D., who had been educated at Chapel Hill. Said he, "Nothing short of Italy can compare with the moonlight nights of North Carolina." A peculiar charm characterizes the sky when unclouded—this, in conjunction with the effect produced by the soft rays of the moon on the white sand, forms a combination which is pleasing indeed. To those of us who are accustomed to seeing every nook of ground carefully husbanded and cultivated, the "old fields" of that county were truly a barren scene. Planters, having large tracts to till, were in the habit of "turning out" whole acres to recruit, after having first exhausted its strength. This was done by simply removing the fences, with which a restored "old field" would in turn be enclosed. As no enriching material was used, it would sometimes require a long time before such ground could be again taken up. In the meantime, a wild, harsh, stubble grass, called "broom sedge," from its resemblance to broom splints, springs up sparsely over the commons. It is sometimes made up into a sort of whisp, and used as such. This had the effect, in many instances, of leading strangers to under-estimate the soil, as it certainly gave plantations the appearance of a great want of fertility. It was not well adapted to grazing purposes. As a consequence, juicy sirloins, and nice, rich butter were less abundant than with us; where such rich meadows and fragrant clover fields are the precursors of these table luxuries. We have said corn was largely cultivated—as a consequence, it was customary to raise swine extensively.

It was not unusual for families to slaughter as many as fifty for their own purposes. Bear in mind that provision was then made for many servants. Their mode of curing pork differed materially from ours. The meat was salted and then packed in huge piles on the shelves in their smoke houses. There it remained until ready for the smoke. Then they had what might be designated beef-hams—that is, they were in the habit of drying in one piece entire, the half-quarter of a beef. Their pork was excellent in quality, while the beef was very inferior. Did space allow, mention might be made of lands rich in minerals existing in Western North Carolina. Suffice to say, a member of the Reformed Church was largely interested in the “Gold Mines” of that locality. The old, laborious mode of drawing water by wheel and chain was still universally practiced. So partial were the inhabitants to water thus secured, that no other means were thought of. The wells were often deep, and the water thus obtained was in its greatest purity. Were such cisterns still in use by us, we fear “help” would soon become extinct.

THE BUILDINGS.

Yellow, or pitch pine, was used generally for building purposes, although brick or “rock” houses did sometimes meet the eye. The brick being made of a sandy clay, they lacked firmness, while stone, or “rock,” as they were then called, were very scarce. As a matter of economy, pine was preferable, as it abounds in the locality. When carefully constructed, it makes decidedly the driest, healthiest dwelling. For inferior houses, they seldom dig a foundation, but simply perch their building on four blocks of huge dimensions, as “corner stones.” By that means, they argue, that they always have a free current of air beneath, keeping the house cool and dry. It must be remembered, that persons farther South are prone to make fresh air a hobby. It were well for us to imitate them in this most praiseworthy feature. As might readily be supposed, it was necessary to guard well the gates and fences. Where such did not exist, swine, poultry, cats and dogs made the open space a general *rendezvous*, much to the chagrin of the housewife. The abodes of many, sometimes including families of wealth, were totally void of paint or paper, to say nothing of extra embellishments of the modern dwelling. Occasionally one might enter the dwelling of a “well-to do” farmer, in which there was not a pane of window glass. Clumsy shutters offered the only barrier to storms. At other times, the “fresh air” was most desirable. To this end, the outside doors of private dwellings, stores or public buildings are seldom closed during the day, not even in the winter season. A merchant, not yielding to this custom or sign of welcome, if you please, would certainly give his more thoughtful neighbor the advantage, so universal is this silent invitation to “Come in.” During the cold season, a large, open fire was always the cheerful centre, around which the family circle were wont to assemble. The general re-union apartment was a sort of sitting-room and parents’ bed-chamber combined. Of the enlivening influence of the “fire on the hearth,” we need not speak. Of it, authors have written and poets sung. We sometimes query if much of the stolidity and selfish isolation of some

of our furnace-heated, fashionable residences might not be modified by a compromise with the olden times in this one particular—fresh air and social life around the cheerful, open fire. Stoves were not tolerated, excepting for culinary purposes, while some even persisted in their banishment from the kitchen. To each, the “dutch oven” had still its claims.

Many of their churches were of very simple architecture. In rural districts elaborate painting and frescoing were rarely seen, as with us. In many cases they dispensed with those appliances for comfort, which we consider necessities. This arises from two causes. The country is sparsely settled. Few inducements to skillful artizans present themselves. In consequence, all extras must be obtained from abroad, rendering them expensive. Then, much is the result of the mildness of the climate. So much that is attractive invites from without, that a certain *nonchalance* is pardonable in their case. Well do we remember attending service in a Methodist church which was not yet completed. It was during the early spring. There was nothing to protect the large audience but the outside framework. The building was yet minus a stove, and the children greatly amused themselves by watching some birds which were flying to and fro—carrying material for building their nest among the rafters just above the pastor’s head. We concluded that the congregation were a little ultra in their views concerning the benefits of oxygen. To us it was decidedly *cool*. Notwithstanding what was the custom generally, many of the educated, wealthier families of the Reformed Church, and others, spare neither labor nor expense in rendering their homes comfortable and attractive. While there was an absence of display in way of expensive furnishing as the result of the taste of the upholsterer, as is the case in so many instances; yet there was that cozy, home-like appearance, which is so difficult to describe, though all acknowledge its magnetic influence.

CLIMATE.

For salubrity of climate, Western North Carolina and East Tennessee have been pronounced the most desirable portions of our country. It offers rare inducements to those willing to avoid the rigors of either extreme, or the ever-varying phases of temperature, equally injurious to health. Its climate is its most attractive feature. The summers, though longer, are not more severe than those of the Middle States. The thermometer rarely ranges higher, but it continues at the same point a greater length of time, which causes less discomfort than the sudden changes to which we are so subject. During the day there is a continuous breeze, while the nights are sufficiently cool to require a light blanket covering, even in mid-summer. Persons subjected to the sun’s rays easily protect themselves by umbrellas. Those traveling in open vehicles use the very large, white, buggy umbrella, which is a complete protection, while it offers no obstruction to the breeze. These are attached to the buggy or barouche, being too large to carry. The winters are short and mild as a general thing. Snow sometimes falls, but does not linger long—so that sleighing, skating and snow-balling are rare amusements for the young. Ice, too, is a luxury not there enjoyed in the hot season; though seasons

sometimes occur when the rivers and streams are frozen over and drifts of snow offer a firm resistance to the pedestrian. After a fall of snow, it is not unusual for persons to take advantage of the situation, in tracking rabbits, with which the country abounds. Forty or fifty was not considered an uncommon result of one day's labor. The autumn is a most delightful season in that latitude. It is an almost continuous Indian summer until December. Its healthfulness is a subject especially remarked by strangers; and the amount of vitality manifested by the aged is truly surprising. Perfectly well do we remember a dear old lady, of more than three-score years, who forded a much swollen stream on horseback, greatly to our alarm, but her amusement. Says one, that was nothing remarkable in the "backwoods of North Carolina." Not so fast, dear reader; she of whom we speak was a person of refinement and general culture. She has since entered the "pearly gates." On another occasion, we could not conceal our surprise in meeting a highly respected elder, who had passed the usual time allotted to man, as he was driving a pair of sprightly horses, being sole occupant of the vehicle. So much for North Carolina "gumption," as Dr. Willetts is pleased to term a like spirit.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PEOPLE.

These Reformed Carolinians are a very modest, unpretending people, else the advantages of their region would oftener be laid before the Church. In comparison with the 100,000 or more of a Reformed family, they may appear as a cypher in numbers. As a whole-souled, high-toned, earnest, conservative, benevolent people, they represent one of the most interesting types of character it has been our privilege to meet in the Reformed Church. Presume one of the most prominent features in their social character was their hospitality: that rare accomplishment of making everybody "feel at home." They treated every one with kindness and respect, until they proved themselves unworthy. They thus reversed the custom of many sections. These people have the staunch foundations of integrity and industry, which were so characteristic of our forefathers, with the superstructure of general intelligence and refinement, which add dignity and go far toward rounding the individual character. It was not rare, indeed, to meet examples of this class in houses of rude architecture and void of all outward adornment, save the "meek and quiet spirit" which reigned within. It was not uncommon to see females of this class in the Lord's house on His day, clad in shilling calico and split pasteboard bonnets. They were true "ladies for a' that." An inborn suavity and gentleness of manners proclaimed them such.

Husbands, too, seemed to take a manly pride in their plain homespun—the work, in many instances, of gentle hands in their households. Like the husband of Solomon's "model wife," such were "known in the gates when sitting among the elders of the land." It was at the family board that the hostess was wont to manifest the order and decorum of her well-regulated dining-room machinery. In the better families, it was done with almost clock-work precision, while void of stiffness or formality

Their tables were spread daily as though expecting "company"—as they should be in every orderly home. Who more deserving this respect than those who *daily* mingle in our joys and share our griefs—they of our own firesides? Every attendant was in proper place—ready to do the right thing in the exact way; the hostess silently guiding all, simply by a glance. How beautiful becomes a homely abode where neatness and order reign. We say not that North Carolina houses are such—would they were. Enough of such did exist among the Reformed families to form a standard for the remainder. Visiting in such homes was particularly recreating. There was a total lack of the chilling formalities of the fashionable world, and a removal just as far from everything coarse and offensive. Methinks, to hear some say, "Ah! the institution then and there existed—it was an easy matter to show hospitality." It is of Western North Carolina "*As it Was*" we speak. Comparisons here are out of place. A remark will suffice on that score. Bitter prejudices existed in the minds of those early German settlers. A lady observed to us, that those feelings were so strong in the mind of her grandmother, that she would not permit one of the "institution" to enter her apartments. Wood, water, etc., were placed at the door within her reach, and they were trained then to withdraw.

THE SOLDIER AND THE SUBSTITUTE.

When the fierce war of 1848 covered the beautiful hills and valleys of Italy with dead and wounded, a friend of the writer was, by the law of conscription, called to leave his home for the perils of the battle-field. His father tried every means to procure a substitute; he put advertisements in the papers, and offered a bounty of £80; but all in vain.

The day of departure came, and the young soldier, in silent despair, set off with his knapsack on his back, his gun on his shoulder, and filled with grief at being separated from his beloved parents, whose tears added to his sorrow. One of his cousins, whose generous heart was touched at the sight of his deep grief, followed him to the barracks, and having arrived at the conscript's office, he took the hand of the young soldier and said: "Dear Cesare, thy sorrow is worse than death to my heart. Come in, give me thy uniform, it will fit me as well as it does thee; I will go to the battle-field in thy stead. I am an orphan, thou art not. If I should die, only remember that I have loved thee."

The conscript at first refused; he could scarcely believe that his cousin was in earnest; and if so, how could he accept the generous offer? But as the noble fellow persisted in his determination, and pleaded with the eloquence of a loving heart, he succeeded at last in persuading Cesare Manati to accept this great proof of his friendship, and they went together to the war-office in order to settle the substitution.

Who can tell the gratitude of the parents of the redeemed conscript for the generous substitution? In the excess of his joy and gratitude the conscript's father offered the substitute £100; but he refused it, and said: "I go as a friend, not as a hireling; it is love, not money, which constrains me to take Cesare's place. If I die, only remember that I loved him."

He went—he fought—he died! A grateful heart raised a monument to his memory, with this epitaph:

"The redeemed conscript, Cesare Manati,
To his voluntary substitute, Carlo Donaldi."

This affecting story is but a faint shadow of the unbounded love of Jesus, the Son of the Living God. Sin had entered into the world, and death by sin. "But God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The claims of a holy and righteous God must be met, and the blessed Saviour knew that there was no substitute willing, loving, worthy, capable, except *Himself*. "None can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him." But the Lord *from heaven* "offered Himself to God . . . to bear the sins of many." Heb. ix. 14, 28. He came, "He gave his life a ransom for many." Matt. xx. 28. He died to save poor sinners like you and me; and by believing that "*Christ once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust*," we are delivered from death. This faith in His voluntary sacrifice has power to bring every kind of sinner *nigh to God*. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." John i. 12.

SOME GIANTS.

In 1718 a French academician named Henrion endeavored to show a great decrease in the height of men between the periods of the Creation and the Christian Era. Adam, he says, was 123 feet 9 inches high; Eve, 118 feet 9 inches; Noah, 27 feet; Abraham, 20 feet; Moses, 13 feet. The allegation about Adam is moderate compared with that made by early Rabbinical writers, who affirm that his head overtopped the atmosphere, and that he touched the Arctic Pole with one hand and the Antarctic with the other. Traditionary memorials of the primeval giants still exist in Palestine in the form of graves of enormous dimensions; as the grave of Abel near Damascus, which is 30 feet long; that of Seth about the same size; and that of Noah, in Labanon, which is 70 *yards* in length.

Pliny says that by an earthquake in Crete a mountain was opened, and in it was discovered a skeleton standing upright, 46 cubits long, which was supposed to be that of Orion or Otus. The same author relates that in the time of Claudius Cæsar there was a man, named Gabbaras, brought

by that Emperor from Arabia to Rome, who was 9 feet 4 inches high, "the tallest man that has been seen in our times." But this giant was not so tall as Posio and Secundilla, in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, whose bodies were preserved as curiosities in a museum in the Sallustian Gardens, and each of whom measured in length 10 feet 3 inches.

The Emperor Maximus (very much of a man) was 9 feet high, and was in the habit of using his wife's bracelet for a thumb-ring. His shoe was a foot longer than that of any other man, and his strength so great that he could draw a carriage which two oxen could not move. He generally ate forty pounds' weight of flesh and drank six gallons of wine every day. Not at all a desirable or profitable guest for the "St. Nicholas," even at the current price of board; though not so tall as one of whom Josephus tells, viz.: Eleazar, a Jew, who was one of the hostages whom the King of Persia sent to Rome after a peace. This giant was over 10 feet high. But these are pigmies compared with him of whom Kircher writes (though this is what a Yankee philosopher would denominate a whopper). The skeleton of this giant was dug out of a stone sepulchre near Rome in the reign of the Emperor Henry II., and which, by an inscription attached to it, was known to be that of Pallas, who was slain by Turnus, and was higher than the walls of the city! The same author tells us that another skeleton was found near Palermo that must have belonged to a man 400 feet high.

In times more modern (1613), some masons digging near the ruins of a castle at Dauphine in a field which by tradition had long been called "The Giant's Field," at the depth of 18 feet discovered a brick tomb 30 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 8 feet high, on which was a gray stone with the words "Theutobochus Rex" cut thereon. When the tomb was opened they found a human skeleton entire 25½ feet long, 10 feet wide across the shoulders, and 5 feet deep from breast to back. His teeth were about the size of an ox's foot, and his shin bone measured 4 feet in length.

Plot, in his "Oxfordshire," 1676, says that a skeleton 17 feet high was then to be seen in the town-hall in Lucerne. It had been found under an oak in Willisau, near the village of Reyden. He instances, numerous gigantic bones which had been dug up in England, and adds: "It remains that (notwithstanding their extravagant magnitude) they must have been the bones of men or women; nor does anything hinder but they may have been so, provided it be clearly made out that there have been men and women of proportionable stature in all ages of the world, down even to our own days."

Old Cotton Mather held the belief that there had been in the antediluvian world men of every prodigious stature, in consequence of the finding of bones and teeth of great size, which he judged to be human, in Albany. He describes one particular grinder weighing 4¾ pounds, and a broad, flat, fore tooth four fingers in breadth; also a bone supposed to be a thigh-bone, 17 feet long, which, with others, crumbled to pieces as soon as it was exposed to the air.—W. A. SEAVER, in *Harper's Magazine for July*.

THE TRUNDLE-BED.

As I rummaged through the attic,
List'ning to the falling rain
As it pattered on the shingles
And against the window pane;
Peeping over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread,
Saw I in the furthest corner
What was once my trundle-bed.

So I drew it from the recess
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song,
As she sung in sweetest accents
What I since have often read;
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of mem'ry,
Rushing, thronging to the spot;
And I wandered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was, with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said.
Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in mem'ry driven:
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father!
Father! who art in heaven."

This she taught me; then she told me
Of its import great and deep;
After which I learned to utter
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then it was, with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked: "Our Father!
O do Thou now bless my child!"

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has mouldered 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the home of God.
But that scene at Summer twilight
Never has from mem'ry fled;
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle-bed.

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Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

JUNE,
1870.

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Phila., Pa.
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GUARDIAN, JUNE, 1870.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

A. C. Linn, A. J. Eyerly, K. M. Hull, S. Schwenk, (1 sub.), W. Johnston, A. Krahn, Miss M. E. Johnston, A. Hoover, T. Allison, W. R. Yeich, Rev. B. Bausman, Dr. Schaffner, Rev. J. K. Millet, J. M. Sowder, Rev. L. K. Evans, Rev. J. S. Foulk, Rev. J. Knie, D. Hess, Office, (1 sub.), Rev. C. U. Heilman, J. Penn, D. Hess.

MONEYS RECEIVED.

A. C. Linn, Lewisburg, Pa., 1 50	21	Dr. Schaffner, Hummelstn', Pa., 1 50	21
L. J. Groh, Meyerstown, Pa., 4 00 19 to	21	Mary C. Meyer, Lamar, Pa., 1 50	21
Rev. W. R. Hofford, Allentown, Pa. 3 00 20 &	21	Mrs. A. E. Mayburry, Phila., Pa. 1 50	21
Female College, Allentown, Pa. 1 50	21	J. M. Sowder, Mercersburg, Pa., 1 00	21
A. J. Eyerly, Hagerstown, Md. 75	21	Rev. L. K. Evans, Williamsport, " 1 50	21
Rev. J. F. Snyder, Salem X Rd Pa. 1 50	21	Rev. J. S. Foulk, Baltimore, Md., 1 50	21
Mrs. D. G. Rhoads, Otley, Ohio, 1 50	21	M. Bushong, Enterprise, Pa., 1 15	21
S. Schwenk, Zieglersville, Pa., 1 50	21	Mr. C. R. Menning, Ebenzer, N. Y. 3 00 20 &	21
Miss M. E. Johnston, Gr'nca'e, " 1 50	21	Rev. I. G. Brown, Mercersburg, Pa. 3 00 21 &	22
E. C. Coon, Waynesboro, Pa., 3 00 20 &	21	Dr. J. McDowell, " " 1 50	21
Ananias Hoover, Ellick, Pa. 1 50	21	Kate Stetzel, " " 1 00	21
Dr. I. Lefevre, Mechanicst'n, Pa. 1 50	21	J. A. Novinger, Killinger, Pa., 1 00	21
Anna Wagner, Carlisle, Pa., 1 50	21	Mrs. M. M. Hoke, Chambersburg, " 1 50	21
T. Allison, Alum Bank, Pa., 1 50	21	E. D. Spinner, Spinnerstown, Pa. 7 00 19 to	23
Rev. J. Kretzing, Cochran's, Pa. 3 00 20 to	21	J. W. Messersmith, Baltimore, Md. 1 50	21
Rev. J. Ault, Mechanicsburg, Pa. 1 50	21	Henry M. Reber, Lebanon, Pa., 4 50 18 to	20
S. Zacharias, Reading, Pa., 1 50	21	Wm. Moyer, " " 1 50	21
Mrs. D. Ermentrout, " Pa., 3 00 20 to	21	Rev. J. A. Schultz, Fairview Vil., Pa. 1 50	21
Adam Leiss, Reading, Pa., 1 50	21	Miss H. A. Landis, Carlisle, Pa. 1 50	21

The Guardian.

VOL. XXI.—JUNE, 1870.—No. 6.

SUNDAYS ABROAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

“I saw the Blue Rhine sweep along—
I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing,
In chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river,
And up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded
Through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me,
As we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore,
And well remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly
And confidingly in mine—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,
Loved Bingen on the Rhine.”

On a spring morning of 1802 a small group stood on the wharf at Bingen on the Rhine. An elderly widow-lady with her oldest son, and a few of his companions, accompanied a young man to the river. He was her youngest, a tender youth, just leaving for America. At that time America seemed much farther away than now, and but few people came hither. A flat boat was in waiting to take the youth and a few traveling comrades down the river to Amsterdam. They had bought it for this trip. Their chests were already on board. The widow and her sons lived in an inland village ten or twelve miles from Bingen. Full many a time had their youthful voices joined in merry songs and mirthful glee, as they loitered along the winding foot-paths of the vine-clad hills of the Rhine around Bingen. Now the moist eyes of the youth rest upon the charming scene for the last time. His brother and comrades fall upon his neck and kiss him. And the mother presses him to her warm heart and covers his blushing face with kisses and tears. As the boat floated away the young men uncovered their heads, and with the mother gave

him the usual parting greeting of pious Germans: "Adieu, lieber Hahnes, auf Wiedersehen" (Adieu, dear John in hope of meeting again). Down the river floated the boat past the Binger-Loch (a whirl-pool) and the Mausturm (the ruins of an old tower), and when almost out of sight, the parting friends waved the right hand in final greeting, and with the left wiped away the tears still falling fast. Those on shore sadly returned to their village-home, and he on the boat floated gently along the romantic banks of the Rhine towards the new world in the far distant West, floated away too from French tyranny, which had marked him as a soldier to fight against his German fatherland.

"They meet no more at Bingen,
Loved Bingen on the Rhine."

Again, it is a pleasing spring morning a half a century later; the birds carol their merry songs in the gardens around a peaceful American home in the country. The youth of Bingen has reached the evening of life. His children and children's children are all around him, the whole family save the mother and a son, both lately gone to their heavenly home. And now, though these are absent, he gathers his offspring around him on the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage. His pastor prays and commends them all to the keeping of Israel's God. Full many a pleasing dream has he had about the joys of his youth in the fatherland. And many a sweet story of those early days has he told his children for the hundredth time. On the following morning his youngest is to leave home on a long pilgrimage. Like the patriarch of old, when sending his son to his kindred in Mesopotamia, the venerable father charges his youngest born to visit

"The vine clad hills of Bingen,
Fair Bingen on the Rhine."

My son, heed the words of thine aged father. I charge thee visit the scenes of my childhood. Search for my kindred and youthful comrades; greet them for me as we greeted when last we parted; go with them to the village church wherein I was baptized and confirmed; renew the sad adieu at Bingen, fifty years ago, and hail them with a Wiedersehen,

"Auf Wiedersehen im ewigen Vaterland."
We'll meet in th' everlasting Fatherland.

Since then the two brothers, after a separation of sixty years, have joined hands on the ever-green shore where partings are unknown.

And now, on a sunny Saturday afternoon this son stands for hours on the deck of a Rhine steamer, bearing him Bingenward, dreamily looking at the green mountain-banks of the beautiful river clothed with vines, climbing skyward, here and there recognizing places described by the half-forgotten stories of his childhood. The abysmal Binger-Loch and the haunted Mausturm, like the wand of a magician, peopled his memory with the dreamy fancies of childhood. To-morrow will be Sunday, it will be Sunday too at Freilaubersheim, and the neighboring villages. Allow him to tell a story about

SUNDAY IN THE VALLEY OF THE NAHE.

The bell of the steamer rings the signal as we approach Bingen. I press my way through the trunks, chests and people on the wharf, towards a coach, labelled "10 Silver-Groschen für Kreuznach." As my custom is, I asked for a seat aside the postilion, where I can have a better view than from the inside. From Kreuznach I leisurely travel afoot to the village of F. The road is even and solid as a pavement, and lined with large nut-trees. At the edge of the town I leaned on my staff at the hedge of the old grave-yard, and by the old church, engaging in lonely meditation, on the play-ground and house of prayer of the olden time.

But two of the friends on the Bingen wharf fifty years ago are living; the elder brother and one of the comrades. How the dear old men press my hand, and bless me, the son of the comrade of their childhood, and gave me a touching description of their walk to Bingen in the spring of 1802.

At six o'clock that Saturday evening, the bell of the village church rang. Soon after laborers, men, women and children, came from the fields, bringing their hoes and spades with them. What means the ringing of the Saturday evening bell? I asked.

"That is to tell the people to stop their week-day work and prepare for Sunday. You see they all stop their toiling tasks, and come home, as soon as the bell rings." This answer of my uncle greatly pleased me. This evening, indeed, all the evenings that I spent here, the streets were quiet; free from the noise and beer-scandals so prevalent in many German towns. It has but one drinking-place, a *small village* inn, where the few toppers and loafers can find entertainment.

"To-day we must go to church," remarked my venerable uncle on Sunday morning. Here there are but two denominations, Protestants and Catholics. The Protestants are composed of the Lutheran and Reformed members, united in one and the same Church. Freilaubersheim has but one church-edifice for both Protestants and Catholics. It is a very old stone building with a quaint tower, and a sweet-toned bell, and an ancient organ, played by the village schoolmaster. At one end of the church is the chancel and altar of the Catholic congregation. At another is the pulpit and small altar of the Protestants. While the latter are engaged in worship, the Catholic altar is covered with a cloth. One congregation holds its service at 9 A. M. The other at 11 A. M. Each has but one service a day. Both get along peaceably in the same building, each attending to its own business, and leaving others attend to theirs.

An hour before church time the village bell rang, and with it began the ringing of at least a dozen church bells, from one to eight miles off. Sitting with uncle on a wooden bench aside of the front door, I asked: "Have you other churches near the town? Whence the music of so many bells?"

"Yes, we have a dozen Dorfer villages around us, each having its church. All begin church at the same time, and when one rings all ring."

“But why so many towns so near together, Uncle?”

“The farmers here all live together in small towns, and not on their farms. Thus they are all near the school and church. Their small farms, of from one to twenty acres, lie around the town.”

Sweet was the music of those bells in the valley of the Nahe, on that Sunday morning. The soft solemn sounds of those farthest off blended with the peals of those less remote, forming a “harmony of sweet sounds.” Uncle and Aunt were both quite old people, and dressed after the fashion of old people in the rural districts of Germany. A little white cap, sack and petticoat, tidily arranged, constituted mainly her dress. Uncle wore woolen clothes and cap; a coat not fully up to the cut then in vogue in German cities. But like all sensible old people, they both preferred the fashions of their younger years, and to these they adhered.

I walked with them to the house of God. Uncle carried a hymn book; Aunt had hers carefully folded in her snow-white kerchief. When we reached the pew, Uncle stood a few moments holding his cap before his face, and Aunt folded her hands around her hymn book, bowed her head, and both prayed. And I stood devoutly aside of them and prayed too. And I knew that my father used to enter his pew the same way in this church, when he was a young man. But few people came to church that day, who did not make the same solemn beginning.

The church had a paved floor, and a high round pulpit, with room for only one to stand in it. At the foot of the pulpit stairs was a small box-like apartment, for the minister to occupy until the services began. A small black board hung to the wall, had the numbers of the hymns written on it. As soon as we had prayed silently in the pew, we turned to the first hymn, as did all the rest. The pastor announced no hymn, but left the black board tell what was to be sung.

After the singing of the first hymn, a tall man, scarcely thirty years of age, in a black flowing robe, stepped out of the box to the altar, and read the gospel for the day, prayed and then retired, while another hymn was sung. His text was Ephesians, 4: 28. The sermon gave a clear, edifying exposition of the text, in style far above what an American country congregation of this sort could appreciate. But the rural population of Germany is well educated in matters of religion. Their week-day schools are thorough in their instructions. The children all learn their catechisms therein, and receive instruction from the pastor twice a week all the year round. These plain-habited village people have more knowledge in theology than people of their standing in America usually possess. Everybody here had a hymn book, and everybody sung. Very pleasant was it to see every lady, old and young, having her hymn book carefully folded in her white kerchief. The organist being also the schoolmaster, had taught all the young people the church-tunes. There is no experimenting with new tunes in worship. The old chorals, which their fathers sung, are still used. Now that we are outside the church, we can better see the people. All earnest looking, working people, unspoiled by the fashions and follies of city life. The men, young and old, dress in a plain style. Not a few wear home made garments. Almost every family owns a few sheep, and raises a patch of flax every year, and

spins its own wool and flax in winter time, and has its clothes woven by the village weaver. The young ladies, who spend much of their summer time at work in the fields, may well have rosy cheeks, and voices sweet as the nightingales that sing on the trees around the village. I saw no foolish aping of city manners, nor vain flourish of feathers and fancy styles. These rustics are content to be themselves and nobody else, and for that they deserve praise.

"Quite a large congregation, you have here," I remarked to Uncle as we walked home. "Yes; from a child I have worshiped in this church, but never saw it so full as to day. It was rumored that the American stranger would preach."

"But why come for that reason?"

"Well, it is very rarely that an American visits our village, especially an American minister, and least of all, the clerical son of a former burgher of our dorf."

"Then, your Freilaubersheimer people do not all attend church?"

"Alas, no. Many of our people never go near the church, save at funerals. The revolution of 1848 has made us much trouble. Then some of our people learned not only to hate kings, but also the church and her ministers. They charged the latter with aiding tyranny, and serving as the police of kings. For a while very few came near the church. Then an unbelieving pastor was sent to us. He brought some of them back, but only to poison their minds still further with false doctrine. Now we have an earnest, good minister, but many of our people refuse to attend his services."

The village people seemed to take kindly to me. Old and young men lifted their caps as I and Uncle walked homeward, and old grandmothers paused with their little urchins at the garden gate to let them see the "Amerikaner" as he passed by. The older people dressed precisely as did their parents, fifty years ago. The same hymns and the same chorals or tunes were sung at church as then.

Soon an agreeable circle of new friends clustered around me, among others, some of the village officials. One an intelligent young man, the "Herr Einnehmer" (Treasurer), as he was called when first introduced; the other Förster (Forester), who had charge of the village forest. For here, where the wood is very scarce, every village has its tract of woodland, where the people get their fuel. This is given in charge of a keeper, who keeps thieves from stealing wood or game, and superintends the planting of trees and the felling of them. The Förster of F—— was an agreeable elderly gentleman, with a gray beard and graceful manners. Perhaps feeling the dignity of his office a little, which gave him a sort of military bearing.

In the afternoon the Förster and the Einnehmer proposed a walk to the Ebernburger Schloss. This is a celebrated castle several miles from here, on the banks of the river Nahe. Would I not accompany them? Indeed, I was eager to make a pilgrimage to a castle which once belonged to Franz von Sickingen, the Knight of the Reformation; the last of the Knights-errant. There he, at different times, gave shelter to Melancthon, Bucer and Oecolampadius. Ulrich von Hütten wrote several of his

works within these venerable walls. I should like to visit Ebernburg Schloss; and as it performed a memorable part in the religious struggles of the Reformation, one might take a walk thither on a day sacred to religion.

Leisurely a group of half a dozen followed the Förster through his wooded domain. Then over fragments of farms, parcelled and patched together like a quilt, their owners all living in some neighboring village. Only one country farm-house we passed; a Bauern Hoff, as it is called, where a wealthy land-owner lived on his farm; a stone wall enclosed all the buildings belonging to it.

After crossing the small river Nahe, we ascended the winding road to a hill top overhanging it, crowned with the castle. Its old walls look as if they might have defied the assaults of any army in Reformation times. We followed the Förster through a damp, half-lighted ante-chamber. Opening the hall door, the Förster bade me enter, which I was reluctant to do; for it was a regular beer-kneipe. A noisy drinking crowd sat along long tables, with pipes and mugs of beer. The hall was dark with tobacco smoke, concealing the pleasing sunlight outside. "Guten Tag Herr Förster," came from a dozen voices as my friend entered, not a few rising boisterously to offer him a seat and a mug of beer. I can not remember a single name of the Förster's jovial friends; albeit, he introduced me to a number as Herr Farrer — aus Amerika. Seated at one of the tables, I had not exactly a clear view of the scene where there was so much smoke. The Förster strolled through the hall, here and there lifting his cap at the vociferous salutations of heated friends. Waiting girls hastened to and fro with their mugs, while shouts of loud laughter and animated conversation filled the hall with a noise.

Longfellow's Hyperion tells of a certain prisoner in Whitehall, who thought himself in hell; for here, "some were sleeping, others swearing, others smoking tobacco; and in the chimney of the room there were two bushels of broken tobacco pipes, and almost half a load of ashes."

It was not so bad here, yet bad enough. What would Melanchthon, Bucer and Oecolampadius, and even the heroic Sickingen say, could they revisit this hall, once sacred to religion? So asked I, whilst quietly looking on this turbulent scene. The Förster knew that I should feel ill at ease in such an atmosphere, and made but a brief stay. Who are these convivial fellows? Persons from Kreutznach, and from the neighboring villages, who, for the sake of a Sunday afternoon's walk or ride, resort hither to mingle in social intercourse. The short visit to this drinking hall spoiled my impressions of Sickingen's Schloss. It was a charming afternoon, and the road winding along the banks of Nahe toward Kreutznach, was lined with people walking and in cabs.

We returned to the village after a few hours' absence, where I spent the evening in the quiet home of my uncle. Indeed, a pleasing Sabbath stillness rested on the entire village. In the afternoon and evening no religious services of any kind were held. Groups of people, old and young, leisurely strolled through the village forest, and among the green fields, the children merrily prattling and plucking wayside flowers, and the older people engaging in innocent conversation.

A VILLAGE PASTOR IN GERMANY.

Pastor Karl L——, is a gentleman of a thorough university education, and of fine literary taste. He is the only Protestant pastor of F——; has been such for several years. All the Protestant children of the village are compelled to attend the instructions of the schoolmaster of the congregation. He gives them daily religious instruction in the Catechism. And Pastor L—— visits the school and examines the children in the catechism two or three times a week. Every Sunday he preaches once in the village church, and every other Sunday afternoon, in the small church of a neighboring hamlet. He knows all his people, old and young, by name, and they know him. His salary is 600 or 800 gulden. Although a gulden is only forty cents in our money, it will go as far in Germany as a dollar will with us. Besides this, he has the use of a commodious parsonage and some fifteen acres of fertile land. He receives his whole support from the Government; all the church members, instead of supporting the pastor directly, pay their taxes to the State, which in turn pays their spiritual guide. Thus, his support is always secure, whether the people like him or not. In some German villages not one in ten of the people attend church, and yet the pastor regularly receives his salary.

Very pleasant are my recollections of Pastor L—— and his amiable wife and sweet children. Three children they had, little angels, which seemed not yet to have learned evil. They lived in frugal elegance. Not a carpet in the whole house; albeit, some of the floors were painted or strewn with white sand. Their hospitable board, void of needless display, contained the few but nutrient dishes, which the discreet German housewife so well knows how to prepare. Pastor L—— was well booked in the religious and political literature of his nation, in discussing which we spent many an agreeable hour. Now and then, the meek lady of the house, who diligently plied her knitting needles, would gently put in a question. Thus we three, and the three innocents, who, with subdued voice and soft tread, engaged in their gleeful play, formed many an evening group, which I still with joy remember.

"Herr Pfarrer," said Mrs. L——, one morning, "will you honor us with your company this afternoon, on a little *ausflug*?" (Excursion.) "Whither, Frau Pfarrer?" (In Germany a pastor's wife is addressed by her husband's title, with a feminine termination.) "It is the birthday of our Churfürst (the Grand Duke of Hessen Darmstadt), which we usually celebrate, in a neighboring grove."

On a wooded hill, a mile or two from the village, we met a select assemblage of about a hundred people. They had come from a few of the nearest villages, bringing their pastors with them. A band and a choir discoursed sweet music. Groups of people sat under the shade trees chatting with innocent glee. Young men and maidens strolled arm-in-arm through the grove. Around several beer kegs less refined groups stood with mug in hand, quaffing their favorite beverage. Three pastors, with their families, and a village physician, with two intelligent daughters, formed a select group, of which I was invited to form a part. On the

grassy earth we sat, all unbending merrily in the most familiar way. Now and then, one of the pastors would move through the crowd, to greet his members and neighbors. Men and boys, without exception, took off their caps as he approached, and he, in turn, his hat. He is saluted as the Herr Pfarrer (Mr. Pastor), and not by his proper name. Towards evening the conversation became more animated, at length boisterous, the result of the beer. Our group seemed annoyed by the scene. The clergy proposed to retire homeward. And thus ended the birth day festival of the Churfürst of Hessen Darmstadt.

"To-morrow we have a Pastoral Conference at Bosenheim, I invite you 'höfflichts' to be present," said Pastor L——. A few miles' walk over a charming road brought us thither. Five ministers met at the house of the village pastor for literary and social intercourse. One read an essay on the diseases of the pastoral office and their cure. A familiar conversation followed on the same general subject. These brethren have trials, of which we American pastors are happily ignorant. They are trammelled by State regulations, which force into their church councils irreligious officials. "How is it in America? How do you govern your churches? How visit your people? How raise your salaries?" With these and many kindred questions did they ply me.

"How much better it is in America," they all exclaimed. "Herr Schreiber," exclaimed one, "write these points on our minutes for future discussion." The inevitable social meal or dinner was not lacking.

Withal, the German country pastor is a happy man, at least, he ought to be. He is the first man in his village. He is honored after a certain style, even by those who discard his ministrations. Walking the streets of F——, with my friend, his presence would uncover every head, himself doffing his hat most ceremoniously before everybody. He knows the secret trials and joys of every home; can call every village child by name. He lays the moulding hand of his office on the souls of the people, from the cradle to the grave—from the baptism, schooling and confirmation of the child, to its burial. He has no petty clerical rivalries, and clerical mountebanks to contend with. No proselyting sect plants its pilfering conventicle into his parish; no wolf of this kind to steal his sheep. Each village has one church, and one pastor. Whereas, many towns of this size in America have half a dozen sickly congregations, each trying in part to steal its pasture and its sheep from the others. Correct some of the evils existing in the religious and state regulations of Germany, and give their flocks ministers who are as skillful pastors as they are able theologians, and the Protestant churches of the fatherland, by the blessing of God, might be made a Paradise of religious prosperity.

A blessing on my friend Pastor L—— and his family. I can yet see him as we parted last, on the market square of the ancient city of Ober Jugelheim. With touching tenderness we embraced and kissed each other.

His last word was, "Auf Wiederseh'n." Thence he retired to his quiet country parish, and I roved sadly onward through "the wide, wide world."

GOD'S ACRE.

I know a quiet burial-ground,
Where, on their last low bed,
In many deep and secret graves,
A Soul has laid her dead.

It is no place of church-yard gloom,
Where nought but yew-trees grow ;
But all the year on every tomb
Bright-colored flowers blow.

And He who sowed them comes each day,
Nay, even every hour—
To take the noxious weeds away,
And cherish every flower.

And oft, as now, I silent stand,
To watch His husbandry,
For here the workings of His hand
Are wonderful to see.

So strange it is—His seed upsprings,
And plants grow strong and high,
E'en on the graves wherein the things
That Soul most hated lie !

Here, where her youthful Haughtiness
Was buried years ago,
Here violets of Lowliness
In fullest fragrance grow.

And there, where with such royal grace,
Her Truth's white lilies rise,
Is but the cross-road burial-place
Where felon Falsehood lies.

And *here*, where now her rose-tree, Love,
Entwines its glowing wreath,
And waves so joyfully above,
Foul Hatred rots beneath.

And so on all her graves I find,
And strange it is to me—
He plants fair flowers of just the kind
Which there none hoped to see.

And when I ask her why 'tis so,
She never plainly tells,
But humbly whispers soft and low,
In little parables.

I asked her only yesterday,
And she replied but thus :
*The strength of every foe we slay
All passes into us.*
Sunday Magazine.

KING ETHELBERT,
AND CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE ANGLO-SAXONS.
From the German of E. Nöldechen.

BY L. H. S.

The Celtic population of Britain, which had come from the slopes of the Himalaya in remote antiquity to the distant western island, had been long won over to the religion of the cross, when the Germanic tribes, the Tutes, Angles and Saxons, invaded the country, sword in hand (445). An attractive prize was before them ; London was a place of considerable importance even in the time of Nero, as was York in that of Constantine. Christianity, with its temporal blessings also, had found a safe abode there, since the reign of the latter Emperor.

The Romans had already withdrawn (427), when the Germans, under Hengist and Horsa arrived. They found a very degenerate form of Christianity in fact among the Britons, which was continually retrograding in the western mountains. For a century and a half thereafter the Germans dwelt there as heathens, leaving monumental indications of the same to their Christian posterity ; the stone of Horsa was still visible in East Kent in 731. The glad tidings were at length brought to the heathen in 597 from Rome ; they would not have willingly received them from neighbors with whom they were at deadly enmity. Ethelbert of Kent became the first Christian king.—A young warrior, he had already extended his dominion over the East Anglo-Saxons to the Humber, when he sought to strengthen his power by a foreign alliance. The wife of his choice was Bertha, the niece of Chilperic, a descendant of that Chlodowig, who had formerly (496) bent his neck before Bishop Remigius. Bertha's uncle was not favorable to a heathen alliance, but when Ethelbert assured her of freedom to worship in her father's faith, the marriage was consummated. Liudhard, a bishop of the Franks, was permitted to accompany the Princess and even to consecrate a small Christian chapel in heathen Albion. This long existing, but long unused house of God bore the name of Saint Martin (born in 336), and had been constructed during the Roman times of Christianity in Britain. This was the state of affairs, when those forty Roman monks (597) landed on the island of Thanet in the neighborhood of the present Ramsgate. A door seemed to have been opened, but the old German heathenism was almost unbroken.

Woden was then, not considered as the creator and ruler of the world,

but as the god of war and the progenitor of their kings. Like the Phœnician Moloch he delighted in human sacrifices, and all those slain in battle he took to Valhalla. And like the god so were the people, war was their delight; a piratical mode of life had given them a knowledge of "those distant coasts;" highway robbery was much more honorable for them than theft. In drinking and dice-throwing the old furor was sometimes aroused; murder and deadly encounters were not unfrequently the end of their carousals. Their clothes were made of the skins of animals; on New-Year's night they practised strange masquerades, in which the heroes were adorned with sheep's, stags' and calves' heads. Their ideas of the beautiful were singular: they raised the skin and inserted various colored substances beneath it, as so many of the heathen are accustomed now to do. Their food was fish, which they caught very awkwardly, and their favorite horse-flesh, which Augustine opposed in England, as Ansgar did afterwards in Sweden. Their drink was mead, for wine was too costly; it was the drink of the gods, and but seldom that of heroes. Their dwellings were badly-constructed wooden-houses, and their cities were small. They were also ignorant of the arts of reading and writing.

The natural endowments of these Anglo-Saxons were nevertheless attractive. Ovid may have sneered at their ancestors, then living in Germany, on account of "their ruddy features covered with long hair," but Bishop Gregory seems more appropriately to have praised their "angel-like faces surrounded with flaxen hair." Respect for woman, and hospitality were their ancient German inheritance. Traces of the infancy of art were also to be found. Metrical songs were in use. At their carousals the warrior struck the lyre and sang a song, or chanted in melancholic strains of grief for the slain, or of the fearful ocean. The sweet gift of song itself had a tendency to elevate them; and when the carousal became boisterous, the singer's protest was heard "that the pleasure of victory shall only be opened to heroes in the halls of honor." Furthermore they were free from unnatural vices, and we are reminded of St. Paul's own words about the Gentiles being "a law unto themselves."

When Augustine reached the land of these Germans, he sent an interpreter to Ethelbert to announce his arrival and object. The king permitted them to remain and ordered them to be entertained. After a few days the King came and, taking a place out of doors, granted an interview to the monks. Fear of witchcraft prevented him receiving them in any house. At the King's command the monks were seated while he stood; their doctrines seemed fair but at the same time novel and unsafe, and he could not forthwith forsake that which he, with all the Angles, had so long followed. It was, however, stated to him, that they came as friends from a distant land, and that they certainly desired to give instructions touching the things they esteemed true and excellent. He was ready to guard them from molestation, and receive them in good faith. Liberty of speech was granted the messengers, and it was optional with his people to receive the new doctrines or not. A residence was then given them in his metropolis of Canterbury. The monks took possession of the same, bearing an image of their King Christ, and singing.

In a short time the King himself became a convert. His Christian wife, the conversion of all the Franks, the sacred sweetness of the new heavenly truth, the unselfish lives of the monks, all must have had some influence in the formation of the King's resolution. And his faith bore fruit. Soon the Cloister and Church of Canterbury were established, the latter being called in honor of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. The stones of the Abbey were to enshrine many blessings, and it was connected then, as in our days, with a Missionary Seminary. At length Ethelbert's faith shone forth more beautiful than in ecclesiastical architecture; for, although he did not employ force in the conversion of his subjects, he received the brethren who became such of their own accord with joy "as members of the Heavenly Kingdom."

A few years thereafter this "famous son" received a fresh stimulus from "Father" Gregory, "the servant of the servants of God." He was admonished in a letter to extend the faith among the people entrusted to him; "abolish the worship of idols, destroy the heathen temples; become pure thyself, diligently admonish others; warn, attract, reform with zeal, do good and build up." Like Constantine of blessed memory, he should labor to excel the fame of his predecessors. Cleaning himself from all stains, he would approach with trusting heart the awful presence of God. He should "willingly listen to the instructions of Augustine, humbly execute them, zealously keep them in memory." He was reminded of the end of all things: he might have to endure storms, war, hunger, pestilence, earthquakes and other horrors from heaven. He should not fear, but become familiar with death. Presents and the blessing of St. Peter accompanied the letter."

Bede does not inform us whether Ethelbert made any practical use of the specific advice of Gregory and of similar advice received later from Pope Boniface. He died (618) twenty-one years after the landing of Augustine, in the 56th year of his reign. His remains were deposited in the portico of St. Martin's Church, along-side of the bones of his wife Bertha, who had died before him; his second wife survived him. The Church of his land long after his death eulogized him, because he had afforded protection to its bishops, ministers and cloisters against robbery and violence. The code of laws that produced such effects, he had borrowed from Rome, but had adapted them, with the aid of wise men of his land, to English requirements. His son Eadbald married his step-mother (1 Cor. v. 1); whether his father's instructions were to blame for this or not, is a difficult matter to determine now.

In Ethelbert we recognize the first representative of the Christianity of his people; hence it is proper to connect his name with a survey of what the religion of the Cross had accomplished among the German maritime people. The historical mind does not dream indeed of an Utopia here, such as a countryman of Ethelbert described long afterwards in glowing colors. He who recognizes the spots, which his present experience still detects in the Bride of the Lord, cannot expect them absent in those days, when after a long worship of idols they began first to put on the garments of Christ. Indeed, when several centuries after Ethelbert's era had passed away (1051), the Anglo-Saxon Aelfric made

complaint of the numerous traces of heathenism that were even then remaining, there were those who sought, in the commencement of spring, by magic arts to prolong life and secure health, who studied the light of the moon and regulated their journeys by it, who were superstitious about days and feared Monday as an unlucky day, who cursed their cattle because these belonged to the Devil and such curses would be effective as blessings, who said "they must fulfil their destiny as though God would urge any one to evil deeds."

But the night passed away and the day came on. A manhood, rooted in Christ, ameliorated the fearful serfdom of early times, even if it did not wholly close up this deep wound of social life. No Anglo-Saxon dare purchase his countrymen any longer; even the rights of children were ensured against the arbitrariness of parents (Mal. iv. 6). Christian piety, although in a monastic garb, took hold of the heart. The Anglo-Saxon Church furnished an apostle to the Germans and supplied the mature fruit of its commendable cultivation to the mother-country.

As regards particulars: Augustine had already enjoined infant Baptism. Aelfric also considered its introduction as a necessity. "Let us reflect," he says, "what we have promised God at our baptism. It is asked: how so? promised? what can a child promise?" And he reverts to antiquity: the baptized adults then indeed renounced the Devil and expressly devoted themselves to Christ, but now the faith of the parents is accepted instead of, and as security for, the child. The reason for early baptism is this, to wit, that we do not know whether the child will ever grow up to adult age. The solemnization of marriage was influenced by some of the old, national customs that had been enlivened by the Church with a new spirit. According to the old custom, the parents or guardians of the bride received a sum of money from the bridegroom, a present was made to the bride herself, and a jointure was determined upon at the betrothal. The latter was not binding, if its annulment was accompanied with a fixed forfeiture, for which reason those precontracts, that played so important a role in the history of Henry VIII, had the sanction of great antiquity. The ceremonies took place three days before the consummation of the marriage (Tobit viii. 4). Bride and bridegroom came with their attendants to the Church. The Priest took the ring, blessed it with prayer, gave it to the bridegroom, who placed it upon the middle-finger of the left hand of his bride. Thereupon the Priest said: "May God the Father bless, Jesus Christ preserve, the Holy Ghost shine upon you." Then the pair presented themselves at the altar, kneeling on the lowest step, while a purple-robe was held extended over them. The Priest turned to them and with uplifted hands, pronounced the nuptial benediction. The loveliness of Rachel, the wisdom of Rebecca, the faith and old age of Sarah were invoked for the bride. At the close the Priest pronounced the blessing also upon the bridegroom, who followed with a kiss to the bride, and both then partook of the Lord's Supper. It must be admitted, however, that, in spite of this, married life was considered more imperfect than the single state. Bede, in the Homilies, has, it is true, some emphatic expressions of dissatisfaction with those who prided themselves on the lat-

ter condition, and directs their attention to the marriage in Cana; and Aelfric refers not only to the fact that Bede considered virginity, widowhood, and the married estate as representing progressive steps in the scale of honor, but insisted upon it that the ratio of rewards laid down in Matt. xiii. 8, indicated *their* respective heavenly rewards. At funerals there were also traces of heathen customs. As now with the cognate Saxons in Siebenbürgen loud wailings for the deceased are customary, a paucity of words indicates lack of feeling, and one goes to the funeral only to hear how "beautifully" or "shamefully" the dead has been bewailed, so the old Saxons, just escaped from heathenism, mourned as those who had no hope, and not unfrequently, in the fullness of their grief, disfigured their faces. An opposite custom is also mentioned; funeral feasts with "heathen songs" and uproarious laughter were the objects of priestly reproof. There was another feature more innocent, the women were accustomed to prepare the burial linen with great zeal, and costly materials were used to dress the body for the last journey as though for some earthly journey. Candles borne by the clergy belonged to the splendor of the funeral ceremonies, although these were less common than later in the Middle Ages. A beautiful custom of distributing alms to the poor at the funeral also existed.

Latin was preferred in public worship: the Gospel and Epistle were read indeed in the Anglo-Saxon, the sermon was generally delivered in the language of the people, but the whole of the Liturgy was in the language of Rome. In the midst of an English sermon, Latin apologies addressed to the intelligent hearers must have sounded strangely, apologizing, for instance, for the tediousness of their account of the story of Job because of the ignorance of the masses. How rich the sermons were in mere verbal explanations may be seen when we learn that Aelfric connected a comparison of the character of languages with the word "Hallelujah!" "No tongue is so sublime as the Hebrew! Latin sounds more abject, more humble, therefore, use Latin alone in times of fasting." The Latin Bible was naturally closed to the people: this very concealment was pointed at by the Priests with expressions of satisfaction. Nevertheless it was unwillingly acknowledged that the Latin did not prevent heresy: "Heretical books both in English and Latin are to be had." The dividing-lines between Priest and Laity were sharply defined in their sermons: "that is sufficient for you laymen,—the secret things are not for you."

The celebration of Sunday was protected by law. Labor in the garden or woods, framing timber and erecting houses, weaving and washing were expressly forbidden; also wool combing and sheep-shearing. But such protection did not prevent More in his Utopia from looking at the consumers of mutton in cities and villages as contributing to a national misfortune, to wit, the conversion of arable land into pasture for sheep-breeding, nor the enactment of Henry VIII, that forbade such perilous exclusive appropriation of arable land. The preparation of meals, and unavoidable journeys were expressly permitted: the strictness of Scottish law was never enjoined upon the Angles and Saxons.

As regards annual festivals, Palm-Sunday and Candlemas-day were al-

ways kept. The latter, February 2d, as is known, partly obtained its peculiarities from heathen Rome (Lupercalia and Amburvalia). Strange, that the Christian Heptarchy was so closely bound to the central point of the Church, that even the heathen Roman element existing in its Christian conceptions was transplanted along with them, and that these counterbalanced the weight of the prevailing faith in Woden. The Roman Church substituted the consecration of candles and processions with them, for the torch-light processions of heathen Rome, and in consequence of a strong tendency to similarity, this scion was also grafted into the other wild olive tree of German heathenism. "On this day," says Aelfric, referring exclusively to the Biblical factor of the festival, "we carry our candles to Church so that we may have them blessed; then we proceed to the religious houses, singing the prescribed hymn. Although many are not able to sing, still they can carry a candle; to-day the Saviour carried the true light to the temple." On Palm-Sunday a similar piece of symbolism was employed, although of pure Christian origin. Foggy England, separated from the rest of the globe, then needed a large supply of palm branches; and this may have perhaps presented no less a difficulty than the regular supply of wine for the laity did in cold Sweden in post-reformation times. The Anglo-Saxon Priests standing up on Palm-Sunday, blessed the branches and distributed them among the people. "The servants of God sing the hymn the Jews sang. We imitate the believing Jews: the palm betokens victory, and Christ is victorious."

Pilgrimages were in great favor. All the Germans were fond of travel, but the Anglo-Saxons were peculiarly so. The principal point of attraction was the Holy Land; its great distance, the government of infidels in the sacred places, the strange tongues of the lands through which they had to pass, could not suppress the pious inclination. A kinsman of Wilfried, afterwards Bishop of Eichstädt, undertook this pilgrimage. Greater numbers were attracted to Rome on account of its nearness. Charlemagne and Conrad had successively promised protection on the dangerous journey. But they could not remove all the danger. Boniface complained of the dissolute women, whose deep degradation was displayed in Lombardy; and not unfrequently the expiatory pilgrimages resulted in gross licentiousness. The remains of Thomas, the Martyr, at home, presented no object for a more safe Summer excursion, and the attraction from abroad presented by those of St. Jago, the Saint of Compostella, which in the beginning of the great Reformation attracted so many pilgrim-ships from English ports, was but slight, since visits to them were under the control of special laws with the view of preventing the transmission of public secrets and the exportation of money.

The condition of the slaves was slightly ameliorated, although still somewhat severe; the beginning of the abolition of the shameful institution was at hand. Already under the heathen government of Rome, prominent Christians had manumitted thousands of slaves, and such manumission had received the sanction of the Church; something of a similar character took place here also. At a Synod, held in Calciuth, it was unanimously resolved, that at the death of each Prelate all the slaves

of English birth, acquired by his Church during his administration, should be set free, a custom similar to one that prevailed in Rome.

But no condition was so thoroughly inwoven with the cultus of the Anglo-Saxon people as that of monasticism; in it rested the roots of Anglo Saxon Christianity. It is true, there was not the great variety of Monks that afterwards existed in the Middle Ages. Mendicant friars black and gray, white Carmelites, black and white Carthusians, Templars of the Red Cross, and Knights of St. John with the White Cross, these were strange to the dawn of monasticism. But the Rule of Benedict with the peculiarities of Gregory had come to England along with Augustine. And at a later period there was a rivalry between the noble Aidan of Iona, and Lindisfarne, which latter soon became in the East what Iona was in the West. How attractive to the people were these excellent monks!

As St. Patrick once invited Ireland by the beating of drums to the preaching of the Word, so the Abbot Aldhelm of Malmesbury attracted these people by the playing of a harp to the way of the Cross, and the sweet sounds of the organ were heard before the commencement of the service. Kings emulated each other in the founding of Cloisters; many celebrated Abbeys of this early Christian period disappeared in the general destruction of the monastic life. Among these may be mentioned that of Wonichcombe in what is now Gloucestershire, founded in 811 by Coinulf of Mercia, who set free his prisoner, the King of Kent, upon the steps of the altar of its Chapel, at its consecration. Founded a second time in 985, this important Cloister fell in the reign of Henry VIII, by the advice of "the Commissioner of the West." Still more important were those of Glastonbury in the West, and Westminster in the East: both boasting Anglo-Saxon Princes as their founders. The great reputation of these Abbeys soon gave them enormous wealth, and when at length their end was decreed, their income was said to have been 4000 pounds sterling. The names of Benson of Westminster and Whiting of Glastonbury are connected with their tragical dissolution. In Glastonbury there were specially dear remembrances connected with the Anglo-Saxon times; there Saint Dunstan commenced his reform of the Monasteries, there he imparted his first instructions to the Irish Monks, thence he was called to the Primacy of England. So princely were its surroundings, that the four great parks of the Abbey were considered by "the Commissioners of the West" as only suited for a King. But Westminster recalls to mind a peculiar institution, which was founded in Anglo-Saxon times and had taken such deep root that it survived even the overthrow of that venerable Abbey, the place of refuge. The Old Testament (Deut. iv. 41-43) and classic heathen origin of this institution is very manifest. It was quite general in the Christian Roman Empire, after Theodosius, and thence it was transplanted among the Anglo-Saxons. And surely, in the days of bloody self-defence, which infant Christianity could not magically eradicate, it must have been a blessing for a criminal to be at first protected from the rage of the injured or the fury of relatives. Indeed the wisdom of the great King Alfred (901), gradually extended the length of the protection from three days, to sev-

en and nine, and finally forty days, during which each Parish Church could afford protection to offenders. But whilst there were certain classes of criminals debarred from protection in the ordinary places of refuge, as for instance highway robbers, Westminster had the distinctive privilege of extending protection to all. So it soon came to pass, that the boldest malefactor might have his place of refuge, prowl through the streets a terror to all, and yet retire to his protection, unpunished for his new crimes; and so tenaciously was this institution of Anglo-Saxon days retained, that even the Reform-Parliament (1529-1536), in true obstinate English love for sacred antiquity, allowed the place of refuge at Westminster to continue in its immediate neighborhood.

Let us glance at Anglo Saxon architecture, in closing. Here Wilfried's name is prominent, the same Wilfried who when an exile from York, established Christianity in Sussex (668). It was he who covered the Cathedral of York with a lead roof, and introduced glass-windows instead of linen curtains. The Abbey of Hexham on the borders of Scotland was his last much-admired work. As Solomon brought his workmen from Tyre, so Wilfried his builders from Rome: it was boldly stated that there was nothing more beautiful than Hexham this side of the Alps. After a thousand years its old magnificence had indeed disappeared, when Lee, the opponent of Erasmus, sat in Wilfried's chair, but he was ready to break a lance for the preservation of the old "*Hagultald*," that had extended its peace and blessing during the border-wars, and was not willing that its architectural grandeur should go to ruin.

In the days of the Reformation an opinion was held adverse to Anglo-Saxon Christianity. Bale, Bishop of Ossory, who was of the number of those exiled under bloody Mary, and Parker, the teacher of Elizabeth, who was made by her Archbishop of Canterbury, expressed the opinion, that England in the sixth century had only received panegyrists of Romish customs, but not ministers of the faith. Such an opinion was manifestly given in the heat of the fight, of the *good* fight. But when one recognizes Christ as the beginning and end, when one is not so blinded as to extol Christ our Lord as appearing in something wholly new in the work of our blessed Reformation, he can by careful examination among the Angles and the Saxons, find even in Ethelbert's house costly pearls to rejoice his heart; if there are not contained forces in monastic robes, our glance must be more free and the treasures more incorruptible which have been the results of guidance from on high.



MEMORY AND ACTION.—Memory presides over the past; action over the present. The first lives in a rich temple hung with glorious trophies, and lined with tombs; the other has no shrine but duty, and walks the earth like a spirit.

AS IT WAS.

BY MARY ELLEN.

[*Concluded from last Number.*]

EDUCATIONAL.

In proportion to numbers, we do not hesitate to say, that in this regard, they are in advance of the Northern section of the Church. Especially, is this true of female education. If not in realization, it expresses itself in their ardent aspirations. Youth seemed to lay hold of their opportunities for instruction, as of a prize, ready to elude their grasp. To use a North Carolina provincialism, the public schools were "of no account;" hence parents were called upon to make greater sacrifices for their children. Upon such the influence of pastors and earnest laymen was such as almost to compel an acquiescence on the side of duty. In this, pastors themselves took the lead, and example goes farther than precept. When a pastor attaches importance to the educational interests of *his* family, the leaven generally permeates his entire flock. One faithful laborer opened a school himself, in order to afford nurture to the lambs of his fold, including those of his own household. Earnestly he thus strove to lead them to the "Higher Life." A minister's wife plied her needle (sewing machines were yet a rarity) day after day, to enable her to increase their small income sufficiently to educate a family of daughters. This seemed to be the burden of her hopes. The family of another, in straitened circumstances, actually denied themselves, to furnish wherewith to supply the necessary amount to enable one of their number, in turn, to obtain this coveted boon. It has been our happy privilege to assist in teaching the "young idea" in hundreds of instances; yet we have failed to see anywhere, a greater amount of enthusiasm in the class room. Their advantages were necessarily more circumscribed, and "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." If possible, it would seem as though these privileges were afforded too abundantly in some more highly favored localities, or purchased too cheaply; else why so much neglect in way of appreciation?

A daughter of a deceased Reformed minister expressed ardent desires to have an education. She was talented; but her widowed mother could not assist her in procuring the much longed for blessing. The whole Reformed community became interested. One lady came forward nobly, and said, "I will board her gratis;" another, "I will furnish her books," and the teacher offered her tuition, free of charge. The message was forwarded to the daughter, but her mother lamented her inability to cultivate her few acres of ground without the assistance of this, her elder child. Ar-

rangements were subsequently made, but national commotions put an end to their being carried out. Since that, a touching letter has been received from a noble-hearted young woman of that locality, which goes to verify what has been stated. "Oh!" said she, "next to the death of dear friends, do I sadly regret the loss of an education, as a result of the difficulties of the past few years." Though teaching at the time, she felt the want of still greater efficiency in order to act well her part as an instructor of others. Some remarkable instances might here be cited, too, with reference to the earnestness of certain young men. These only prove the extent of the work in the North Carolina Classis, and the field, we have learned, has been increased, and is now ready. In the Sunday-school the same spirit was apparent. No task seemed too much. All was regarded as a happy privilege. An instance or two will illustrate our point. In our Sunday-school was a young daughter of a neighboring minister. His family was large and its support meagre. This little girl did not wish to draw her class donations from that source. She spent her leisure moments from school, in knitting fancy articles, for which she readily found purchasers. The proceeds she cheerfully put in the charity collection. Another young lady of amiable disposition and general worth, had early consecrated herself to her "Faithful Saviour, to whom she felt she belonged;" for be it remembered, these examples are all from those who received their religious instruction, as based upon that inestimable answer of the Heidelberg Catechism. It was her custom, and seemed her pleasure also, to go into the by-ways and lanes, and gather in the little ignorant, neglected children of some of the wretched homes of the poorer classes of North Carolina, of which colporteurs tell us so much. She would bring them from their miserable abodes personally, and gently lead them to her class. So uncertain was their return that she was obliged to follow them Sabbath after Sabbath.

CAMP-MEETINGS.

It will surprise some of our youthful "Guardian" readers, to be told of Camp-meetings, as held under the auspices of the Reformed Church, and its sister denomination, the Presbyterian. They differed, however, from those commonly conducted by the Methodists, North and South. Properly speaking, it was a "Church Jubilee," or reunion, in which several charges joined, their pastors sharing the labors. There was nothing unusual in the mode of conducting the services—no excitement whatever. A sermon was preached, morning, afternoon and night, with a prayer-meeting twice a day. The intervals were spent in a quiet, social way. Their tents were of a permanent character, constructed of boards. The camp grounds thus became a "fixture" in the community. The large audience tent occupied the centre, while around it, in regular order, were the family tents, one of which, sometimes, answered for a whole family connection, as representing a "settlement." They contained reception and dining rooms, with chambers in regular pioneer style of architecture. The cooking was done by the negroes without. They, too, by the way, had their camp-meeting after their own tastes, in the rear of the main encampment. The sale of provision on the ground was not permitted at

all. The food was brought in wagons, in daily supplies, from the homes of those there represented. In a word everything was done "decently and in order." When we consider the thinly settled condition of the country, in comparison with ours, we are disposed to lay aside our prejudices concerning "*German Reformed* Camp meetings."

BURYING GROUNDS.

It is with emotions of sadness that we recall the appearance of some spots which served as the final resting places of their dead; from which their loved ones will "rise to meet their Lord in the air." Presume nothing tests the moral sensibilities of a community, or congregation if you please, as does care or neglect of their "God's Acre." This is a matter claiming too little attention everywhere, out of our larger cities or towns. The Moravians are an exception. They are a people who manifest a keen sense of propriety in things touching the finer feelings of our nature. Generally speaking, burying grounds are the most neglected plots in rural districts—perfect thickets of brambles—not those attractive spots, which, by their very loveliness, soothe the mourning heart and raise the drooping, crushed spirit, by inviting thoughts of that "Land of pure delight, where *flowers immortal* bloom." In the section of country about which we have been speaking, great carelessness existed in this particular. Many burial grounds differed little from the surrounding fields. A desolate, sombre picture for heart memories to dwell upon. Their mode of conveying their dead to the tomb was often of a primitive character. Trust it is no longer "*As it Was*" in that respect. I might here add, that some few family burying grounds, such as were common here many years since, are better fenced and more care bestowed upon them. Near larger towns, there as here, beautiful cemeteries were seen.

LOCAL AMUSEMENTS.

Every locality has its provincial sports or pastimes. So here—the favorite of which was, "*netting partridges*." In this recreation, persons of both sexes and all ages seemed to take delight. The staid parson, for example, would here find relaxation of a health-giving kind; while the young gave outlet to their overflowing vitality. A damp, dull day was considered best for "*netting*." The birds were not so prone to fly. It was customary to go either singly or in companies; when sport was the end sought, the latter mode was employed. A large net, with wings, so to speak, was used for trapping them. A bevy was sought, and when started, the net was staked some distance in advance, with its wings so spread as to take in as large a scope as possible. The pursuers, on horseback, would then slowly urge them forward, until within the limits of the wings. If successful, the birds dart rapidly into the net, as though it were a place of shelter. One of the number would quickly dismount, close the net, and the game was secured. The excitement is apt to grow intense as the prospect of capturing the prize brightens. They sometimes fly *en masse*, just as their eager pursuers had hoped to have them safely "*netted*."

We were told, by good authority, that success was rare when ladies were in the company. They made patient, persevering drivers; but when

silence was absolutely requisite, their enthusiasm would burst all restraint, and away the bird would fly. They would have the invigorating advantages of the chase, but invariably lost the game. Hence, when sport was the object, the company of ladies was solicited; but when game was to be the result, the gentlemen were apt to "silently steal away."

We would suggest to those care-worn, overtaxed ministers, who annually look forward in hope, towards their "vacation," that they postpone it until the autumn months, then try "netting partridges," in company with their ministerial brethren of North Carolina Classis, and their hospitable parishioners. They would thus cheer those of their own spiritual household, while they themselves would reap a rich reward in the restoration of exhausted energies. "Ah!" says one, "but I prefer to inhale the breeze of the 'mountains,' or quaff the health-restoring draught of my favorite 'springs.'" In Western N. C. are both mountains and medicinal springs, which offer their benefits, almost without money or price, in comparison with the extortions of more fashionable haunts.

The ladies, too, have *their* amusement, in way of compensation. We here refer to "dipping," or rubbing snuff; a custom peculiar to the Southern country. It is pre eminently feminine, and the effect produced is similar to that resulting from opium or any other stimulant of that nature. In order to take a place in a social circle to "dip," it was necessary to be furnished with a box of snuff, and a little brush made by chewing one end of a small piece of wood, by means of which, the snuff was rubbed on the teeth; to which it was highly deleterious. While there were very many ladies whose breaths were never thus polluted; yet this strange custom was not confined to the lower classes. Young school misses would evade the eye of their teacher, and in some instances little girls that of their parents, long enough for a miniature "dip." Our initiation into a "dipping" scene is still vivid in our memory. The person representing it, was a lady of no ordinary endowments and culture. She had entertained us according to the standard which had ever been the boast of the "first families" of the South. As the evening passed, and our energies began to wane, the gentlemen were left to themselves, while we were politely invited to withdraw to another apartment, and there, around a large, open, hearth-fire, we were asked if we would join in a "dip!" We had hoped that this custom so injurious to health, simply prevailed in that country "*As it Was*;" but alas, we see it stated by reliable journals, that its evil consequence is greatly on the increase.

AN INCIDENT.

A scene occurred during the last Sabbath, there spent, which will long be remembered. It was communion day at "Grace Church." Classis had there convened during the week previous. Some of the neighboring clergymen remained, to assist the pastor. Extra services rendered it necessary for the congregation to take their dinners in the grove, as did our grand-parents in the "Olden Time."

Many persons from the adjoining charges mingled their songs of praise in the sanctuary that day. We sometimes query, if that "*Good Old Way*" has been improved upon in these latter days of short pulpit effusions and pompous display.

The morning sermon was ended. The communicants took their places around the altar. Among the number was a young man upon whom all eyes were fixed. He was clad in a soldier's gray uniform, yet fresh and new. To eyes still unaccustomed to martial scenes, it was indeed a novel spectacle.

Our attention was thus drawn for a time from the "Scenes of Gethsemane." In dismissing the communicants, the pastor, in most pathetic manner, alluded to the circumstance, and said in language something like this: "If our country must now be plunged into all the horrors of a fratricidal strife—may its cause be entrusted to the hands of such Christian heroes—those who first consecrate their souls to God, and afterwards their bodies to their country!" That was the first link in a long chain of experiences.

AN APPEAL.

We see the fact stated monthly, in the *American Messenger*, that the souls of multitudes of the poor, ignorant, neglected class of N. C., are now famishing for the bread of spiritual life. Many of these are within the bounds of the N. C. Classis of the Reformed Church. For reasons not necessary to mention, this Classis is not able to do all that it desires. Are there no wealthy, flourishing Sunday-schools in the North—in Pennsylvania, which might easily transfer their entire libraries to this important field, and replenish their own shelves by fresh reading matter? Mission schools could in that way be organized in localities where none now exist. In blessing others, Sunday-schools are thus blessed themselves. The nearest approach to true happiness arises from a self-consciousness that we have tried to live—not for ourselves, but to be a benefit to others, less favorably circumstanced. Some of the "Songs of Zion" so frequently cast aside in our more prominent schools, would make a most acceptable gift to some mission enterprise.

By music the ignorant and vicious are sometimes won, when all other efforts fail. We know of congregations in other denominations, which make a practice of thus founding new Sunday-schools in neglected portions of our land. A great work is open to the Reformed Church in North Carolina. In these days of emigration, its borders are enlarging. The Saviour's language is emphatic: "Go work in my vineyard *to-day*."

LIFE'S GREAT END.

To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve;
To move in idleness through earth,
This, this is not to live!
Make haste, O man, to live!

The useful, not the great;
The thing that never dies,
The silent toil that is not lost,
Set these before thine eyes.
Make haste, O man, to live!—*Bonar.*

KNOW'ST THOU THE LAND?

A Christianized Version of Goethe's Mignen ; from the German of Mrs. Dr. Meta Heusser-Schweizer.

BY PROF. T. C. PORTER, D. D., OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

Know'st thou the Land, where Sharon's roses glow,
Where 'neath the palms the quiet lilies blow,
Where Love's soft breath makes an eternal spring,
And round their Lord the ransomed spirits sing?
Know'st thou the Land? Oh, thither I,
Son of my hope, with thee would gladly fly.

Know'st thou the House? On rock its pillars rest;
The spacious hall invites the wearied guest,
And angels stand and look with kind regard:
"Lost child, for thee too is the gate unbarred!"
Know'st thou the House? Oh, thither I,
Son of my care, with thee would gladly fly.

Know'st thou the Mountain, up whose craggy side
And narrow footway Faith must be the guide?
In caverns dwell the Dragon's ancient brood,
But faithful is the leader's eye and good.
Know'st thou the Mountain? Thither, lo!
Our journey lies;—let us, beloved, go.

HANDLE THEM TENDERLY.

BY THE EDITOR.

Machinery is good in its place; which place is in the sphere of mechanics. Among living beings its laws work badly. You can not plant or raise trees, or train children by a machine. The Egyptians can hatch their eggs by a mechanical contrivance, but they cannot lay them in the same way. They get their eggs in the old-fashioned way.

We dislike orchards or gardens planted with mathematical regularity. Nature's plan is the wisest, which lets flowers and forest trees grow where they list.

How this mechanical exaction dwarfs the mind and heart of children in their training. "Spanish boots" and "short jackets" are a tender mercy compared with much of the unnaturalness practised in families and schools. Children are expected to look, laugh and sin like older people, if sin they must. There is a sense in which the maxim is true: "That

is the best government which governs the least." Beautiful advice does Dr. Hall give in his "Health by Good Living."

"Let your children alone when they gather around the family table. It is a cruelty to hamper them with manifold rules and regulations about this, and that, and the other. As long as their conduct is harmless as to others, encourage them in their cheeriness. If they do smack their lips, and their supplings of milk and other drinks can be heard across the street, it does not hurt the street; let them alone. What if they do take their soup with the wrong end of the fork, it is all the same to the fork; let them alone.

Suppose a child does not sit as straight as a ramrod at the table; suppose a cup or tumbler slips through its little fingers and deluges the plate of food below, and the goblet is smashed, and the table-cloth is ruined, do not look a thousand scowls and thunders, and scare the poor thing to the balance of its death, for it was scared half to death before. It 'didn't go to do it.' Did you never let a glass slip through your fingers since you were grown? Instead of sending the child away from the table in anger, if not even with a threat, for this or any other little nothing, be as generous as you would to an equal or superior guest, to whom you would say, with a more or less obsequious smile: 'It's of no possible consequence.' That would be the form of expression even to a stranger guest; and yet to your own child you remorselessly, and revengefully, and angrily mete out a swift punishment, which for the time almost breaks its little heart and belittles you amazingly.

The proper and more efficient and more Christian method of meeting the mishaps and delinquencies and improprieties of your children at the table is either to take no notice of them at the time, or to go further, and divert attention from them at the very instant, if possible, or make a kind apology for them. But afterwards, in an hour or two, or, better still, next day, draw the child's attention to the fault, if fault it was, in a friendly and loving manner; point out the impropriety in some kindly way; show where it was wrong or rude, and appeal to the child's self-respect or manliness. This is the best way to correct all family errors. Sometimes it may not succeed; sometimes harsh measures may be required; but try the deprecating or the kindly method with perfect equanimity of mind, and failure will be of rare occurrence."

Sir William Napier, one of the bravest warriors and finest scholars in English history, was as tender-hearted and conscientious as he was heroic. He was true towards the lowest, no less than the highest; towards children, as well as towards his noble adult associates. One day taking a long walk near Freshford, he met a little girl, about five years old, sobbing over a broken bowl. She had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten on her return for having broken it; then, with a sudden gleam of hope, innocently looked into his face and said:

"But ye can mend it, can't ye?"

Sir William explained that he could not mend the bowl; but the trouble he could mend, by the gift of sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse, it was empty of silver, and he had to make

amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her, meanwhile, tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he especially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl, and of still being in time for the dinner party in Bath; but, finding that this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation, on the plea of a "pre-engagement," saying to one of his family, as he did so, "I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly."

JOHANNES FALK.

(FROM THE GERMAN, BY J. W. EBBINGHAUS.)

(Continued from the April Number.)

Accompanied by the blessings of the aged Danzig city counsellors, and of his parents, Johannes went to the celebrated University of Halle, rented a room, which was offered for a moderate rent, and was just large enough for a bed, a table, two chairs, and a youthful heart which is always rejoicing, and ready to fly up like the lark into the blue heavens of hope and expectation; for a young student is always merry, and especially when he has no money. But when a student intends to be faithful in his studies, he will soon find that this is a difficult and serious duty. Indeed many a farmer or craftsman thinks that to use the plane and hammer, or to spade in garden or field, is work, but to sit and study nothing but pleasure. But books offer no bed of roses. Besides I have read somewhere, that drops of sweat, falling from a brow which leans over books, taste like blood. There are also many dangers, that beset the way of a poor student; there are swamps into which the foot of the weary sinks deep and is helplessly lost; false lights entice him where death is lying in wait, as a wild beast waiteth for its prey. Then the poor soul fainteth, seeking for a guide, whilst there is none; panting for God as the hart panteth for the water brooks.

Such times came also to Johannes Falk; and in them he erred and sinned much, but the Lord had compassion upon him and held him by his right hand. He became acquainted with life; he saw the great misery, which stood like a cloud over valleys and hills, over high and low, and he tasted something which was like the odor of corruption, rising out of the midst of the fields of pleasure. Then a deep woe penetrated his bosom, and he sighed under the burden. "God must save me; God must save the German nation." These were the words which were always upon his lips, and which he took with him out of those days into the future. He also made poems in spite of the warnings of the professor of poetry in Danzig; and his poems were full of strength and melody, so that many

a one became desirous to know the youth who carried such a David's-harp in his bosom. And what his youthful longing sought in vain in the world around him, that he created for himself in song.

The years of his apprenticeship were now finished, and Johannes longed to leave Halle and to go to a place, where he could strike root in healthy ground, and freely unfold the powers of his genius. He was drawn to a place, a city, which was small and yet great; for it contained among its citizens the greatest poets of the German nation, whom a noble Prince gathered around his throne. Göthe, Schiller, Herder, and others of like genius, threw a bright lustre of intellectual greatness upon the Court of the Duke of Weimar. They were men of great minds and earnest labor, gifted above all others by God to reveal the mysteries of human life in the words of poetry. They sought the light, but not finding it in the simplicity of the Gospel, they led many a one away from the mountains whence cometh our help; for that time was a time of bitter poverty for the Evangelical Church. The Word of the Cross was heard no more in German lands, in the families and in the pulpits; for it had become an empty sound, and the Lord's sanctuary was divided between unbelief and dead orthodoxy; only here and there a voice was raised in testimony of the despised faith, the voice of a Claudius, Lavater and Young Stilling. How can it appear strange to us, that those great minds at Weimar did not see with clear eyes the light that shineth from Zion?

They received Johannes Falk with great joy; they became his guides and friends. In their company he began to understand, that all the glory of art is not able to give the soul of man peace, and that there is no other name given in heaven and earth to save man but the name of Jesus. The Lord intended to plant His cross anew among men, through the cross.

The French revolution had begun and Germany trembled from its effects. Napoleon, the scourge of God for the European nations, trod the fatherland into the dust. Already the Battle of Jena had been fought and lost, and before the victorious enemy everybody fled in a frightful tumult.

There was no comfort or help any more in poetry; but in prayer there was comfort, and there were but few in the city of Weimar who understood this precious art. Johannes Falk, the son of the old wig-maker, understood it. He knew how to lift up his heart to the merciful God; and because he understood this art, he also understood, how to move his hands for the help of his fellow beings. When in the endless confusion and fear of death, everybody had lost courage and consideration, he became an adviser and help, maintaining discipline and opposing wrong over against friend and foe. The Duke of Weimar, grateful for such services, appointed him to the position of counsellor, and adorned his breast with a sign of honor. To Johannes Falk this was no time for rejoicing, but for sadness and earnest work; for he clearly saw the chastening hand of the Lord stretched out over the bleeding fatherland, which had forgotten him. He became more and more convinced of the truth of the almost forgotten Gospel, which he had heard from his mother, and also

from the lips of his minister, the pastor of St. Peter's Church in Danzig, that Jesus Christ is truly our only Saviour. That is indeed a great and holy miracle, when a proud human heart that has long resisted, humbly itself under the cross and the prayer of the publican: "God be merciful unto me a sinner," goes for the first time over newly sanctified lips. The people in Weimar only saw the new Counsellor of the Legation with the sign of honor on his breast going along the streets; but our Lord in heaven saw the poor publican Falk, and the publican pleased Him far more than the Counsellor.

The war raged on. Napoleon had passed on his road of victory until he came to Moscow. Then God punished him. The awaking fatherland, with Prussia at its head, rose against its oppressor, who with new armies entered upon the field of battle. It was in the year 1813, when Italian and Spanish soldiers, under the lead of the Duke of Ragusa and General Bertram marched, murdering, pillaging and burning, through the principality of Weimar. Houses and mills were burnt, fields were destroyed, the cattle driven off, and nothing was left to the despairing farmer but heaps of smoking ruins. During these days of terror Falk ventured boldly out into the tumult of war, a saviour and protector to the oppressed people. By his many and pressing solicitations, two companies of French soldiers were put at his disposal by the French General Cochora, in order to restore order and security in the villages and towns. By force and kindly persuasion, he succeeded to return to the inhabitants of Wiegendorf and Osmanstett their stolen cattle, took from the wild soldaten the watches, rings, money and other valuables, which they had stolen, and returned the goods to the owners.

Without fear of death he was everywhere, and placed himself in the greatest danger, to prevent as much as possible the horrors of the war, and became protector of the oppressed and needy in the States of Thuringia.

The battle of Leipzig which decided the fate of nations, was fought, and after the severest struggle, Napoleon driven over the Rhine. Those were wonderful times; and as the united Princes, after every battle that was won upon the bloody fields, raised up their hands in gratitude to God, so a grand *Te deum laudamus* went up from all Germany, and many lips which had forgotten the art of praying in those days, again learned to confess the name of God.

But the bow of peace stood over fields of death. The fatherland was like a desert, full of dead men's bones, full of ruin and tears. Especially in Thuringia there raged a fearful pestilence, and the angel of death went from place to place. In one village alone sixty orphans mourned and wept at the fresh graves of their parents. What was to become of them? At the door of Johannes Falk, too, knocked the dreaded messenger, and in few weeks tore four beloved children out of his arms. Then his heart trembled, and in his excessive grief it almost ceased to beat; his disconsolate soul would have perished, if he had not planted himself securely upon the rock of salvation.

In the abundance of his grief, he might have locked himself up in his room and wept day and night; but he had no rest. There was another

knock at his door, and yet another. It was not the angel of death ; yet an angel it was. No, it was Jesus Himself, his comforter and friend, who came to him and called him by his name. And when he opened, there came in poor children ; hungry, homeless orphans, who came to ask him for bread and shelter, because they knew no other. Then remembered Johannes Falk the words of those aged counsellors of Danzig ; the words : “ Never forget that you were once a poor boy ; and when in the future a poor child knocks at your door, then think that we the dead, the gray-headed Burgomasters and City Counsellors of Danzig are knocking ; then turn them not away from your door.” Yes, he remembered it ; and he remembered also another saying, which his Saviour once spoke : “ Whoever receives such a child in my name receiveth me.” Then his heart melted with compassion, and remembering his own four beloved ones, and the love of Him who took them from him, he opened his door to them, fed and clothed them ; and then went out and wept.

The greatness and extent of the misery compelled him soon to seek assistance from others. He gathered all those together, who were of one mind with him, and formed “ The Society of Friends in need,” who by works of charity sought to relieve the increasing trouble. Pledging all their individual possessions, they aided the poor farmers with money, and loans without interest, to rebuild their houses, get cattle and grain, and to house their orphans and sick. Falk was not satisfied with these measures only, but more than anything else troubled him, the thought of the neglected, helpless, perishing children. The idea of his holy calling pressed itself on his conscience, and like a pleading voice of God, it called him to the service of the little ones. With the tenderness of a mother, he gathered the helpless, forsaken children from the streets and highways, where they were famishing, into his own house, and everything he would have done to his own children, had they been living, he did to those little orphans, in whom the Lord Himself had come to him, befriending and comforting him. The faith in this Lord was the golden treasure, with which he vigorously founded a reform school or house of refuge for poor unhappy children. He had very little money himself, but it is a fact which experience proves, and which the wise with all their learning cannot gainsay, that faith, although small like a mustard seed, can remove mountains.

Quietly Falk had begun to labor, but soon many noble Christian souls far and near heard of this work, and, moved by the glory of this humble living love, which seeketh the lost and saves the erring, they sent many gifts, to enable Falk, who now had really become a counsellor, not by the choice of the Duke of Weimar, but by the mercy of the Prince of salvation. Had his father, the old wig-maker, and his wife, then still been living, and could they have seen their son surrounded by his large family, teaching and educating those little ones, they would no doubt have felt great joy, and his old aunt Mrs. Anna Martens would have rejoiced with them and said : “ Now did I not tell you, the Lord wanted him for His service.”

The divine art which Johannes Falk now practiced, he did not learn from Göthe or Schiller, nor did Herder or Wieland instruct him in it, but his

teachers had been his mother and Jesus Christ the great Teacher; they taught him the art to save souls, and to make out of children of this world children of God. The way he effected this was very simple. He taught them to work and to pray, practicing these two things every day in humble holy love, and showing them how to live for God by his own precious example. He was their father and friend, their spiritual guide in the way of life, leading them into the blessed fold of holy obedience, that they might learn to be free for time and eternity.

When the boys were old enough they were apprenticed to pious craftsmen, to learn their trade, so that they might earn their bread honorably. He kept them from the temptations of youth by calling them together every Sunday, to spend the day at his house in singing, praying and conversation. The blessing of those days they took with them into the new week of labor.

The Institution grew from day to day, and the consequences of the war filled the house to its utmost capacity. In 1821 he had three hundred poor children with him. He was almost as rich as Abraham, and also a pilgrim like Abraham, without an abiding city. For a malicious man had succeeded in turning him out of the house which he had rented; and in all Weimar there was no one willing to receive such a family into his house. Johannes Falk did not know what to do; it troubled him day and night. Finally the people of Weimar said, he must move into Luther Street; when he heard of this, he took it as a hint from above, and went to look at the houses there. He found a large house which was old and out of repair. It had formerly belonged to the Counts of Ottamünde, and because Luther had lived in it some time, it had received the name: Lutherhof. He saw that by a little repairs it might be made comfortable again. He succeeded in buying the house for five thousand dollars, and the next day moved into it. Now the sparrow had found a house, and the swallow a nest, where she could lay her young. The whole interior presented a world of confusion and ruin. He needed plasterers and carpenters, but had no money to pay them, and so the boys themselves went to work and plastered, planed, and painted until the old house became new. They did this with such pleasure, singing and laughing all the while, that Luther himself, could he have seen them, would have been glad to lend a helping hand. These quiet walls now became the birth-place of a life rich in love. Its influence was felt all over the country, and the Evangelical Church has reaped an abundant harvest from the small grain that was sown here. Not only in Germany, but also in France, England and Prussia, similar institutions have been founded, furnishing homes for the neglected children of want. This was all done to the Lord Jesus.

But the Lord had reserved a severe trial for his servant. A painful disease took him away from his place in the household, and laid him low. Under great bodily pains he was permitted to prepare himself for a blessed departure. His spirit was patient in all his troubles, and full of joy. The physicians had finally to perform a very dangerous operation, and while suffering the most excruciating pains, he said to a friend: "The tempter touches my flesh and blood; does he think I would deny my

Lord? he is surely mistaken. God is my Lord and I his servant, and wherever I shall fall, I am satisfied."

All human help was in vain; death stood at the bed of the faithful servant. A few days before his end he finished with a trembling hand the book, "the Christian Faith," wrote to some friends letters full of the joy of faith, wrote a preface to his "Book on Luther," in which he complains that many leave the church of their fathers, and instead of turning their faces towards Calvary, turn them towards Rome. He desired to bring before the eyes of the German nation once more the glorious deeds of God done through Luther his servant, so that they might realize the importance of the Reformation, and become alive again in this precious faith. Thus spoke the dying Falk, the father of the Orphan.

On the 14th of February, 1826, in the evening about 7 o'clock, Johannes Falk departed this life, with the name of his Saviour upon his dying lips, in the fifty-sixth year of his earthly life. On his gravestone he ordered the following verses for his epitaph, which he himself had written. On his tombstone they are engraved to this day.

Unter diesen grünen Linden,
Ist durch Christus frei von Sünden
Herr Johannes Falk zu finden.
An der Ostsee fernem Strande
Liess er Eltern und Verwandte
Da ihn Gott zur Ilme sandte.
Kinder die aus fremden Städten
Diesen stillen Ort betreten
Sollen also für ihn beten:
Ew'ger Vater dir befehle
Ich des Vaters arme Seele
Hier in dunkler Grabeshöle!
Weil er Kinder aufgenommen
Lass ihn ja mit allen Frommen
Als dein Kind auch zu dir kommen.

NOTE.—Falk is also the author of the little hymn which is known to almost every German child, and which has I believe also been translated into the English.

"O du selige, O du fröliche,
Gnadenbringende weihnachtszeit."

In the three verses of the hymn he praises the three great festivals of the Christian Church, Christmas, Easter and Pentecost.

TIME FOUND.—He who cannot find time to consult his Bible will one day find time to be sick; he who has no time to pray must find time to die; he who can find no time to reflect is most likely to find time to sin; he who cannot find time for repentance will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail; he who cannot find time to work for others may find an eternity in which to suffer for himself.—*H. More.*

THE QUEEN OF THE HOME.

BY THE EDITOR.

"I met Miss ———, in market, this morning," said a venerable friend to us, on returning home with his well filled basket through the rain. "Why, do you attend market?" I remarked, as she pressed her way with her basket through the crowd. "Yes, sir, I do all the marketing for mother," she replied with a sweet voice, her face blooming as freshly as a June rose. It greatly pleased my friend, and me no less. Not that I consider marketing on a rainy morning very agreeable work for a lady—a young lady. The early rising, the mud, market odor, and the pressing crowd, have little attraction for old or young. But somebody must do the marketing, and the ladies possess a native aptitude for the work, and young ladies do well to take lessons in the art. A knowledge of it will never injure them; it may be of great service to them.

This young lady is an heiress of vast prospective wealth. The mother and her daughter teach many of their sex a salutary lesson. Many are the complaints about domestic help. "What are we coming to in this country?" is asked by thousands of anxious matrons. "It is almost impossible to get help, and what you do get you cannot keep."

The only remedy is for young ladies to learn the art of housekeeping. Let every young lady, who expects some day to become the head of a family—and what young lady does not cherish this expectation?—spare no labor to become the mistress of her future situation. Without this, her education is substantially incomplete, though she be honored with the prizes and diplomas of the best literary institutions in the country. No lady who lacks this is fit to be the wife and mother of a family. The upper ten thousand and the lower ten million alike need it. It is no disgrace to understand the duties of housekeeping, as some silly addle-brained people suppose. Indeed, it is a shame not to understand it.

The *London Leisure Hour* says of our young folks:

"The American young ladies of the middle, and even the upper class, are usually trained to such domestic duties as are sure to devolve upon the young wife, be she rich or poor. They are called upon to go into the kitchen, to observe the working of that important element of domestic life, occasionally to make up dishes, and to know how, at least, to make up all which the table requires. They are left in charge of the household, see that everything is properly done, and that the servants are not indolent or dishonest. Not that American women are by any means unmindful of 'appearances;' for the Democratic theories of government do not entirely enter into the social life. Still it is regarded as by no means any disgrace for even a richly endowed or 'high family' young wife to superintend her household, and even to do what is necessary to be done in order to make her home pleasant and comfortable for her husband and herself."

Why should a young lady, whatever her social elevation, blush and blunder away at awkward apologies for being caught bending over the wash tub, the dough-trough, or over fuming pots and pans? People must have food to eat, and ought to have clean garments. And a bless-

ing on all whose diligent hands can prepare both. The food we eat gives us either good or bad bones, bile and brains. And those who furnish the healthful nourishment to these human forces are benefactors to their race. The wisest King that ever wore a crown, says of the virtuous woman: "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchant ships, she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." Proverbs 31.

UP TO TIME.

BY THE EDITOR.

Some people have a singular infirmity of always being too late, and they naturally entail their weakness upon their children. They usually reach the table after grace has been said, and get to church when the second hymn is sung, and pay their notes a month after they have become due. We know of a pastor whose people were in the habit of straggling into his weekly meetings fifteen minutes after he had opened the services. To enable all to be present at the opening, he appointed the meeting fifteen minutes later. To his annoyance, he found the tardy ones still dropping in after time. Again he changed the hour, with no better success. And had he kept on accommodating the delinquents by commencing at midnight, they would still have been a quarter of an hour later.

A certain Sunday School Superintendent was ten minutes late ten Sundays in the year. His pastor charged him with robbing others of twenty precious days of their lives. How so? There were three hundred persons in the school, and he took ten minutes from each on every tardy Sunday, which in all made over twenty days.

It is said, that with all his numerous engagements, Washington was never one minute late in meeting them. On a certain occasion, the Secretary of State was fifteen minutes late in attending a Cabinet meeting. He apologized for his tardiness by saying that he had been misled by his watch. Washington replied: "Then you will either have to get another watch, or I another Secretary of State."

A Sunday school, in Albany, New York, has had the same superintendent for forty years; and he was *never a minute behind time* in all his forty years' service in the school. Think of that, boys,

Chief Justice Williams, of Hartford, Conn., was a teacher in the Sunday-school, and the superintendent always knew when it wanted *three minutes* of the time to open the school by seeing him enter. Think what punctuality that was!

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Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIst volume, on the first of January 1870. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number is embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continues to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers promise to continue to use a superior quality of paper; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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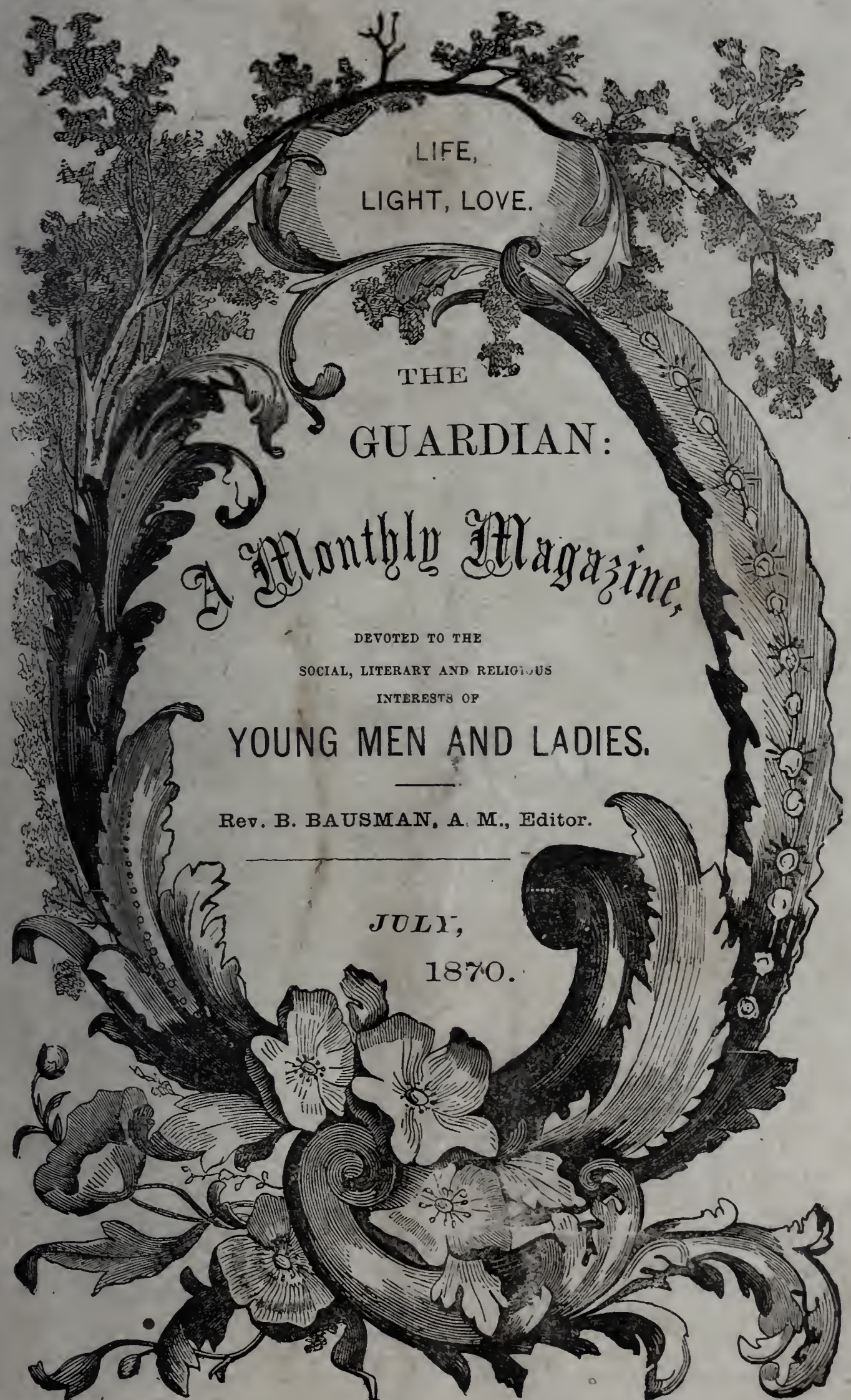
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ADDRESS—

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,
No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

200-8. Ball



LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE
GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

JULY,
1870.

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Phila., Pa.
JAS. B. RODGERS CO., PRS.

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GUARDIAN, JULY, 1870.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XXI.—JULY, 1870.—No. 7.

SUNDAYS ABROAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

SUNDAY IN SWITZERLAND.

Most charming is a ride from Lausanne to Geneva, along the banks of Lake Lemman, especially if enjoyed on a sunny summer Saturday, filling the mind with pure and hopeful images of Sabbath peace. Seated aside of the postillion, I plied him with many a question about the country in view, and right cleverly did he answer them, emphasizing his little speeches with a wave of his long whip, and a crack like the report of a pistol. Our road led us by many vineyards and charming villas. On the opposite side of the Lake, the mountains rose majestically heavenward, culminating in the snowy crown of Mount Blanc. In between lay the unruffled Genevan Sea.

“Clear placid Lemman! thy contrasted lake
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth’s troubled waters for a purer spring.”

Not without design did I reach Geneva on a Saturday evening. There Calvin spent the greater part of his active life, giving laws to the Canton of Geneva,—indeed, leaving his impress upon the whole Protestant world. How fares God’s holy day at the hands of the Genevese?

At the South-western extremity of the lake the city is located; where its waters wildly rush out from their confinings through two streams, soon uniting and forming the river Rhone. Some thirty-five thousand inhabitants it has, one third of which are Roman Catholics.

Surely in a place having had such grand teachers, and produced so many martyrs, we shall have an undisturbed Sabbath day to-morrow. So thought and hoped I. Early in the morning, before day, I already heard the rumbling of rolling drays, and the clatter of busy builders. All day long carts and wagons followed their accustomed work. Ship-men along the wharf were busy loading and unloading their ships. In the morning about five hundred laborers, each clad in cap and a short blue blouse, assembled in the market place. All were supplied with hoes and scythes, ready to go

to work. They seemed to be a merry crowd. Their chattering filled the square with a great noise. Some stores were closed, others had one shutter open. Drinking places were well patronized. Half the people on the streets were in their work-day clothes.

One of the principal Catholic churches was crowded. Some clung around the doorways for want of room within. Later in the day I attended a Reformed church. The services were held in the German language. The building was scarcely half-filled with a congregation, chiefly composed of females. There, as in other European cities, the morning service is the principal one of the day.

St. Peter's Church, in which Calvin preached his memorable sermons, is still in use; also the house in which the great Reformer lived and died. Somewhere in an old cemetery, near Geneva, no longer used, he lies buried; no one knows where, since he strictly prohibited the erection of a tombstone over his remains.

MARTIGNY,

A grand little village, in the heart of Switzerland, nestled deep down between high mountains. After moving about among the hard-working mountaineers, I must spend a Lord's day with them. In truth, in the sweat of their brow these hardy Swiss must eat their bread. Women swinging the heavy scythe in their meadowy mountain glens, bearing large bales of grass on their heads; the men grubbing around every available spot of shallow earth on the steep mountain side,—whither they must bear the manure, and whence they gladly carry their harvests home, the mountain path being impassable for wagons. So work the Swiss. A hard-worked, yet withal, a cheerful race.

“ Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all,
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air and carols as he goes.”

Martigny is a Catholic village. Its people all worship in one church; a plain solid old building, with dingy walls and dusty windows, and a quaint belfry, and worshipers given to quaint fashions. At six in the morning the church-bell already rang for services, and down the narrow valleys that centre here many persons wended their way to the house of prayer. Thereafter, at certain intervals, a half dozen other services were held during the day. The chief of these were those held at 10 A. M., and at the close of day. Then came the people from all the mountain country round about. Herdsmen left their cattle and shepherds their flocks, grazing on mountain tops to spend a sacred hour in the vale below. Milkmaids with cheeks as red as the ribbons bordering their picturesque bonnets, and venerable matrons, stiff with life's labor, and stooping beneath the burdens of age, athletic young men, as nobly formed as the Swiss body-guard of Pius IX. These all I scanned with pleasing

interest, coming down the steep and tortuous mountain paths, and through the winding valleys. Not a man entered the sacred building with hat on. The church was crowded, back to the door. Not a whisper was heard, save the low muttering voice of the officiating priest; until the congregation sang; then all voices joined; voices untrained by art, yet sweetly blending the notes of praise.

All the women, save the old ones, wore low-crowned, narrow-brimmed straw bonnets, fringed with gilt-bordered, black, red, blue or pink lace. These odd hats seen from the church door, gave the congregation quite a military appearance.

To me it was a marvel where all these people came from. The valleys scarcely a half a mile wide, the village very small, with here and there a small hamlet clinging to the mountain side; at best this mountain-world can support but few people. But these few in their own way, seem to feel their dependence upon God. All came afoot; some a distance of six or eight miles, over roads which would make the knees and nerves of American church-goers quake. Not a carriage or beast of burden was seen around that church.

Somehow I took kindly to these simple peasant people of Martigny, and they to me. Tenderly I regarded them at their hard work and devout worship. But they have a hard speech for an American to understand. A mixture of French and German. The body is French, but the woof is wrought with fragments of German. Both so oddly mixed and so unlike either one, that a knowledge of both is not sufficient to understand them.

With joy I remember this Sabbath day at Martigny. Nor sound nor sight marred its cheerful elevating rest. The travelers at the hotels seemed subdued. The toiling mountain people seemed so grateful for a day of rest. The very dogs on the streets seemed instinctively to catch the Sabbatic spell, and the cattle on the hills seemed to low less, so as not to disturb the worshipers in the vale.

The mountains, dressed with waving pine, looked benignantly down upon us, themselves preaching lessons of peace. As they rose thousands of feet above this narrow valley, I could easily realize that as they were around us, so God was round about His people—around us, too. So silent, yet so grand; so rugged, yet so pleasing to behold; so little one feels, looking up to them, yet so peaceful. The longer you behold them, the more they seem as if you had never seen them before.

“Oft’ as I looked
A strange delight, mingled with fear, came o’er;
A wonder as at things I had not heard of!
Oft’ as I looked, I felt as though it were
For the first time.”

ZURICH.

Now let us Northward to the home of Zwingli. At Cappel, on a hill, several hours before we reach the city, we pass the place where the Reformer was killed. A metallic plate, on a rock, by the wayside, with a suitable inscription, marks the place. Hither he had followed his dear

Zurichers to battle. A cruel soldier discovered him among the wounded, and gave him a death blow. The next day his body was burned by his bitter foes, and his ashes mingled with the ashes of swine. The plate on the rock marks the place where he died; Zurich marks the place where he lived.

In this beautiful city, on the Lake of the same name, we will spend a Sabbath.

Zwingli was pastor of the Münster or Cathedral. A very large massive building, built eight hundred years ago. A vast unornamented structure, that looks as if it could stand a thousand years longer. The inside is very plain, without an organ, and with poor singing for a German congregation. The preacher evidently is very learned, and certainly very dry. His language precise and polished, diction pure, delivery calm and deliberate; his doctrine out at elbows, a frigid moralizing, his congregation more decorous than devout. The large church not half filled; and this in the church in which Ulrich Zwingli poured forth his red-hot sermons, to a congregation which the building could scarcely contain. In the afternoon I worshiped in St. Peter's Church, where the pious Lavater was pastor for twenty-three years. A young man preached a very poor sapless sermon, to a congregation scarcely filling the twentieth part of the church.

Zurich is the Boston of Switzerland, where learning and religious levity abound. The bulk of the people seemed to be refined and rationalistic, who fancy that they have outgrown the teachings and simple faith of Zwingli. The city theatre was open, and far more people spent the day in recreation than in worship. Withal, the town was quiet, undisturbed by drunkenness or revelry. Much better was I pleased with a Sunday in

SCHAFFHAUSEN.

The most of its seven thousand seven hundred inhabitants are Reformed. Its two principal pastors at this time, were Dr. Kirchofer and Pastor J. Burchhart, both advanced in years. The former was Antistes, or Pastoral Superintendent of the Canton of Schaffhausen. Pastor Burkhart preached in the morning in the Steige, a church on an elevation at the edge of the town. It was full, with a devout congregation. The preacher officiated in a black robe, as do all the Reformed ministers of Switzerland. His text was the parable of the wheat and tares; his theme the mingled state of good and evil in this life, and their final separation. An instructive and edifying sermon, full of the warmth of Christian love.

In the afternoon, a young man, pastor Magis, preached in the same church, on Matthew v. 5. The people generally seemed to observe the day. Places of business were closed, the people on the street were neatly clad, and a pleasing atmosphere of rest and quiet pervaded the town.

Very grateful are my recollections of these two worthy Swiss pastors, Kirchofer and Burkhart. Much of my sojourn in Schaffhausen was spent amid their hospitable home circles, where I formed the acquaintance of eminent theologians from different parts of Europe. Through fraternal letters they followed me with their counsel and blessing on my journey. Both the dear fathers have since died in the Lord, and their works do follow them.

WHAT TO DO WITH "OLD HARRY?"

BY PERKIOMEN

"The horse is a very useful animal to man." We can prove that, in any amount of 'writing'—"in black or white"—if we are allowed to offer in evidence the bundles of unadulterated and artless compositions of boy-dom. The testimony is unanimous on this point. Nor dare we question the correctness of the proposition for "*Kinder und Narren sagen die Wahrheit.*"

It is to be regretted, however, that a truism, so early implanted and so primitively and spontaneously put on record by the unsophisticated urchin, should influence so little the grown-up and selfish man. If boys preach the truth, in this case, then surely men ought to have learned, by this time, some more humane policy, touching all superannuated nags. There is such a thing as 'growing old'—with men, animals and things. What to do with them, when once such, is frequently of no little interest.

If it be true, that "the horse is a very useful animal to man," it is just as true, that man is a very unkind animal to the horse—to *old* horses especially. We sincerely wish the tender hearted members of Mr. Bergh's "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" would devise a plan, by which every superannuated charger, who has passed the regular term of service in an honorable way, in the great battle of life, might become a pensionary character, as it were. Most anxious are we for the consummation of such a plan. Mr. Bergh has done an incalculable amount of good to man and beast during the years of his society's existence, and we are looking in that direction for an answer to fit the question, *What shall be done with "Old Harry?"*

We well know (alas!) what all is done with him—faithful and true though he proved for many a mile and many a year. He mostly falls in jockeys' hands. That is the purgatory period for a horse. It is hard to tell the sufferings of the horse-kind, from this stage forward. A larger and truer volume than Fox's Book of Martyrs might be written. But none of ours shall ever fall into such hands. Our 'Harry' has served us too long and too faithfully to send him tugging a lubberly boat on the dead-level canal—lean,—galled and martyred. That is a Yankee way of executing a horse by hanging. We could never again walk the tow-path without experiencing a constant dread of being pursued by his avenging shade.

We want to be able to meet an oyster-team or fish-wagon, too, without any trepidation of confronting "Old Harry," a mere wreck of his whilom self. Nor do we ever want him to neigh a curse on us at the casting up of a new railroad. No! 'Harry' shall not end his days

amid such surroundings ; and to prevent it, we will take no jockey's bid. Neither will we ever sit in a stage which Old Harry must pull along—another reason for saying :—Avaunt ye jockies !

The tan-yard is no very pleasant rendezvous for horses well up in years, either. But how often does it, notwithstanding, prove a place of final resort to the discharged "Bills"—"Harrys"—"Rocks"—"Fannys"—"Floras" and "Paddys?" We think it displays poor horsemanship. We are opposed to capital punishment, so far as horses are concerned. If any one can be proven guilty of a malicious murder or of an attempted man-slaughter—then let such be '*tanned*' to the full extent of that term. But to execute innocent and kind horses, that have never done aught but good to their owners—to execute such horses, after a cold-blooded manner, is simply barbarous. By no system of casuistry can such a course be defended. We never pass where sombre crows do congregate, but we seem to hear their caw, their sorrow and disapproval over man's inhumanity towards the kindest and most useful animal his stable ever encloses. If even the command—"Thou shalt not kill"—does not embrace animals, we verily believe it to extend itself far enough to prohibit the killing of any creature, merely to get rid of it. Every Horse Insurance Company makes it a condition, that the animal shall die naturally, else no benefit accrues. No violence is permitted under the plea of curtailing its misery. We, too, are opposed to making carrion of a once good and faithful, but now old and weary horse. Is it in this way, that "a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast?"

All that is done with our old nags does not please us, then. But just what *should* be done, we are not horseman enough to say. On this account we seek for information from Mr. Bergh's 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.'

We have read of a benevolent gentleman, founding an asylum for over-aged dogs. An elderly dame in Paris is said to meditate a like institution for venerable cats. There is no accounting for taste; were there, we could more readily account for such a *penchänt*, than for that of the dog-catcher or cat-exterminator. But surely then, the horse is entitled to some tender consideration, as well. We want "Harry" to take rank ahead of "Tray" or "Tabby." Did not "Harry" help to build your house and barn? Did not he aid largely in cultivating your farm? Had not he been the chief loco-motive agent, before the age of steam? And after all this, would it be so great a thing, were some great, good and wealthy soul to found a *Horsepital*?

We can never think of asking Government to do this, however. Government has forfeited all claims to our regard in this direction. Let any one call to mind the emaciated, crippled and starving creatures, which were used and abused during the Rebellion, and then left to starve and die by the pen-full. Our whilom poetical idea of a "war-horse" has collapsed fearfully, ever since our eyes beheld those Government animals. The immortal Rosinante is no caricature aside of them. The Government brand—"U. S."—on all those poor horses—is symbolical. It can be interpreted Untold Suffering—Unlimited Starvation—Unfed Steeds—Unfortunate Steve-dores—and much else that savors of misery.

Let Government first of all pay the debt it owes to its war-horses, before we can trust it to our superannuated nags, accumulating in time of peace. We would not entrust "Harry" into any Government horse-asylum, were it right 'vernance' our stable.

It must be an Association from which relief can come. We leave it over, therefore, to Mr. Bergh's Society. But this we say, that the 'Horsepital' ought first of all to engage their minds—long before a Grand Kennel is spoken of in any *dog-matic* way, or a Universal Felinery, after any *cat-egorical* style.

In the meantime, we should labor for the implanting and growth of mercy in the individual man. Every well-to-do proprietor of some such superannuated and once faithful nag should feel himself obliged to have proper provision made for him to his end. Doctor L—— recommended himself to us as a humane man, by simply keeping his old "Bob" sleek and fat—as a retired horse gentleman—down to his natural taking off. He used to say: "Bob" deserves better things of me than to be "savagely killed at my hands." But might not many an owner of venerable horses show a like mercy? True, the investment is not a well-paying one; but neither do we ask a poor man to do it, and a wealthy character can hereby enrich his store of generosity and mercy, a thing which is better than money. At all events, such a course speaks better for an able man, than to *jockey* his poor old horse away for a paltry sum, or to kill him to get rid of him. There are some things which men may do and will do, but let them be done never so often, they are still *mean* things. Anything by which we are emancipated from meanness ennobles the soul. There are worse things than poverty; so are there nobler ends than mere pelf. He is a true horseman, who hath regard for the life of his beast.

Men in ordinary circumstances, who cannot afford to keep such stable pensioners, can, perhaps, find some deserving poor man, who needs a horse, but cannot buy one, to farm his acre or two and go to mill, as well as take his invalid wife to church. The household would be glad; you have done an act of charity;—you have been showing yourself merciful, and "Harry" can earn his board in his old days. We know a number of such gift horses. They seem to be hale, hearty and happy. A horse, like his master, ought to exercise according to his years and general state. It is a mistake to suppose that an aged nag wants no work at all. Let him work under his trustee-master, as is suitable, and spare his life.

But it is not wise to give "Harry" away, *out and out*. No matter how desirable the object of your charity may seem, always reserve your superior right and control over "Harry." The poor man may die. Then the jockey will capture "Harry" at the auction-block, and your whole plan of mercy will be defeated. So, too, your poor man may prove a cruel man, and "Harry" may have a sorry time of it. If you have relinquished your right entirely, he will likely respond, should you reprove him—"It is corban!" Prudence is a virtue, as well as mercy.

Do it as you think best; we will not dictate—we only suggest. But one thing we mean to do—we mean to warn men, not to vitiate their claims to be considered righteous men, in and through the manner they

dispose of their old worn-out horses. Let no man speculate with poor old "Harry," or "Tom," or "Bill," or "Fanny." Your horse must be the better for your religion, or your religion is not genuine. If Mammon be put under, in all your dealings through life, but crop out in the disposal you make of "Harry," there is still a flaw in your morality.

Our Lord taught a system of mercy, which embraces the brute creation. Even on the Sabbath we may extricate the entrapped ox or ass. You have no right then to cast "Harry" into a pit, for pelf's sake—yea, into a more horrible pit even, than our Lord intended. God Himself *careth for oxen*. We have wondered to ourselves whether the Arab's kindness to his horse is not of a more civilized and Christian order than our own. God commands a seventh part of time to be allotted for the rest of the laboring beasts. Surely, then, a godly man will consider what is best for the comfort, ease, health and life of the beast that serves him. Dr. Clark once saw the *Hebrew* of the proverb on the shield of a public inn:—" *A righteous man considereth the life of his beast.*"

The following beautiful lines from the Dublin University Magazine will remind the reader of the last scene in "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress":

BEYOND THE RIVER.

Time is a river deep and wide ;
 And while along its banks we stray,
 We see our lov'd ones o'er its tide
 Sail from our sight away, away.
 Where are they sped—they who return
 No more to glad our longing eyes?
 They've passed from life's contracted bourne
 To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view ; but we may guess
 How beautiful that realm must be ;
 For gleamings of its loveliness,
 In visions granted, oft we see.
 The very clouds that o'er it throw
 Their veil, unraised for mortal sight,
 With gold and purple tintings glow,
 Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet so calm,
 Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere ;
 The mourner feels their breath of balm,
 And soothed sorrow dries the tear.
 And sometimes list'ning ear may gain

Entrancing sound that hither floats;
The echo of a distant strain,
Of harps and voices' blended notes,
Beyond the river.

There are our lov'd ones in their rest;
They've crossed Time's River—now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But *there* pure love can live, can last—
They look for us their home to share;
When we in turn away have passed,
With joyful greetings wait us *there*,
Beyond the river.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

(FROM THE GERMAN, BY K. E. H.)

In the little hut, by the wood, there was deep sorrow. Good Anna had wept all day, and when evening came she had not even so much as a small piece of bread for herself and her three little children.

Once peace, quiet and moderate wealth had been theirs. Then their garden grew green and blossomed, and their fields bore the best fruit. Their father was very industrious, and worked all day; he rose with the birds, and when they sung their morning song, he went into the fields and sang with them, a song of praise. He did his day's work cheerfully and earnestly, for he thought of God, and his dear Anna at home with his children. At harvest time, his barn was so full and his fruits so fine that the villagers would have envied him, if all had not loved him so dearly.

Then came cruel, cruel war. Anna's husband was obliged to go away to fight against the enemies of his native land, and his wife and children were left at home, in sorrow and tears; for he was their all, and it seemed as though all joy had departed with him, and only want and misery awaited them; and so it was. Year after year passed, and the father did not return; all their provisions were exhausted; there was no one to cultivate the land; for Anna's children were too small, and all the young men, who would have helped a little with the field-work, had left the place, and only want and need reigned in the whole village.

Fathers, brothers, and husbands were gone, where death might overtake them at any moment, and the tears and prayers of those at home could not protect them from a bloody end.

Poor Anna scarcely knew what to do. She would willingly have worked for others, but in this evil time, every one had to work if he wished to live. There was no one who needed her work; no one who would offer her the helping hand with gifts of love, and no one heard of the father.

Anna wept for him as for one dead, who would never, never return, and this made their need and sorrow greater.

If she could have hoped for his speedy return, she could have borne the terrible present more easily.

The general want was increased by the news that the war was drawing nearer and nearer to that part of the country where Anna lived. Fugitives arrived daily. Badly wounded men were brought through the village, and had carried away with them the little that the poor people had collected.

Anna left her children and went to a hill near the house, to look around; she thought the battle-field must lie quite near, because so many strange soldiers were continually coming through the village. Far and wide she saw nothing of war, only a few men who passed one another quietly; yet she hardly ventured to return home, because of her hungry little ones.

As she was coming slowly down the hill opposite to the point at which she ascended, she saw a wounded soldier lying in the thicket. She stooped down and gazed upon him. He was fast asleep. Near him lay a full, heavy knapsack, and Anna's tearful glance fell upon it.

Then came the wish: "if only that knapsack were mine; it certainly contains gold which the man has won in war; perhaps he has been plundering, like many others, and has not won it honestly. If it were only mine, it would help me out of all my trouble. I could buy bread for my children, and it would last for a long time.

We have not had one bite to eat the whole day; how hungry the children must be; and here is help.

The man sleeps so soundly, perhaps he will pass thus into the eternal sleep; for I see by his bandages that he has many wounds; then, too, another will find his money which I can take so easily.

If my hunger were not so great, I would never lay hands on strange goods. But no, he may awake and become well; then he would be poor, as poor as I am, and it would be my fault. God has sent great trouble; but He will, yes, He will help me to bear it; but how easily I could end it now. Shall I wake him, or shall I take his money?"

How heavily her heart beat. "It would be a sin, a great sin; it is better to remain honest; my children will not starve. No. God support me and lead me not into temptation."

Now mark! the struggle in her heart was over; faith and trust in God had overcome temptation. She blushed for shame that such thoughts had filled her mind.

Hope in God's fatherly love, which is always nearest when our need is greatest sprang up in her heart, and she thanked Him, with a devout grace to Heaven, that He had not permitted her to fall into this temptation.

She bent down to wake the man, and ask him if he would not rather rest in her hut. True, she could not give him food and drink; but she could prepare a comfortable bed, and dress his wounds.

Well pleased, the wounded soldier listened, looked at her, and tried to stand. With Anna's help, he went slowly and faithfully down the hill to the hut.

He smiled sorrowfully when he saw the three children come to meet their mother, weeping, asked where she had been so long, and if she had brought any bread. He saw how Anna blushed when she comforted the children and cast a prayerful glance to the fatherless orphans, as she believed her children to be. Carefully she led her patient to the best bed, and asked whether she should dress his wounds now, or in what way she could help him.

The poor sufferer seemed to have sunk into a deep reverie ; he beckoned Anna close to him, and asked about her children and her husband, and at last asked her name.

As she pronounced it, a great, warm tear fell from the soldier's eye upon the trembling hand which he had clasped. "Weep no more," said he. "A kind God has guided my last steps. Your husband, my good woman, was in battle my best comrade, and my truest friend ; he stood next me in rank, when I, severely wounded, was obliged to leave him ; he fought like a lion. God will protect him. As soon as the battle is over he will be here, and it is my last wish to see him once more before I go to my eternal home.

"Poor mother ! wife of my best friend. All that is mine is thine. In my knapsack you will find many bright dollars that I have saved. God does not will that I should buy a herd of my own. There is no one upon this earth whom I love as I love your husband. All I possess shall be yours ; you will close my eyes, and give me a resting place not far from your hut, that your glance, and, perhaps, your tears may often fall upon it."

He was silent. Anna, too, was silent, from sorrow, surprise and shame. She hardly ventured to look up to the generous man ; the struggle of her poor, weak heart was remembered. Again she prayed, "Lead us not into temptation."

Now she thought of her husband who would soon return ; she thought of her poor hungry children ; she glanced at the wounded man, who, after great suspense and agitation, lay as one dead. She would have attended him first, but with a beseeching look, he begged her first to satisfy the children's hunger, which was soon done ; for his knapsack contained provisions.

When this was done, she remained by the sufferer's bed.

It did, indeed, seem as though his last hour was near ; but Anna would have held back the passing life, to repay in care and love that for which she could not thank him. But his time was come ; amid the thanks and tears of the rescued family, his good, noble heart broke, like many thousand other hearts,—broken in the tumult of battle—but without tears.

The same day Anna's husband returned to his family, and his first work was to prepare the resting place near the hut, where roses and lilacs soon blossomed over his grave.

Anna often went to the grave, and, with tearful eyes, she thought of the time when she had wavered between right and wrong, between virtue and sin, and with the resolve never to yield ; yet feeling her own weakness, she prayed,

"Lead us not into temptation."

THE YEAR OF OUR LORD.

From the German, by J. W. Ebbinghaus.

It was in the year of our Lord 850, when suffering and distress of almost every kind spread through the Fatherland. At the north coast landed the Normans, pillaging villages and murdering its inhabitants. In Thuringia and Hessa were the hostile Sorbs raiding through the country; to fill the cup of public calamity there came a great famine into every part of northern Germany. In parts which the ravages of war had not reached, it was estimated that the famine had taken away one-third of the population. No one was able to estimate the loss of life sustained by the war. History has covered those times with oblivion, for this was a war of extermination. The enemy had destroyed the plantations and all the fruits of the field, so that even the rest of the little, that God's mercy had left, fell a prey to man's unmerciful rage.

During several nights fiery signs and wonderful meteors had announced to the people the dreadful event. A cloud arose from the north and another from the east, and in meeting in the heavens they darted fiery bundles of rays against each other, and finally one devoured the other, like a hostile army engaged with another in a deadly combat. All hearts were troubled. The people thought the Lord had turned His countenance away from the German nation. Even the dogs howled more mournfully, the lays of the birds were more mournful than usual. False prophets arose on the Rhine and the Danube, and as forerunners of the antichrist, they announced the approach of the last day. Many rulers and secular governors administered their office so arbitrarily and wickedly, as if neither their rule and life, nor the world ever should have an end, and as if the judgment-seat of the Lord had not been placed over the thrones of the kings of this world.

In that year there lived in the Fulder Land a man—his name is forgotten—who had given his inherited estate into the hands of a nobleman, in order that he, without becoming a serf, might enjoy his protection, and for himself and children to have the use of the estate, which had been his father's free property. But in the course of those eventful times his protector died, and another gained his possessions, and among them the former estate of this man. The new lord wanted to enslave him completely, as thousands then were enslaved. In the confusion of those days the oppressed could find no protection against his enemy. Then came to him a desperate courage, and he resolved to prefer misery to servitude. Pervaded by the pride and prowess of the old Teutones, he looked with contempt upon this new time when the warrior began to give way to the humble monk and the tame peasant. When a boy his grandfather had seen the service of the old gods in consecrated forests. Who could say

which were better, the old gods or the new God? With the old gods the good old time had gone, and like as a punishment for unfaithfulness there came now long years of tribulation, and the new Christian God had either not the power or else not the will to take the distress from his people: Thus thought the man of the Fulder Land. He resolved to help himself with the help of God or without it, after the custom of his fathers.

One night he girded on his sword and fled from the place that was no more his own, in order to escape the power of his oppressor. He took with him nothing but his three most precious possessions: his wife, his child and his sword. It was in the dead of winter; the fugitives put warm bearskins as cloaks over their garments. But neither food nor money they had left to take along in their perilous journey.

They intended to travel towards the upper Main, and from there to go over to Thuringia and Saxony. This was a bold plan, for their route led through the heart of a country, which was laid waste by the enemy, and it was in the shortest days of the year. But the fugitives were of a hardened, weather-proof race, with steel in their bones, able to endure the pangs of hunger for a good length of time.

It was at the time when Ludwig, called the German, upon a journey to his brother Charles, broke several ribs in his body, and yet continued on his way without showing a sign of pain, although one could hear the working of the broken bones. He met his brother, and they divided the empire of their third brother Lothar in a brotherly spirit. After they had accomplished this fraternal act he went to Acheu to have his ribs healed.

Those were indeed stern times, stern people and kings, who did not hold of much account a broken German Empire or a few broken ribs.

It was the last evening in the year, the evening of the third day since the man from the Fulder Land had gone from the home of his fathers. The child was two years old, and still sucked at the breasts of its mother; thus they then raised their strong children. The man and his wife carried their child alternately, carefully wrapt up in their warm furs. The day had been terribly cold. Towards night wind increased the cold still more. In the forest mountains of the Rhin the wanderers had lost their way.

On the first day only they had received a morsel at the table of a peasant, who was himself half starved; and since then they had eaten nothing. Hungry, they had bedded themselves already the previous night in the snow of the forest. In the morning when they continued their journey the man was still hopeful; for he who fleeth from bondage to freedom, endureth cheerfully the hardships of the road. With the faithful enduring courage of woman, his wife silently followed with the slumbering child in her arms. But at noon they again lost their way, and wandered about till evening, without being able to discover the smoke of a hospitable fire-place. Only the footprints of rapacious animals crossed their path in the snow. The child awoke and cried, but the mother had no more food for it.

Then began it to darken before the eyes of the man; his courage gave way, yet only for a moment. He aroused himself and proceeded on his

way like one, who in midsummer was walking for the sake of pleasure. He thought of the giant's son from Northland—this was the name given by the Germans to the winter season—the man with the cold breast. And it appeared to him as if the angry God intended to destroy him with his wife and child. A fainting chill penetrated his whole body. But the woman with the pale face of suffering, looked like a Christian martyr, who was led to the altar to be sacrificed to the giant's son. Although she trembled under the sufferings of the body, yet her trembling and sorrow was nothing in comparison to the terror which seized her all at once on looking at her husband; for when the night began to settle upon the earth and the cold bloodlike color of the setting sun faded away, there settled upon the hard features of the man a terrific expression, the outward sign of the conflict which was going on within him. His eyes were in an unusually wild motion, his lips trembled so quickly that he bit his teeth till the blood ran down over his beard, in order to close them, and as if he wanted to use the sword against the enemy with whom he wrestled within his soul. Several times his hand moved towards the hilt of his sword. His beard and head whitened by the cold, the last rays of the setting sun upon him, full of dignity, he appeared like an old Druid priest, who interceding with the anger of the gods is preparing for the sacrifice in the most holy retreat of the wilderness.

In the meantime they had come up to a hill where black basalt rocks were projecting from out of the snow. Under the cover of one of them they halted instinctively, because it afforded them a protection against the storm. They collected a few dry branches and kindled a fire, resolving to spend the night there. But the pangs of hunger did not allow them to rest, and the cries of the child for food re-echoed in the woods around them.

The man could neither sit nor lay down, he stood leaning against the rocks and stared at the crackling flames. From the fire he turned his eyes up to the sky, and pointing to the stars he said to his wife: The giants and heroes of the past shine above as stars; formerly they looked graciously upon us, but now their look is cold, as cold as the heart of the giant winter. In the times of our fathers the gods descended from heaven with help to man, for they had been faithful in their service and in sacrifice. Your priests have banished our divinities from our hearts, and the gods have now kept heaven for themselves, and nothing is left to us but misery. Humbly and with trembling the woman replied, yet full of believing trust: Only one God has descended to earth and has suffered as man for man, and the earth was so filled with the rays of divinity, that no other God tried to descend henceforth and forever.

The man was silent. Quite near they heard the howling of hungry wolves. The weak woman was not terrified at the sounds of this song of the wilderness; yet, when she again looked up into the countenance of her husband she was frightened, because his eye rolled wilder than the eye of the wolf.

And the man replied again: Whenever our fathers became ensnared in misfortune, they remembered their guilt and prepared sacrifices; the greater the guilt, the more costly the gift which was offered for sacrifice.

Did not our bards tell us—secretly so that the monks could not hear it—of the good old northern King Domaldi, whom his own people led to the altar in order to sacrifice him, their best man, to the gods, that they might take the famine from the land, and when the sacrificial knife cut deep into the body of the king the famine ceased? Thus spoke the man with the glowing eye of the wolf; in the strength of animal passion he drew his sword and made several blows through the air; the terror-stricken woman could not utter a word.

He began anew: Wife, thou hast not heard, what the day before yesterday the peasant who fed us the last time, related. Hear it now: The Archbishop Rhahan feeds at his residence in Winkel every day hundreds of people, who come to him from the whole neighborhood. Now it happened not long ago, that an almost starved woman came to him with her child, a boy, but when she stepped into the saving door of the house she fell down, and died; but the child lay upon his dead mother and sucked at her breast as if she was living. No one was able to look at this scene without tears. The trunk perished, that the branch might be saved; ought not the woman have sacrificed the child and saved herself for her husband and her other children?

Then speech came back to the woman and she continued: No, blessed is the mother who gave her life for her child. Her soul ascending to heaven saw the boy who wanted to drink at the cold breast, and was saved. You say she died of weakness? O no, in the greatness of her joy, that after the torments of despair on the way, the object of saving her child was accomplished, her heart broke, and overcome with delight she gave up her spirit.

The man was silent; he covered his face and turned away from his wife who sat at the fire, peacefully holding her child in her arms and giving it a look of tender compassion. Finally he aroused himself and walked up and down, wildly rolling his eyes.

“Perhaps the hour is near when the old year vanishes before the new. The priests, when they count the years, say: In the year of our Lord;—but this wicked year, full of misery and trouble ought to be called the year of Satan!” so spake he, and yet, mildly replied the woman, that one year in which the Lord was born as man among men, has brought such an abundance of salvation for all the years succeeding it, that even the worst year after the birth of Christ still may be called a year of the Lord.

The man took the child from the lap of its mother. “The hour is precious; the future he will divine in the last hour of the year who girds his sword and sits on the roof of his house, turning his looks to the East. Only one thing I wish to know; whether we will live to see the next day. This rock is now our house. Let me go up to its top and while I there conquer the spirits of the future, remember thou here the atoning sacrifice, which the northern people made to the gods by killing their best man, their King Domaldi, that the famine might be taken from the land. Then cried the woman with a voice of deep anguish: O hear first, the story of another sacrifice: Hear how it happened, when Jehovah commanded Abraham that he also should offer for sacrifice his most precious good, his only son.

But the man did not stop to listen. He went up to the top of the rock and disappeared behind the bushes. The woman wanted to hurry after him, the mother after the child. Yet when she attempted to rise she felt that hunger had taken away all her strength, and she fainted away.

Suddenly the crying of the child brought her back to life, and listening she heard the noise of a contest going on quite near in the bushes, and then it became silent as the silence of the grave.

Then the mother sprung up, her strength returned, and she ran over into the bushes whence the noise had proceeded. And before her stood the man pale like a ghost, his sword in his hand, and in the light of the moon she saw blood dropping from the blade, and blood upon his face and arms. My child, cried the mother, where is my child? Then the man handed her the child which he had held in his left arm. It was uninjured, sleeping and smiling in its dreams.

We are both well and without wounds, said the man in a broken voice. The woman inquired of him what had happened, but the man said trembling: Finish first the story of the sacrifice of the child, which God had commanded its father to offer.

And surprised, hardly able to speak, she related the story of the sacrifice of Isaac according to the words of sacrifice, and finished with the words she had often heard in the cloister chapel at Fulda: Then the angel of the Lord said unto Abraham, lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing to him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thine only son from me. And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold behind him a ram, caught in a thicket by his horns, and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son." And when she had finished, the man said: There has to-day repeated itself not the story of the sacrifice of King Domaldi, but of the sacrifice of Isaac. Behold I also intended to sacrifice our child, yet not like Abraham, because the Lord had commanded me, but as a sin-offering to the angry old gods, and also that we might eat of the flesh of our child and save our life. But when I stepped into the bushes like a raving maniac, I beheld two wolves feeding on the body of a roe. Then light streamed into my dark soul, and rushing to the place I killed the beasts. Here is the roe in the place of the ram, which God sent us in the place of our son, that we might eat thereof and live.

Then cried the woman like a prophetess: And yet the sacrifice of Isaac is only the promise of a greater sacrifice; for when the time was fulfilled, God Himself sent His only begotten Son as a sin-offering for the guilt of all men, and since the year in which this last sacrifice was made, we call every succeeding year: "The Year of our Lord."

Yes, said the man with the voice of penitence: the last hour of this year has clearly shown, that even this year was a year of the Lord.

They sat down by the fire, and ate of the flesh of the roe. Then they fell into peaceful slumbers. The morning sun of the new year awakened the sleepers; they went up to the top of the rock, where the man last night wanted to divine the future. And there a wonderful view opened before their eyes. The fruitful valley, glowing in the morning sunshine,

lay before them. They saw cottages and hamlets, and the land around it where the famine had not been. They embraced and kissed each other at this sight, and kissed their child, too, and knelt down to pray. The man, ashamed of his conduct, did not dare to look into his wife's face. Yet she looked at him kindly and said: Let us forget the old year, although it was not a year of Satan. The new year although just commenced has given already such a rich promise, that we may cheerfully continue on our way; for the new pilgrimage begins where yesterday the old closed: "*In the Year of our Lord.*"

THE GOTHIC MARTYRS, SABA AND SANSALA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. F. MASZMANN.

BY L. H. S.

The church historians Socrates and Sozomenes relate how the Goths, as soon as they had accepted Christianity in lowliness of heart, put a low estimate upon their temporal life and yielded it up with joy, suffering death with fortitude when they were not permitted even to make a confession before the execution of the sentence.

As the image of the god Freyr was carried around among the North Germans, after the manner of the heathen, upon a wagon, the people flocking after it with their offerings, so Athanarich had an idol brought upon a wagon in front of all the cottages of those, who were supposed to be Christians, so that they might worship it and present offerings like the heathen; those who refused had their cottages burned over their heads, being consumed along with them; others, who had taken refuge in a church—men, women, children and infants—were burned in it, and those who had made presents to the Church were also seized, and, if they fearlessly confessed the Christian name, were condemned to the same flames. Thus fire and sword were employed against the Christians, and those countrymen who were bound to them by natural ties or relationships.

The supreme contempt of death with which the Goths (Barbarians), who were in other respects but little respected or noticed by the Greeks and Romans, sealed their Christian faith, prompted the writers of church history, as well as the biographers of martyrs and saints, to furnish more exact information touching the prominent Gothic martyrs than would otherwise have been done. The remarkable circumstances attending this martyrdom, the peculiar traits of character there manifested, finally even the names of the individuals given, which, in spite of many a perversion, have so decided a Gothic sound—all these attest the truth of the materials furnished us, and, moreover, the dates of their martyrdom are not

wanting, since unexpectedly these have been ascertained from fragments of a Calendar or Memorial book of the Gothic martyrs, still extant in the Gothic tongue, in which two (not consecutive) months are given, the second of which may certainly be called November.

This Calendar is dedicated, in grateful remembrance, to the Emperor Constantine—as one who had made a friendly treaty with the Goths and honorably preserved it unbroken as long as he lived—to the Apostles Philip in Hierapolis (Phrygia) and Andrew, who was preëminently the Apostle of the Scythians and Goths, and lastly to Bishop Dorotheus (manifestly of Tyre), who, having been persecuted and tortured for his faith, was buried a martyr in Odysopolis. Under the 23d of the first of the two months (which must have been either April, June or September), is mentioned “the memory of those Goths, who were persecuted and slain along with their King Frithareik (Frithigern?);” under the 1st of the same month, “the memory of the forty nuns who underwent martyrdom at Berea;” and under the 20th, “the memory of those martyrs who were burned in a crowded church, with their Bishops Vereka and Batwin.”

As regards the second of these occurrences, the Lives of the Saints (*Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists), collected and prepared wholly independently of this Calendar, mention, under the date of September 1st, that forty Gothic nuns of Adrianople, who had been instructed in the Christian faith by the Deacon Ammonius, a Macedemonian, were thrown into prison, and, after having resolutely confessed their faith, were condemned to death along with their teacher. Ammonius, while still alive, was badly mutilated, and then had a red hot helmet placed upon his head. The nuns were then brought, along with their instructor, from Berea to Heraclea, to the Prefect Licinius, by whom the whole were condemned to death; ten were burned, eight beheaded along with Ammonius, ten stabbed to death, six gradually dismembered and then burned, and the rest had red hot irons thrust down their throats.

The same *Acta Sanctorum* give, in addition, although under a different date (March 26th), an account of twenty-six Gothic martyrs in the reign of the Emperors Valentinian and Valens, who, with their Priests Bathusius and Verikas (manifestly the above Batwin and Vereka), and the sons and daughters of these two, were burned in a church by King Jungerich (undoubtedly the Athanarich of history); here even the names of all the laymen are preserved, which, in spite of error in the manuscripts, still have a Gothic sound.

The bones of these twenty-six martyrs were collected by the Christian wife of another Gothic Prince, Gautho (or Gaatho), along with a Priest and the Layman Thyellas, and, after she had entrusted the home government to her son Arimerus (Charimer?), were carried from place to place until she and her daughter Ducilla had reached Roman territory, when she returned with her son, who had been summoned to meet her, while her daughter (under the Emperors Valentinian and Theodosius) carried the martyrs' bones to Lyocous, where she lived a while and died in peace. Gautho and Thyellas, having returned to Gotha, were at a later period, toned to death.

The Gothic Calendar, already mentioned, must have originated in the fourth century, before 372, on the Donau in Thracia, as it makes no mention of two other Gothic martyrs, who can be verified no less accurately than those already mentioned, namely Saba and Sansala, of whom fortunately more is given in the "*Acta Sanctorum*." Under date of September 12th, a letter is furnished, which the Christian congregation of Gothia wrote in 372 to the congregations in Cappadocia, with whom they lived in close communion. This letter is thus directed: "The people of God in Gothia to the congregations and all true Christian believers in the land; grace, peace and the love of God and our Lord Jesus Christ."

"What Peter said, that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him, has been lately confirmed in the case of Saba, who has become one of the martyrs of God and our Lord Jesus Christ. He lived in Gothia, among a perverse and abandoned people, imitating the lives of the saints, distinguishing himself like them in Christian virtues, and shining like a star in the world. From his infancy up he was filled with zeal only for the Lord Jesus Christ, holding it to be the most perfect virtue to be a perfect man through knowledge of the Son of God. And since all things turn out for good to those who serve God, the heavenly calling was to him the reward of his struggles; and he so strove from youth up that he conquered all the ills of life."

"He lived in the true faith, was gentle and pious. Inexperienced in speech, but not in knowledge, and inclined to peace with all. Still in the cause of truth he was bold to speak and to stop the mouths of idolators, without taking pride therein, but being always modest and not forward, quiet and ready for every good work. He was devoted to singing the psalms, and he cultivated singing in the congregation. He sought only after a sufficiency of this world's wealth, so as to secure the necessities of life. He was abstemious, temperate in all things, abstained from the society of the other sex, fasted daily, was instant in prayer, free from any idle ambition, firm in a faith attested by love, always happy and willing to bear witness for the Lord."

"When the nobles and princes of the Goths began to compel the Christians living among them to make sacrifices to the gods, and to eat meat sacrificed unto idols, and some of the heathen in the place where Saba lived, with the view of saving their countryman, wanted to give him some meat different from that which had been offered as a sacrifice, he did only *not* eat of this, but declared, in the presence of all, that whoever ate of it could not be a Christian. Then those who had contrived the fraud themselves, drove him out of the place, although they soon brought him back again."

"When the second persecution began, some of the heathen Goths who sacrificed to the gods, were about taking an oath before the persecutors, that there were no more Christians in the land. But Saba came forth and declared, in open assembly, that no one could take such an oath for him, because he was a Christian. Then the inhabitants swore that there was but this one Christian among them. When the Prince or King

heard this, he had Saba brought before him, and he asked the bystanders whether he was in easy circumstances. They assured him that he owned nothing more than he carried upon his back, and he was allowed to depart with the remark, that he could neither do good nor harm."

"But when at length persecution broke out for the third time among the Goths, Saba, with the view of celebrating the festival, started at Easter to visit a Gothic Priest in another city. A man of majestic, splendid form appeared (such as Woden or Odhin once to the heathen Goths), and said to him: "Return back to the Priest Sansala." Saba answered: "Sansala is not there." The latter had really fled, before the persecution, to Roman territory, but had returned just at Easter, without Saba's knowledge. As he did not obey the injunction, suddenly a mass of snow fell from the clear sky, so that the road was completely blocked up and Saba could not proceed further. Then he recognized the will of God that he should return to Sansala. He thanked God and rejoiced when he saw Sansala, to whom with many others he narrated what had happened to him, so that they were able to celebrate Easter together. In the third night after the festival Atha (na) rid, the son of King Rothesteus (Hrotisthius), burst into the place with his band, tore the Priests Sansala and Saba from their beds and put them into chains. Sansala was carried in a wagon, but Saba, naked as he was born, was driven through thorns that had been set on fire. But he bore it all through faith, and, when it was day, said to his persecutors: 'Have you not driven me, naked and without any covering, through thorns? See now, whether my feet are injured, and whether I bear any traces of your scourgings upon my body?' When they failed to find such, they laid a wagon axle upon his shoulders and bound his arms to it, and then laid him, his feet being fastened in like manner, to another axletree, with his back to the ground, and tormented him for a whole night. But when the guards fell asleep, a woman who had remained awake to prepare their food, approached and loosed his hands. Saba remained quietly with the woman, assisting her in her work. When day broke, Athanarid, having learned all this, had Saba's hands tied together and hung him to the door posts of the house. Athanarid's people brought some of the meat used in the sacrifices to Saba and said: 'Our Lord, Athanarid the Great sends you this, so that you may refresh yourself and save your life from death.' Sansala, the Priest, then answered: 'We will not eat it, because we dare not. Tell Athanarid that rather would we die by crucifixion or some other death.' And Saba answered: 'Only one is our Lord, God in heaven. That food is unclean and polluted.'"

"When he had said this, one of Athanarid's servants, in his rage, seized a spear and pierced Saba's breast, so that all who saw it thought he must be quickly dead. But Saba, through God's mercy, survived the fury of the thrust, and said to him who did it: 'You thought you had killed me by that thrust, but see, here I am as little injured as though a flake of wood had fallen upon me;' and he uttered neither cry nor groan, nor was a trace of the thrust to be found upon his body.'"

"When Athanarid learned this, he ordered him to be slain immediately. His attendants released the Priest Sansala, but Saba was taken

to the river Musæus to be drowned. Then he said : ‘ What wrong has Sansala done, that he is not suffered to die with me ? ’ They answered : ‘ That you have not to determine ; ’ and he cried out in a tone of triumph, ‘ Praised be thou, O Lord, and Thy Son’s name glorified throughout eternity ! Athanarid hath condemned himself to everlasting punishment, but he hath helped me to life eternal. Even so it pleases Thee, O Lord our God ! ’ ”

“ On the way he praised God, so that when they reached the banks of the stream, the attendants said one to another, ‘ Why not release this innocent man ? ’ But Saba then said : ‘ Why do you speak thus foolishly, and hesitate to do that which was commanded you ? I see what ye cannot see : I see those standing near by, who will carry me up to glory. ’ Thereupon they threw him into the stream, and suffocated him by piling wood upon his naked body. Thus died Saba in the 38th year of his age, on the 5th day of the week after Easter, on the day before [12] the ides of April, under the reign of the Emperors Valentinian and Valens, when Modestus and Arinthus were Consuls (372). ”

“ Those who killed him drew his body out of the water, and left it unburied. It was not disturbed by dog or other animal. The brethren gathered up his bones, and bore them to Junius Soranus, the Chief of the Goths under Roman rule, who was also a Christian. He sent them as a precious present, in accordance with the wish of the Presbyterium, to his native land, Cappadocia, for their veneration. When you hold your Christian assemblies on the anniversary of the day upon which Saba secured the victor’s crown, communicate the contents of this letter to the other brethren, so that, in all Catholic and Apostolic congregations they may praise the Lord, who has so highly favored His servant. Great are the saints ; those who suffer persecution with you send greeting. But to Him, who may through His grace lead us to His heavenly kingdom, be glory, honor, praise and power ; together with His only begotten Son and the Holy Ghost, throughout eternity. Amen. ”

A letter has come down to us from Bishop Ascholius of Thessalonica, wherein he informs Saint Basil of the Gothic persecution and the martyrdom of Saba, and also the answer of Basil, in 374, thanking the Bishop for the precious intelligence which had transplanted him to those blessed days of old—since martyrdom has returned from the Barbarians on the other side of the Donau to its original home.

Another letter of the same Basil, written in the same year as that to Ascholius (who was born in Achaia), must have manifestly been directed to the Chief Soranus, who was a native of Cappadocia. Basil had evidently requested Soranus, in the name of the Presbyterium of his Church, for the transfer of the remains of the martyrs who had died in Gothia, to Cappadocia, and now thanks him for granting his request. “ You have honored your native land with the bones of the martyr, who lately won the victor’s crown in your barbarous neighborhood, as a thankful farmer sends the first fruits to him who furnished the seed. ”

We cannot part with these witnesses for the truth among the Goths without noticing still a third, who indeed did not bear a Gothic name (as was the case with Constans, one of the twenty-six martyrs at Berea), but

still chose to be considered a Goth,—Nicetas, who was a Gothic warrior and commander, and also perished under Athanarich. The *Acta Sanctorum* gives the date as September 15. In early youth (so the record runs) he was instructed in Christianity by Theophilus of Nicæa, the predecessor of Ulfilas. In the quarrels that broke out between Frithigern and Athanarich, the former sought aid from the Greek Emperor, “the enemy of Christ” (because an Arian), which was furnished. Frithigern with his troops pushed over the Donau, towards Thracia, bearing the cross before him and overcoming his enemies by it, so that flight afforded the only means of escape to Athanarich. Many Goths, high in position, then became Christians, having been instructed and converted under Ulfilas. But Athanarich, having recovered from his defeat, persecuted the Gothic Christians, and particularly Nicetas, who was prominent on account of his family and his piety. He had continued teaching and preaching without fear during the persecution under Gratian, but was now ordered to renounce his faith. Remaining firm he was scourged and then thrown into the fire. Marianus, a Silician, who lived at Mopsuesta, on the Donau, collected his bones by night under such guidance from a light from the heavens, that they were all discovered, and bore them to his native land, Galicia.

A MOTHER'S LOVE PRINTED ON LAVA.

BY THE EDITOR.

“Can a mother forget her sucking child?” Most people are what their mothers made them. Sarah stamps the image of her soul on Isaac, Rebecca on Jacob, Rachel on Joseph and Benjamin, Mary on Jesus. The impress was made in childhood and youth. Sometimes it is partly or forever lost by the sin-loving waywardness of children. For thirteen long years Monica, prayed, wrought and traveled o’er land and sea, to restore the lost image she had impressed on the heart of her son Augustine, when a child. At length she cleared away the rust of years of vice, and brought to view with burnished brilliancy the beauteous purity of her child.

In some it is never covered or effaced; indeed is multiplied through successive generations. First we find it in Timothy’s grandmother Lois; then in his mother Eunice, and finally in him also.

Hast thou a pious mother, bear and heed her counsels. Though dead, she yet speaketh; speaketh through thee. Honor her memory, reciprocate her undying love by leading a pure and lovely life. If still living, her loving heart will follow thee with sleepless concern. Wound not her tender spirit by filial neglect. Think what she has been to thee; what she fain would still be to thee.

“Speak kindly to thy mother;
She blest your infant sleep;
She watched your ‘dawn of little joys,’
With feelings fond and deep;
And as you grew in size and years,
She still was by your side,
To chide your faults, allay your fears—
A gentle tender guide.”

Almost eighteen hundred years ago, the city of Herculaneum, near Naples, was buried by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. It began on the 24th of August, of the year 79. First came black showers of scorial-ashes and lava stones like large petrified hail. Then the red lava crept down the mountain side, into the streets, houses and churches of Herculaneum. In a certain house was a Herculanean mother with a sweet babe. She hears the hissing stream burning its way through the narrow streets, through the windows—hears death coming, as she fondly presses her child to her fast beating breast.

In the last century the buried city was rediscovered, and since then the lava has been hewn out of some houses and streets. At one place the impression of a woman's form, with an infant clasped to her bosom, was found in the lava. For seventeen hundred years this image was here preserved. More lasting than this is the maternal impress a godly mother leaves on the immortal soul of her faithful child. This image in lava gave Mrs. Hemans the subject for a pretty poem.

“Thou thing of years departed!
What ages have gone by,
Since here the mournful seal was set
By love and agony!

Temple and tower have mouldered,
Empires from earth have passed,
And woman's heart hath left a trace
Those glories to outlast.

And childhood's fragile image
Thus fearfully enshrined,
Survives the proud memorials reared
By conquerors of mankind.

Babe! wert thou brightly slumbering
Upon thy mother's breast,
When suddenly the fiery tomb
Shut round each gentle guest?

A strange dark fate o'ertook you,
Fair babe and loving heart!
One moment of a thousand pangs—
Yet better than to part.

Haply of that fond bosom
On ashes here impressed,

Thou wert the only treasure child !
Whereon a hope might rest.

Perchance all vainly lavished,
Its other love had been,
And where it trusted, naught remained
But thorns on which to lean.

Far better there to perish,
Thy form within its clasp,
Than live and lose thee, precious one !
From that impassioned grasp.

Oh ! I could pass all relics
Left by the pomps of old,
To gaze on this rude monument,
Cast in affection's mould.

Love, human love ! what art thou ?
Thy print upon the dust
Outlives the cities of renown
Wherein the mighty trust.

Immortal, oh ! immortal,
Thou art, whose earthly glow
Hath given these ashes holiness—
It must, it *must* be so !”

THE MEN WHO MAKE GOOD PRESIDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

No one becomes bad suddenly, as none become good abruptly. By degrees and gradual growth we become strong in virtue or vice. Few intend to become very wicked when they yield to the first temptation. With many that first temptation is a glass of liquor, an invitation to a ball, or to a pleasure excursion on Sunday. Virgil says, “The descent into hell is easy, but to recall your steps and reascend to the upper skies, forms the difficulty and the labor.”

Youth is the season of beginnings; the time for the budding of early habits; the blooming time, followed by fruits in later life corresponding to the blossoms.

The dangers besetting the young are not the gambling-holes and dram-shops, which make good people shudder as they pass them, but varnished vice, white-washed iniquity. Because a drunkard and whoremonger lives in a palace, and is a hail-fellow-well-met, decent society winks at his wickedness.

What the young need, and what many lack, is firmness in resisting evil. It has become the fashion to be weak-kneed, open to a bribe. This weakness, is by many mistaken for courtesy or business shrewdness. Why not call it by its proper name—downright rascality? A true and truthful man and woman will dare to say *no* and dare to say *yes*, on all proper occasions, no matter who hears, or who likes it.

It is refreshing to find people of this kind of grit, and, therefore, we give the following from the life of two Ex-Presidents of the United States.

When John Quincy Adams was minister to the court of Holland, he joined a society of learned men, who met once a week for mutual improvement. Mr. Adams, though one of the youngest members, soon became a great favorite; his finely-toned mind and delightful conversation won him many friends, and receiving as much enjoyment as he gave, he was always punctually present.

On one occasion, however, the meeting was adjourned to Sabbath evening. Mr. Adams was not there. It was appointed on the next Sabbath evening. Mr. Adams was not there. His fellow-members noticed and regreted his absence. On the third Sabbath evening it met. Mr. Adams' chair was still vacant. Many were surprised that he who was formerly so prompt and punctual should thus suddenly break off. How did it happen? Press of business, it was supposed. At last the meetings were returned to a week-day evening, and lo, there was Mr. Adams in his place, brilliant and as delightful as ever. The members welcomed him back, and expressed their sorrow that press of business, or the duties of his office, should have so long deprived them of his company. Did he let that go as the reason? "*Not* business engagements hindered me," replied he; "you met on the Lord's day; that is a day devoted to religious uses by me." He then told them he had been brought up in a land where the Sabbath was strictly observed, and from all that he had felt and seen, he was convinced of the unspeakable advantages arising from a faithful observance of it.

The Detroit, (Mich.) *Free Press* says: A gentleman who recently met ex-President Fillmore at a social entertainment, on being struck by his vigorous appearance, was told by Mr. F., that he had taken but one dose of medicine in thirty years, and that was forced upon him unnecessarily. "I attribute my good health," he said, "to the fact of an originally strong constitution, to an education on a farm, and to life-long habits of regularity and temperance. I never smoked nor chewed tobacco. I never knew intoxication. Throughout all my public life I maintained the same regularity and habits of living, to which I had always been accustomed. I never allowed my usual hours of sleep to be interrupted. The Sabbath I always keep as a day of rest. Besides being a religious duty, it was essential to health. On commencing my Presidential career, I found that the Sabbath had frequently been employed by visitors for private interviews with the President. I determined to put an end to the custom, and ordered a door-keeper to meet all Sunday visitors with an indiscriminate refusal. While Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means in Congress, and during my entire Presidential career, my labors were always onerous and often excessive, but I never suffered an hour of sickness through them all."

TOBACCO.

BY PERKIOMEN.

We purpose to record what others have said of Tobacco, leaving our readers to admit whatever conflicts of sentiment and contradictions of opinions we may encounter as best they can, hoping nevertheless that some benefit may accrue from a bare perusal of the subject, in its general outlines, since a closer study is hardly to be hoped for.

Tobacco, according to one account, was introduced into Europe, from the province of *Tabaca* in St. Domingo, in 1559, by a Spanish gentleman, named Hernandez de Toledo, who brought a small quantity into Spain and Portugal. From thence, by means of the French ambassador at Lisbon, Jean Nicot, from whom it derived its name *Nicotia*—it found its way to Parisian mouths, where it was used in the form of a powder by Catherine de Medici. Cardinal Santa Croce, the Pope's nuncio, then assumed its patronage, who, returning from his Embassy at the Spanish and Portuguese Courts, carried the plant to his own country, and thus acquired a distinction, little inferior to that which, at another period, he had won by piously bringing a portion of the *real* cross from the Holy Land. Both in France and in the Papal States, it was at once received with general enthusiasm, in the shape of snuff; but it was some time after this period that the practice of smoking commenced. Smoking is generally supposed to have been introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh; but Camden says, Sir Francis Drake and his companions, on their return from Virginia, in 1585, were the first, as far as he knew, who introduced the Indian plant, called *Tabaca*, or *Nicotia*, into England, having been taught by the Indians to use it as a remedy against indigestion. And from the time of their return, he says, it immediately began to grow into very general use, and to command a very high price; a great many persons, some from luxury, and others for their health, being wont to draw in the strong-smelling smoke with insatiable greediness, through an earthenware tube, and then to puff it again through their nostrils, "so that tobacco-taverns are now as generally kept in all our towns, as wine-houses or beer-cellars." No doubt, the *tabernæ tabaccanæ* of Queen Elizabeth's times were not unworthy predecessors of the gorgeous cigar-divans of the present day. We are told in the "Criminal Trials," in 1600, that the French ambassador represented the Peers, on the trial of the Earls of Essex and Southampton, as smoking tobacco copiously while deliberating on their verdict. It is said, too, that Sir Walter Raleigh "sat with his pipe at the window of the armory, while he looked on at the execution of Essex in the Tower." These stories may not be true, but their mere currency, at the time, proves that they

were not wholly incredible, and that the practice of smoking, in the higher classes, was a common thing.

A little later, however, the practice met already with strenuous opposition in high places, both in England and in other parts of Europe. The earliest and principal opponents were the priests, physicians and the crowned heads. The clergy at once declared it sinful, and in 1684, Pope Urban VIII., published a bull, excommunicating all persons found guilty of taking snuff when in church. The bull was renewed in 1690, by Pope Innocent, and in 1719, the Sultan Amurath IV., made smoking a capital offence. For a long time smoking was forbidden in Russia, under pain of having the nose cut off. In some parts of Switzerland it was likewise considered a sufficient cause for prosecution; the police regulations of the Canton, Berne, in 1661, placing the prohibition of smoking in the list of the Ten Commandments, right after that against adultery. Even James I., who is also called the British Solomon, did not think it beneath his royal dignity to take up his pen against it. In 1603 he published his famous "Counterblaste to Tobacco," of which this is a part:—"It is a custom loathesome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

But it availed nothing. Royal and Priestly wrath raged in vain. The use of the "weed" extended itself far and wide, so much so, that at this day, it is doubtless the most general luxury in existence. The blood of its Martyrs seems to be the seed of the Tobacco-patch, too.

We now turn to another author, from whom we will cull, using our own words and his—just as it suits.

Certainly no habit suggests so many curious considerations as does the use of Tobacco, in its several forms of chewing, smoking and snuffing. It is purely artificial—more so than any which man or beast indulges in. Is there a single one more repulsive to the natural taste? Many have failed in all their efforts (and they are generally not light), to acquire it. All who succeed, do so only after severe and *sickening* difficulty. To those who are not broken in, it is always disagreeable. Now the wonder is, that such a habit which contains no elements of propagation within itself, should exceed all others in the extent of its diffusion. It embraces the entire habitable globe; it comprehends every class of people—refined and savage; good and bad; man and woman. It spreads from Siberia to the Equator, and from the Equator to the extreme South.

What renders it still more remarkable, is the comparatively recent period within which it propagated and extended itself. *Three hundred* years is a short time for a habit to gain all but universal prevalence. Those who have given the subject any attention, see no reason to doubt the assertion, that America is the source from which this usage has extended itself to all other countries. It is certainly a phenomenon worthy of some consideration. Considering the devotion to the use of this herb, among the population in Turkey, Persia, and other Eastern countries, and the refinements which are being thrown around it, we might feel inclined to question, whether the habit can properly be regarded as of so

recent a date in the East, as we know it to be in Europe; especially as it seems almost impossible to conceive of a Turk or Persian, apart from his pipe, which is now so indispensable to him, and which occupies so serious a portion of his time and attention. It has indeed been contended that the Orient *did* possess the herb before the use of it passed from America to Europe. But the theory cannot support itself by any sort of a respectable tradition, without which it cannot hope to command our credence. Tobacco-smoking is never mentioned in Oriental volumes of an earlier date, however minutely they may describe all other indigenous customs and habits. "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," for example, are silent concerning the use of Tobacco. It is not made mention of by the older travelers, which is not easily accounted for, under this view, if we reflect on the prominent place it must have occupied and the striking appendages, in which it invariably comes before us. Certainly some allusion to the usage could be traced, had it then existed.

The Chinese, indeed, according to Bell, pretend to have been tobacco-smokers for many ages. And why not? Are they not older than the rest of mankind in everything? Still if they did smoke before any of their fellows, it was not *Tobacco*. It is plain that this herb was carried to China from India, by the Portuguese in 1599. The Portuguese had settlements in the Persian Gulf some thirty years subsequently, during which time the herb came into use in Persia. It is supposed that the Portuguese created the taste, and supplied the commodity from India. The commerce between these nations had been, and continued to be extensive. In 1628, two years after the expulsion of the Portuguese from the Gulf, the Persians still obtained large supplies of it from India. Sir Thomas Herbert, who tarried in Persia during that year, relates a circumstance which occurred at Castin, in these words:—"It seems that forty camels, entering laden with Tobacco out of India (the drivers being ignorant of a late prohibition, the King sometimes commanding and again restraining, as circumstances suggested), Mamet Allabeg, the favorite, commanded the penalty to be executed, which was to crop their ears and snip their noses; offering withal to his angry justice a dismal sacrifice of forty loads of tobacco, which was put into a deep hole that served as a pipe, and being inflamed, in a black vapor, gave the citizens *gratis*, for two whole days and nights an unpleasant incense."

The Turks received the habit and article directly from Europe, about the same time that Persia received it from the East. They either received it from the Persians, or in the same way that the Persians themselves did. Herbert, when at Bagdad (which a few years before had been in the possession of the Persians), speaks of its inhabitants "sipping coffee, and inebriating themselves with arrack and tobacco." He says also: "They too delight in tobacco; they take it through reeds that have joined unto them great heads of wood to contain it—a habit but lately taught them and brought to them by the English; and were it not sometimes looked into (for Morat Bassay not long since commanded a pipe to be thrust through the nose of a Turk, and so to be led in derision through the city), there is no question but it would prove a chief commodity. Nevertheless, they will take it in corners, and are so ignorant

therein, that what in England is not saleable, doth pass here among them for most excellent." This is taken to mean, that the Turks did then and do still prefer a milder kind of herb, than that which is commonly used in Europe. The pipes which he describes are the same as those now in use, except that the bowl is now of earthenware. In England the pipes are still small, as they were first constructed, in view of the extreme dear-ness of the commodity, when first introduced.

In England, tobacco was first introduced about the year 1556, says Stow, by Sir Walter Raleigh. They first wondered what it meant, and regarded it as a curiosity; but in 1578 it had become an article of consumption. At all events Sir Walter has all the honor of its introduction at all hands. Malcolm tells us the old man was fond of sitting at his door, and to take a smoke with Sir Hugh Middleton. "In 1631 it was commonly used by most men and *women* too" (Stow). Spenser, in his "Faery Queen" calls it "*divine* tobacco."

Nevertheless, whenever introduced, and however rapidly the habit extended itself, a storm of opposition arose against it. Hence, England proved no exception. After James spoke, tobacco was called "*divine*" no longer. But after his "*Counterblaste*"; after the Turkish vizier thrust the pipe through the smoker's nose; after the Persian Shah had cropped their ears and snipped their noses—*they would still smoke*.

We are ready to admit, however, that the fulminations and penalties imposed did something towards rendering the practice somewhat more genteel. If the King presents a faithful picture, he had certainly some reason to be angry:—"And for the vanities committed in this filthy custom, is it not great vanity and uselessness, that at the table, a place of respect, of cleanliness and of modesty, men should not be ashamed to sit tossing tobacco pipes and puffing smoke one to another, making the filthy smoke and stink thereof to exhale across the dishes, and infect the air, when very often men that abhor it are present at the repast. But not only meal time, but no other time nor action, is exempted from the public use of this uncivil trick. And is it not a greater vanity that a man cannot welcome his friend now, but straight they must be in hand with tobacco? No, it is become in place of a cure, a point of good fellowship, and he that will refuse a pipe with his fellows (though by his own election he would rather feel the savor of a stink) is accounted peevish and no good company, even as they do with tippling in the cold Eastern countries. Yea, the lady cannot in more mannerly kind entertain her servant than by giving him out of her fair hand a pipe of tobacco."

Here is another extract of the same royal author:—"Is it not the greatest sin of all, that you, the people of all sorts in this Kingdom, who are created and ordained by God to bestow both your persons and goods for the maintenance both of the honor and safety of your King and commonwealth, should disable yourselves in both? In your persons, that you are not able to ride or walk a journey of a Jew's Sabbath but you must have a reekie coal brought you from the next poor house to kindle your tobacco with? And how you are by this custom disabled in your goods, let the gentry of this land bear witness, some of them bestowing

three, some four hundred pounds a year upon this precious stink, which I am sure might be bestowed upon many far better uses."

He utters in another place this fine thought:—"But herein is not only a great vanity, but a great contempt of God's good gifts, that the sweetness of man's health, being a good gift of God, should be wilfully corrupted by this stinking smoke."

To press the seal on, as it were, the monarch was wont to profess, that if he were to invite the devil to dinner, he should have the following three dishes.—"1st, a pig; 2d, a poll of ling and mustard; and, 3d, a pipe of tobacco for digesture."

In 1616, Peter Campbell bequeathed all his goods to his eldest son, until any one of his brothers should catch him smoking. In such an event the detective was to be the heir. It is said that he never lost his inheritance. It might prove a more or less effectual way of curing the coming generations of an evil which has so fearfully entailed itself upon mankind. The now dead and gone Radical, Thaddeus Stevens, if the papers speak correctly, inserted a similar proviso in his last will touching one or more of his heirs. Thaddeus hated tobacco, whisky and slavery from principle.

Chewing tobacco is a modern art. It is hard to tell who munched the first *quid*. Let his name never be known! His progeny are countless, and especially so in America. In many countries across the waters, everybody must, first be men-aged ere he may chew tobacco. In our Republic *young* America is at liberty. Our eye just fell on an article which struck us as remarkable. We will present large extracts. It is called

"TOBACCO AND THE CUP."

"Nearly every drunkard uses tobacco. John Hawkins, the father and founder of Washingtonians, said he had never seen, in all his travels, but one who did not use it. He began its use before he began to drink; while it is not true, I admit, every tobacconist drinks liquor—although I cannot predict that he never will. On this point medical authorities, the world over, could be quoted to any extent. They testify emphatically that tobacco-using leads naturally to liquor-drinking; that it is the *facilis descensus Averni*—the slippery and smoky gangway to the hell of drunkenness. There is a touch of philosophy in the wish of the poor degraded Indian. Said he, "I want three things—all the rum in the world—all the tobacco in the world—and then more rum. I smoke because it makes me love drink."

"But I pass on to say, that the tobacco-curse is fearfully spreading. Its consumption is ten-fold greater than it was twenty-five years ago. Then it was not fashionable for children and boys to smoke and chew. From the high places of power the curse sweeps hotly down through all ranks of society, like a scatheful sirocco. Our beautiful valley of the Connecticut, which our Father scooped out with His own hand, and gave us in lieu of lost Eden, waves with the Stygian growth, and the best acres of our goodly heritage are devoted to a crop but slightly pre figured by that which sprang from the dragon's teeth."

He then uses the late Rev. John Pierpont's words:—

A righteous anger doth possess my soul,
When, lovely valley, I am doomed to see
The plant that's killed Virginia killing thee;
To see that plant, the deadliest that grows,
Supplanting both the lily and the rose—
See the green, sluggish reptile it receives,
Climb its rank stalk and lie along its leaves;
Round its pink spikes the loathsome crawler squirm,
And man becoming—a tobacco worm!

Within the last ten years it is hardly possible to measure the strides which the Kingdom has made in the Northern States. It has been brought home and spread from door to door well nigh. Our physicians might perhaps be obliged to endorse the verdict of their German brothers, and testify that of the deaths in their country, of the young men under twenty-five, more than half are caused by tobacco, supplemented by gin and beer. We are aware of the fact, that to combat a radical evil in a radical way is productive only of still more radical evil. We base our opposition to the Tobacco evil on reasonable and acknowledged ground. He who inspires the physical man by the use of Tobacco, under any form, is a—*suicide*.

He who suffers himself to be enchained by the 'weed' and permits it to grow rankly over himself, is . . . a *knave*.

And he who knoweth all these, facts, and confesses to it, but still persists in smoking, snuffing and chewing Tobacco, or in any one or two of them—"to him it is sin."

Some of our church-goers would be politely led out of any parlor or private chamber, were they to soil a lady's carpet as they profane the floor of God's house. This is the *hoggishest* thing I know of—absolutely.

A certain clergyman, in England, had become a slave to tobacco. Being very much limited in means, he cut up and masticated parcels of the bell-rope. We have been in pulpits in which the stated incumbent had certainly chewed *no* bell-ropes. The so-called "Evangelicals" are bitterly opposed to the use of tobacco, and are about to enforce their discipline against it. We may consider this special pleading; but, honestly, all decency falls legitimately within the domain of the Church and our holy religion. If both King and Pope, in former years, declaimed against its use, why shall we now affect contempt for an ecclesiastical prohibition? We consider all attempts to justify the use of Tobacco as mere excuses, unless *medicinally* administered. And he that is enslaved by Tobacco, cannot with a good conscience reprimand the inebriate, or with good grace chide the victim of any other vice.

TWO FRUITS OF FRIENDSHIP.

No receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

The first fruit of friendship is that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections; for friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshaleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the King of Persia, that "Speech is like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad; whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs." Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they indeed are best), but even without that a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

And now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation; which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas, "Dry light is ever the best;" and certain it is that the light which a man receiveth by counsel from another, is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment; which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs.

Counsel is of two sorts; the one concerning manners, the other concerning business; for the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine sometimes too piercing and corrosive; reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead; observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case; but the best receipt (best I say to work and best to take) is the admonition of a friend.—*Bacon's Essays.*

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
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PROSPECTUS FOR 1870.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXist volume, on the first of January 1870. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

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This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

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LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

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GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

AUGUST,
1870.

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Phila., Pa.
JAS. B. RODGERS CO., PRS.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XXI.—AUGUST, 1870.—No. 8.

THE SCHOOL DAYS OF A COURT PREACHER.

BY THE EDITOR.

There sits "the old man eloquent," his features and form precisely as when last I saw him. His carefully-kempt hair, smoothly-shaved face, white neck-tie, vest and coat without a wrinkle, the bodily posture erect and yet graceful, like the statue of an ancient master. Not a stiff, studied attitude at all, nor a foppish fastidiousness. 'Tis the habit of his mind to have every thing in its place, and a place for every thing. This faultless arrangement of toilette and apparel is a reflection of his inner man. His face beams with benevolence—is luminous with latent thought. A great head is perched on those great shoulders. A sound mind in a sound body. Fifty years of earnest soul work, battling valiantly against sin and error, within and without,—this long fight has slightly furrowed his face; like the scars of an old warrior, the furrows give beauty to his features. "What a beautiful old man!" said Tholuck, when a young man, of the aged Chalmers. The old man listened like a knowledge-loving child to the fresh streams of learning as they poured from the lips of the scholarly German. Suddenly the latter pauses, and drops this remark, aside, to a friend, in the German. "What does he say?" exclaims the eloquent Scotchman, fearful lest he might lose even a crumb falling from this sumptuous literary table.

So sits F. W. Krummacher before us in the picture of his autobiography. Sits here as a sort of usher to tell us what to expect in the following pages. At a glance we have here the whole man—a face gathering into itself all the rays scattered through the book. Well can one see the Boanerges—a son of thunder—lurking in this face, in this whole body; and the thunder-producing lightning, too; an incarnate Donner-wetter—thunder-and-lightning, clothed in flesh and blood and bones.

In the April number of the GUARDIAN, 1869, I gave "Two Evenings with a Court Preacher." This time I offer you another Leaf out of his life—"The School Days of a Court Preacher."

He was born at Mörs, on the Rhine, on January 28th, 1796. His father, Friederich Adolf Krummacher, was a godly pastor of the Reformed Church, a man of learning, and withal a poet. His mother was an amiable, meek matron, a help-meet to her husband, in the true sense. He was born in the stormy times of the French Revolution, when all Europe was made to tremble. Little did the new born boy know of this European woe. Great was the joy of the parents when this first-born was given them. While the blood-thirsty revolutionists desolated Europe, there was a peace almost unearthly in the quiet home of pastor Krummacher. At the birth of the child, the father started a domestic diary, in which he noted the pranks of the baby: when he laughed to his parents for the first time; how his eyes followed a little bird flying about in the room; how he began to say *mamma* and *papa*—showing a most praiseworthy fatherly tenderness.

When four years old, the father was called to a Professorship of Theology and Eloquence at the University at Duisburg. By this time a little brother and sister had been added to the family. He was fond of play, fond of the pretty out door world. At six years of age, he had to exchange the sports of childhood for the slate and the primer—the sweet freedom of early boyhood for the galling yoke of the school. A pious lady, Christiann Engels, at this time became an inmate of the Krummacher family. She breathed her gentle spirit into the children, and formed them into a little choir of singers, and "made the house a kind of music hall." To her moulding hand and heart Krummacher was grateful to the end of his life. On her 90th birth day, when himself was 62 years of age, he wrote a poem in praise of what she had been to him. The following lines are an honor to his warm heart:

"If pure and sacred thoughts my bosom swell,
If hallowed purposes and plans I frame,
If lofty aims within my heart do dwell,
To thee I owe them. How dear to me thy name!
And when with thankful mind I praise the Lord,
Who, in love, from sins whereinto others ran
Has kept me free; in every song, that word,
Thy dear name, inweaves itself--O Christiann!"

How natural that the boys should be fond of unrestrained freedom—finding more pleasure in sports and amusements than in serious matters—rambling through woods and meadows, chasing butterflies, listening to the music on the banks of the Ruhr and Rhine—fonder of these than of scanning Latin, or sheets of music, under the eyes of their preceptor. Christiann well knew how to spice duty with pleasure. Knew, too, how to interest their boyish minds—taught them to pray, and praise and love the Saviour of their souls. A godly man the father was, yet not very apt in the religious training of his children. If now and then he would speak to them of God and His commandments, "the hot tears started

from his eyes." And this he dreaded, and therefore rarely ventured on such lessons. The children were taught in turn to ask a blessing at table, and to offer morning and evening prayer in the family.

At nine years, Krummacher already stood an approved examination as a candidate for the Gymnasium—a school corresponding to our best classical schools in this country. At eleven, his father became pastor at Kettwig, a village with stalwart men and grand scenery. To his mortification, the boyish student finds no Gymnasium here, and must again study in an ordinary village school, whilst the father taught him Latin and Greek. Sure I am that many a reader of the *GUARDIAN*, no longer a boy, could enjoy sports like the following, on these pleasant summer days:

"The beautiful beech-forests, abounding with birds, which we were wont to perambulate, making them echo with our merry song—the exciting hunts we had in these forests for the nests of the raven, and the magpie, and the squirrel, when we climbed even to the loftiest branches of the trees—the high mountain ridges, difficult of ascent, from which the view all around stretched itself away into immensity—the exuberant, splendid strawberries and bilberries found in the lonely forest glades and on the mountain slopes; then the harmless, cheerful, public festivals, such as the spring-festival, and the egg-festival on Easter Monday, celebrated sometimes on the high, rocky eminence called the 'pulpit,' rising precipitously from the banks of the Ruhr, in which it mirrored itself; and, besides all this, the pleasure of bathing in the summer time, and of catching fish and crays in the Ruhr, which was clear as crystal to its very bottom, and in the winter time of sporting on the splendid sheet of ice extending for miles, smooth as a mirror, along the beautiful water,—what more was needed for us boys, to make us think this world a very paradise?"

Then, too, the sons of the minister often went with their father on his visits to the farms of his peasant members, where they received an abundance of apples and nuts, and presents of pigeons. And where villages are so close together, many a country pastor welcomed the visits of the Krummacher boys into his home circle. And the Kettwig parsonage entertained many a clerical and literary guest, some of whom, in later years, ranked among the first men of Germany. The boys were caressed by them, and listened to their sprightly conversation with the greatest delight.

The members of the father's parish were plain people, abounding in home-spun wisdom, of whom their pastor would often say: "There are many unpolished gems; the peasants are more sensible and intelligent than many big-wigs in the professorial chair, and on the judge's bench." Mingling with these honest laboring people, gave Krummacher a "deep, enduring affection" for the lower classes.

The instructions in the Catechism by his father, and his confirmation, made a lasting religious impression on him. Then he was constrained "to bow before God with sincerity and with many tears." He and his brother accompanied their father on a visit to a sick uncle. They found him on a dying bed. The boys had never seen any one die. The wasted

form, the hollow cheeks, and the death-like paleness of the dying man, struck them with amazement. Others helped him to reach out to the boys his thin, bony hands, to bid them farewell. They sobbed and trembled as he said to them with a sepulchral voice: "Yes, dear young friends, as we all, so you too, must one day lie on a dying bed. We are born to die. See that you learn early to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; for without Him we are the most miserable of all creatures." These words, this scene, they could never forget.

Again pastor Krummacher is called to a new field of labor. This time to Bernburg, in Saxony. He leaves his simple peasants at Kettwig for a more polished people, but not more grateful and cordial. Indeed he is made General Superintendent (a sort of bishop) of the Duchy of Anhalt-Bernburg. Now the boys, Frederick and Emil, get to better schools and into more refined society. At that time, Napoleon was seeking to devour Europe. Fired with love for their German fatherland, Frederick, then but sixteen, and some of his comrades, applied for admission into the army. They were kindly told to go back to school. Then came the army, frequently quartering soldiers in the parsonage—not a few young artists and scholars. Napoleon, too, is brought to view. On his sorrowful retreat from Russia, he passed through Bernburg—indeed stopped here "a brief quarter of an hour," during a change of horses. They saw him "as he sat, leaning back in silence, in the corner of his carriage; only once did he bend forward, with cold formality, when some young girls, without any display, handed to him a bunch of flowers." Armed carbineers, with drawn sabres, formed his escort, and on the box of his carriage cowered his Mameluke Rustan.

Many men, distinguished for piety and genius, were guests at the Bernburg parsonage; some ridiculously foppish and self-conceited, others who always "brought new, fresh life into the house." An uncle, Möller, rich in blessing to the family, was "remarkable for his amiable absent-mindedness." One time, as he took his seat among a group of dignified State officials, he laid aside his cloak and appeared in his shirt sleeves, having forgotten to put on his coat before leaving home. Going along the streets of Elberfeld, one day, in gown and bands, he entered into an animated conversation with his son's servant-girl, carrying a basket on her arm, all the while thinking that it was his son's intelligent wife. All these incidents, guests and teachers, moulded the mind and heart of the future court preacher.

Unconsciously and without intention they helped to fire the children with the desire for their intellectual improvement. Indeed their parents made their home a sort of retired literary circle. They read with their children works suited for their entertainment and instruction, such as Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," the "Magic Ring" and "Undine," Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen." They sang the grand chorals and other compositions of the German masters—songs full of the fire of patriotism and religious faith.

But was this then a sinless youth? Free from the pranks and tricks of ordinary boys? This book is not a confessional. Of early capers, innocent or otherwise, we read but little. Surely the boyhood of such a

character must have needed its disciplinary incentives and restraints; must have needed a strong bridle, and a firm hand to hold the reins and a wise heart to use the rod, if such was ever needed, which it very likely was.

At length the stirring youth leaves home for the University of Halle. This forms quite an event in the life of a German youth, more so than does the entering of College by our American students. "By birth and by natural talents" he was predestined to theology, and for that destination his studies are henceforth directed.

There was doubtless more trouble in his home, when leaving thus, than he tells us here. Tears must have stood in some eyes that looked after him, as, "with knapsack on his back and staff in hand," he walked away from the warm hearts at home. Many a one reading these lines remembers the feeling of proud superiority when he first went to College—and how, by and by, his inflated notions were beaten out of him. He says of the time when he set out on this journey: "We thought ourselves all at once, on what grounds it is difficult to say, head and shoulders above any one of the people. Our hearts beat within us with the feeling of a new and more elevated existence."

It was then a great moral risk for a young man to embark on a University course. Deprived of the counsels and restraints of home, he entered a world of wild personal freedom. Unlike our American Colleges, these institutions are almost wholly without academic restraint. As Schaff says in his work on German Universities: "The students spend from two to five hours every day in the lecture-rooms of the University hall, and the rest of the time in reading and writing at home, or in intercourse with their fellow-students. The majority, especially the 'Foxes,' as the Freshmen are called, join one of the clubs or associations for social enjoyment, after the student's fashion. The members generally wear, or used to wear, peculiar colors on their caps, flags and breast-bands, are regularly organized, and meet on special days at a particular inn or private room. There they sit round oblong tables, in the best of humor, drinking, smoking, and singing, at the top of their clear, strong voices, 'Gaudeamus igitur,' or 'Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland,' or 'Freiheit, die ist Meine,' or 'Es zogen drei Burschen wohl ueber den Rhein,' &c. They discuss the merits of their professors and sweethearts; they consult about a serenade to a favorite teacher, or about a joke to be practised upon some favorite 'Plulister,' or landlord; they make patriotic speeches on the prospects of the German Fatherland; they pour out their hearts in an unbroken succession of affection and merriment, pathos and humor, wit and sarcasm, pun and taunt; they smoke and puff, they sing, laugh and talk till midnight, and feel as happy as the fellows in Auerbach's cellar, in Goethe's *Faust*."

It seems, since then, however, the habits of students have undergone a favorable change. Duels occur less frequently. "They have exchanged the gauntlet for a pair of kids, the sword or rapier for a riding-whip or walking-stick; and it is no more an honor to besot oneself with beer and tobacco, and to provoke duels."

Upon this hilarious world the young student entered. At Halle, he

says, student life developed itself in "cannon-firing" and storming, with "boxing matches" and "birch-wood duels." For much of this he had no taste. In the students' clubs he found associates of more earnest habits. Whilst many ridiculed piety and Christian faith, a rising party took for their motto: "Frisch, frei, fröhlich und fromm" (Lively, free, cheerful and pious). Among these he found a better air to breathe. He became a member of a literary club, whose debates were all held in Latin. His teachers were among the most celebrated scholars of Europe. Not a few of them made no secret of their lack of faith in divine revelation. The great Hebrewist Gesenius spoke of miracles with a sarcastic smile. Niemeyer presented his Rationalism "in a gentle and veiled form." Wegscheider made Reason the source of moral and religious truth. To this day many congregations are doomed spiritually to starve on the "husks and chaff gathered and stored by his students." "Der Alte Knapp" was ridiculed as a "pietist" or a "Hernhutter"—a man of pure doctrine and godly life. "Often, as we crossed the threshold of his study, our hearts beat within us as if we had entered a holy place." One day, Krummacher asked for information on a certain theological difficulty. Knapp handed him a book, saying: "Read that, and forget not earnestly to pray for light from above."

Thus his active mind was puzzled with conflicting systems—reaped in a field where the wheat and tares grew still together. How great the danger, with the wheat, to reap some tares, too!

After studying two years at Halle, he left for the University of Jena. Just before leaving, he preached his first sermon in a village near Halle. A crowd of his fellow students went out to hear him. "Well done," said the applauding comrades. He says, "To this day shame covers my cheek when I think of that first effort at a sermon."

Jena was academically more attractive. On the banks of a picturesque river, with "well-wooded heights" around it, its scenery pleased him greatly. In the market-place of Jena he met crowds of students—some in German coats and plumed velvet caps, others in the plain linen blouse worn while taking exercise—walking to and fro, singing merry songs, or engaged in cheerful conversation. A friendly student took him to a lodging-place, insisting even to carry his knapsack for him. He entered upon his studies with enthusiasm—joined one of the student clubs, and gives a graphic description of his initiation. Among the learned Professors he carefully selected for his teachers those whom he regarded the most orthodox. He engaged in the innocent sports of the students. One day Goethe passed along, and stepped from his carriage to witness these gymnastics, and spoke a kind word to them.

With all the learning of his teachers, their instructions were unsatisfying. A great wonder it is that the poor student did not land in blind unbelief. Had it not been for his private studies at Jena, he would have made "as little progress in theology as in religion." The exegetical lectures were insignificant. Those in homiletics only told him what he already knew. The rationalistic and empty sermons gave him a dislike for the services of the Church, and drove him from it. He sought refuge from this spiritual famine in reading good books. Others joined

him in these private searchings for the truth. In the end he could look back on his life in Jena with pious thankfulness. There, after all, his soul was delivered from every fetter to which it had been bound, and learned to believe savingly in Christ.

He had received much kindness and made warm friends at Jena, and left it with inexpressible sorrow. A company of fellow students escorted him on his way as far as Cunitz. While they tried to cheer him along the way with merry songs, he could scarcely keep from weeping. One teased him about his tearful weakness. That evening he poured his sad parting-sorrow in a poem at Naumburg, and sent it back to his comrades:

“Scarce brightened the gable morn’s earliest ray,
When the student looked forth from his window to say:
‘O Jena, dear Jena, ’tis o’er, I depart!
God knows with how heavy and aching a heart!’

He spoke, and the water rushed into his eyes;
But the staircase resounds, and the passage, with cries:
‘Come, brother, be off! take your last bite and sup—
We must drink to the parting, though bitter the cup.’

And fuller his chamber, and fuller the hall,
And wilder the tumult, and louder the call;
One seizes the knapsack, another the staff,
They rush down the stairs with a shout and a laugh.

And out on the market-place gathers the crowd,
Like a storm in the forest, their greetings are loud;
But gentle their eyes, for the farewell is near,
And brightened full oft by the sheen of a tear.

In close arrayed columns they march down the street,
The pavement resounds to the tramp of their feet,
And up to the clouds peals their chorus of song—
One only is mute in the echoing throng.

The windows fly back, and eyes tender and shy
Peep down through the flowers to watch them go by;
And laughing salutes are waved up from below,—
One only ne’er raises his eyes as they go.”

SILENT INFLUENCES.

If a sheet of paper on which a key has been laid be exposed for some minutes in the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key removed, a faded spectre of the key will be visible. Let this paper be laid aside for many months where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the spectre of the key will appear. This is equally true of our minds. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture of landscape we see, every word or tone we hear, leaves its tone or image on our brain. These traces, which under ordinary circumstances are invisible, never fade, but in the intense light of cerebral excitement start into prominence, just as the spectral image of the key started into sight on the application of heat. It is thus with all the influences to which we are subjected.

AFRICAN CELEBRITIES.

BY PERKIOMEN.

As we did not "go to war," nor to the election either, for a number of years, no one will accuse us of being moved by any political motive, in recording some of the achievements of a number of that despised race, which had been but so lately emancipated from a state of bondage, of over two hundred years' standing. It is interesting to note how Providence makes history, not only through us, but in spite of us, often; overthrowing our theories by the stubborn logic of facts, and burying our prejudices by a flood of conviction that cannot be withstood. It is, in this light only, that the theme interests us enough to give it a thought.

The great men of every period have had "a hard road to travel," from nothingness, poverty and orphanage, oftentimes to manhood, influence and station. But possessing the three essentials to greatness—*diligence*, *courage* and *perseverance*—they emerged from out of the ground, as it were, and rivaled the eagle in their flight. Such men must ever win the approbation of their fellows. We fall in love with all such characters.

But, we somehow fell to thinking, that such achievements could only be predicted of *white* mortals. For an African to first climb to where a Caucasian already starts from, however lowly his origin may be, and then to mount subsequently also head and shoulders above the multitude, be that multitude now white or black—*this* we conceived of as a feat wholly impossible. And yet the wonderful events transpiring in this country, within the last decade, have made havoc with our theory.

A negro boy had for a long time been to our mind the type of a dirty, lawless, lying, thievish, soulless, unbearable barbarian and nuisance. But now did not my vision change when confronted by Harry Gantz, a colored boy of Huntingdon? He knows half of the New Testament, and repeatedly goes home after church and there recites *verbatim* the sermon, just delivered from the pulpit. We have had not a few Sunday-school scholars, with faces fair as the morning; but we could not put our hand upon the boy, with so good a head—the heart we cannot see, you know.

We, of late, learned to know something of colored financiers and confess that all of them can "beat" us fairly. Robert Watson, a dusky waiter, recently died in New York, leaving a fortune of \$70 000. We know of several, not a tint whiter than the waiter "Bob," in the interior of Pennsylvania, who could lend us some money. Among the wealthy foreign residents of Paris, are some fifty negro and mulatto families, who hold intercourse with a great many aristocratic French families on terms of perfect equality. M. Pontchery, a wealthy negro from Port au Prince, lives with his family in one of the finest houses on the Chausse d'Antin—

keeps half a dozen white servants, and was invited last winter to most of the fashionable parties. He is a millionaire, and has a very fine gallery of paintings and statuary. Another one of his blood, in Paris, is M. Candoris, whose father owned a large plantation on the Island of Mauritius. The son sold it—married an English woman at Capetown, and went with her to Paris, where he lives now in brilliant style. He is one of the boldest operators at the Bourse, and is known to be very rich. Belleisle, a very black negro (?), owns a large business house in Paris—yes, *two* of them! THREE, it is declared!! He settled there thirty-five or forty years ago, and made his money in the oyster trade.

Certainly we do not consider them of any moral significance on account of their pelf—that is not the point. We have only to consider how widely wrong our opinion had been, in reference to the business qualities of colored men. We had fixed it in our minds, that negroes all lived by stealing, just as many declare all Jews to survive on cheating. Instead of vagrants, we are permitted to look upon the finest specimens of calculating characters.

But not all Africans live for wealth alone. The Charleston correspondent to the "New York Times" writes: "In South Carolina now resides a remarkable negro, Saad by name, who is employed as a teacher of emancipated blacks. Besides his knowledge of the Arabic, Greek, Italian, French, German, Russian and English tongues, he is familiar with literature, to a very considerable degree, and quotes from the Koran, Dante, Goethe and a number of other authors. He was born in the interior of Africa, and is now in the twenty-sixth year of his life. He landed in America, during the progress of the rebellion, and had served in the 54th Massachusetts regiment. Considering the brief time afforded him to do so large a work, we may well write him down as no ordinary man. There must be some active and retentive brain in that man's head. Remembering, too, that he comes from the very middle of the dark Continent, we cannot but regard him as an *uninterrupted* African, as Frederick Douglass would say, with a wink of one eye. The last hope of being able to still retain our preconceived and dearly cherished fancy, lay in the idea that there must in every such remarkable character lurk some white blood—even if but just a very little; but this genuine son of darkness has clouded the last bright ray, and we must recant.

But the spitefullest thing in this line occurred down in Georgia. When the Georgia Legislature were considering the expulsion of the colored members, one of the latter, in the course of a long and forcible speech, exclaimed: "Now, I will make the proposition to every member in this house, that I will read the Bible in more languages than you can, if you will agree to leave the hall, or I will go out if you can read in more languages than I can!" The offer was not accepted, of course, and, just as of course, the polyglotted black member was expelled. Now, this is a very significant incident. It shows that the man was not only learned, but *cunning* beside. Who but a wily "nigger" would think of challenging a gang of politicians to read the *Bible in any language*? Why just in common English it might puzzle not a few. And such an ignorant race too; just emerging from slavery and its thick darkness, to be able to cast

up to the surface one who gives considerable promise of what may be expected in the future. To be sure, we may suspect him of some admixture; but then, what neutralizes that consideration again, is the undisputed fact, that his opponents were *all* white, and still beaten.

It seems very odd to us to read of colored men as Justices of the Peace, since we formed all our opinions, touching African capacities, from the filthy "sweeps," that perambulate the streets, and loaf in the woods along the creek. We never thought of the error we were committing in assuming such to be proper standards by which to render a verdict on the race, though we never would have thought of pronouncing judgment on the mass of Caucasian blood, from the peripatetic characters that travel the highways, and akin. To see a batch of five names, all colored men, to act as *Esquires* in the District of Columbia; to see the names of others sent into the United States Senate and have that ancient body to confirm such and such black men, as Assessors of Internal Revenue, as Postmasters in large cities; to see the daily sheets record the item, that "Lieutenant Governor Dunn, colored, of Louisiana, had an interview with the President;" to be able no longer to doubt, that Ebenezer D. Basset, of Philadelphia, was nominated as Minister-Resident and Consul-General at Hayti, and J. R. Clay, of Louisiana, a colored man, is proposed as Minister and Consul-General at Liberia; and then besides, and best of all, that he declines the appointment tendered him by the President—all this surprises one who innocently imagines that the *status* of the black man had long ago been settled. One can hardly see how a negro can so far outstrip a white politician, as to refuse a seven thousand five hundred dollar office. It startles us lovers of the old conservative order of things. We think Mr. Clay (*colored* Mr. Clay, remember!) owes the pure and noble white-blooded office-seekers an explanation. It is not satisfactory for him to tell the public, that he is a wealthy gentleman of New Orleans, enjoying a comfortable income of some twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, and by no means dependent on governmental patronage or favor. Such a word would only confuse us still further; for, first, how did he—a colored man—come to have so much income, and secondly, wealth does not quench the thirst for office. The whole subject is dark, in more senses than one.

But then let any one read from a *Richmond Journal* the sketches of the prominent members of the Virginia Senate, and stumble over five live African members, in order to experience what a weird sensation affects him.

There is Senator J. W. D. Bland, of Prince Edward, who graduated in the Convention School, and is by common consent the spokesman of his brethren. He displays no little ability, speaks grammatically, and debates well. He speaks fluently—is never disconcerted or at a loss for proper phrases. He seems bold enough to dispute and argue points with the best of his peers. So, too, he can draw a resolution with singular perspicuity and points, which some of our Harrisburg Legislators can—*not*. He says "Mr. President" in the best of taste and style. Mr. Bland is said to be quite comely; skin dark; face well round, and when he speaks he shows a fine set of teeth. He dresses well, and looks alto-

gether like one who is inwardly content with, if not proud of his lot. The reader may judge, from the particulars given above, that Mr. Senator Bland has been thoroughly "interviewed," and there is no mistake in his being what was but lately called "a nigger."

Dr. Lyons, or Senator Lyons now, is a graduate of a medical college. He is from York county, and a new comer into the political field. The reporter is quite enthusiastic over this Senator Lyons. "In form he is an Apollo; in complexion, an olive—very bright; eyes large and sparkling; hair short, soft and silky. His dress is faultless. He is the most elegantly gotten up of any of his class. He must be very young—certainly not over 22 or 23."

George Theamoh, likewise a Senator, is a shrewd politician, and a close and able debator. He frequently rises to a "personal explanation," with the obnoxious paper in his hand, which in the end he invariably demolishes.

John Robinson is a silent Senator. He has a large head, and conveys his sentiment through his ballot.

W. P. Mosely, of Goochland, is a large, benevolent-looking, colored Senator. His head is well-developed. He is thoroughly educated, but makes no display of his intelligence.

And these men are in the Senate Chamber of the Virginia Legislature! Have we then slept for many years, only to awaken now and witness such dark men in high places? We can scarcely become reconciled to this new order. But may we not as well accept the situation, and attribute such results to a Providence overruling the affairs of men and the destinies of nations? It seems as though the destiny of all the people were to be measured, not by their complexion, but by their capacity. If they possess that, no matter what becomes of our predilections, tastes or prejudices, the end and goal will be reached. If destiny wants Senator Revels where he is, we are foolish in contending against it. If otherwise, he will disappear.

It is not in the political sphere alone that we find colored celebrities. Long ago, yea, in the reign of Queen Mary, a negro from Spain became a noted mechanic. He invented not a few tools and instruments. He it was who first constructed *Needles*. He died without imparting the secret of his art. It was recovered in 1565, by Elias Grouse, and taught for the second time in the realms of England.

We read with pleasure whatever we can gather concerning the colored sculptress, *Edmonia Lewis*. She is just now completing a statue of Clio, for Prince George of Prussia.

It would be superfluous to enumerate those prominent colored characters who have been figuring before the world, even before the gate of freedom had been pushed ajar for the oppressed to go forth. They are too well known to require any notice here.

No one can shut his eyes to the fact, that a new epoch has opened for the long oppressed African race. That many are proving themselves worthy of their liberty is no longer questioned by candid minds. From no sort of political feeling or motive in the case, but solely from moral considerations, do we hail the dawning of better days, for mankind, with-

out in the least considering on which special division of the great human family the benefits more directly descend. God has made of one blood all the races of men, and appointed unto every one their several "habitations." By "habitations," we hold, is not only to be understood, their several *localities*, but spheres and social latitudes, as well. If this be a fixed decree, let us be sure that there is both room enough and opportunity enough for all races, and all men in those races, to live to the purposes intended. It is far more delightful a thing, to our mind, to watch those men, who raise themselves by their own unaided efforts, even against the many forbidding circumstances lying before and around them. It is much better than a novel, to read the lives of such men as Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Henry Wilson and others, in the political arena, and of the many in the spheres of science, literature, art, the several professions, who were born unknown, but lived to become widely-known—so well and so widely known that death can no more obscure the names.

But with a spirit of still deeper admiration do we study the lives of certain African celebrities. All they ever become they become in spite and in the face of circumstances. There is no sort of prestige for them. They must make themselves from the root up. For a prominent character to emerge out of slavery, strikes us as fully as great a wonder as it were for a flower to grow from the dunghill. "Now if we think how great a thing it is, that this or that Senator raised himself from a state of comparative early obscurity to high places in the land, what shall we think of such as started from this immeasurable gulf below the former? Frederick Douglas, for example, or Senator Revels, had to climb as far to get to the spot where the poorest free white boy is born, as that white boy has to climb to be President of the nation and take rank with kings and judges of the earth." Never more could such ascensions be consummated were there not great energy within such bosoms, and an over-ruling power above the earnest brows. It is the co operation of Divine and human forces that brings about success.

To contemplate such phenomena is both encouraging and instructive. It inspires us with new faith and trust in the Providence of God. It serves to inspire us also with a becoming pride in our governmental institutions, in virtue of which men that will up, cannot be kept down. From the lowest depths there is a way upward, as there is for the water in the rock. Nor can any serious young mind survey the ground they have trodden who have gone before him, see their difficulties and successes, without feeling a strong incentive to go and do likewise. Not one stands so low down and so far under, but others have stood still further under, and yet ascended. What men have done may again be done by men.

We just now, however, think of what our Lord says to His evangelists, who returned and joyfully reported their successes over reptiles, diseases and other foes. He heard it all, and then reminded them, that all such success was after all not the highest to be aimed at and gained. He would have them rejoice most of all, that their names are written in heaven. To that highest of all bliss we can all attain; for we have a Great Saviour.

MY DARLING'S SHOES.

God bless the little feet that can never go astray,
For the little shoes are empty, in my closet laid away ;
I sometimes take one in my hand, forgetting till I see
It is a little half-worn shoe, not half large enough for me ;
And all at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and pain,
As sharp as when, ten years ago, it cut my heart in twain.

O, little feet, that weary not, I wait for them no more,
For I am drifting on the tide, and they have reached the shore ;
And while the blinding tear-drops wet these little shoes so old,
I try to think my darling's feet are treading streets of gold ;
And then I lay them down again, but always turn to say,
God bless the little feet that now so surely can not stray.

And while I thus am standing, I almost seem to see
The little form beside me, just as it used to be ;
The little face uplifted, with its soft and tender eyes—
Ah me! I might have known that look was born in Paradise.
I reach my arms out fondly, but they catch the empty air,
For there's nothing of my darling but the shoes he used to wear.

Oh! the bitterness of parting can not be done away
Until I meet my darling where his feet can never stray ;
When I no more am drifted on the surging tide,
But with him safely landed upon the river side.
Be patient, heart! while waiting to see the shining way,
For the little feet in the golden street can never go astray.

HOPELESS SORROW.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress trees !
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play ;
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own.

— Whittier.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

The lords of creation men we call,
And they think they rule the whole;
But they're much mistaken, after all,
For they're under woman's control.

The so-called XVIth Amendment seems to be gaining ground. For, by this name the Female Suffrage movement is known. Newspapers are started in its interest. Conventions are held, presided over by some of the first men of the country. Politicians and secular newspapers bid for its friendship. Scholarly ladies advocate the cause in speeches red-hot with hate to the oppressors of woman. Amiable ladies defend it with terrific unamiability; beautiful girls on lecture platforms bustle with rage, and fight woman's foes in words which literally burn.

No error is mere error. Something there is of truth ever mixed with it. By this I will not venture the perilous assertion, that the Woman's Rights movement embodies an error. Such a position might cost a man his head, metaphysically speaking, to say nothing of his heart. Apart from the merits of the question of Female Suffrage, there is such a thing as Woman's Wrongs. Public opinion in America affects great respect for her sex, whilst it treats her with unscrupulous injustice. Why should a woman not get the same wages as a man, if she does the same work and does it as well as he? She can make as good a coat as he, but gets only one-half or two-thirds as much wages. Why should a female teacher, as efficient in her labors as the gentleman in the adjoining room, receive \$20.00 a month while he receives \$30.00? Two women work in the harvest field, to support their fatherless children. Necessity is upon them to endure this unfeminine toil. They bind as many sheaves as the men, and bind them as well, for which they receive 75 cents a day, and the men \$1.50. If they perform the same amount of work, why should they not receive as much wages as the men?

A wicked wretch can seduce a female, without losing social position, whilst his victim is treated as an outcast by her former companions. The justice of human society is subject to unaccountable freaks. In the case of the guiltier party society winks at vice, whilst the weaker and often less guilty one is branded with a social exile, beyond the reach of pardon or redemption.

The strong minded Amazonian champions of Woman's Rights say and do many very unbecoming things—say and do them in a very unlady-like manner. But they use some arguments which are hard to meet. Least of all can they be met by unamiable aspersions and ridicule.

Since commencing this article I have met with sad illustrations of woman's woes. Passing the door of a drinking resort, a poor widow came out the door. "O my dear friend, how wicked these people are," she exclaimed. "I have repeatedly told this man not to sell my boy any liquor, and still he does it. He ruins my child and robs his widowed mother of her daily bread. I am trying to train my children to pure and industrious habits, but these vile sharks get the better of me."

"See yonder," she cried. "There goes the husband of my neighbor. She works like a slave to maintain her children. And daily kneels by their side and teaches them to love God. He, the wretch, eats the bread she earns, and spends all his earnings for strong drink. He has just received a month's wages, and refuses to give his wife and children one cent of it. And this grog-dealer takes his money from the poor besotted soul, when he knows that thereby he takes the last piece of bread from his wife and children. O, sir, what shall we do?"

What shall you do? I was afraid to tell her so, but thought to myself, do as did certain oppressed wives and mothers in a western town to the ruiner of their sons and husbands. If the law will or can not protect you, let a few dozen of your suffering friends go with you, with clubs, broomsticks and cowhides and thrash the wretch into a more decent behavior. After all, could we blame these unprotected women much, if they would raise a riot, roll the casks of liquor into the streets, and make a bonfire of them?

The unrecorded worries and woes of woman would make a book more thrilling in the marvellous than any uninspired work that has ever been written. In meek and silent submission she endures the thousand neglects, keen sorrows which a heartless husband may inflict. His unfaithfulness, his licentious and intemperate habits, she bears with uncomplaining and forgiving affection. No friend, however intimate, can extort the sad secret from her. Though unworthy of her affection and confidence, she hides his disgusting habits with the cloak of her gentle and undying love. Great is the mystery of woman's connubial forbearance. For such a sweet being to consent to be chained to such "a body of death" involves a sacrifice whose preciousness is unspeakable. Of course very often the fault is not all on one side. Many a wife has herself to blame for having a worthless husband, and many a young lady might know before she marries her rowdy beau, that nine chances against one he will make a brutal husband, a lover of lewd women and bar room sports, who will refuse to reciprocate the pure affection she fain would lavish upon him. Very much to the point is John Plowman's talk about wives in Spurgeon's *Sword and Trowel*:

When a couple fall out, there are always faults on both sides; and generally there is a pound on one, and sixteen ounces on the other. When a home is miserable, it is as often the husband's fault as the wife's. Darby is as much to blame as Joan, and sometimes more. If the husband won't keep sugar in the cupboard, no wonder his wife gets sour. Want of bread makes want of love: lean dogs fight. Poverty generally rides home on the husband's back; for it is not often the woman's place to go out working for wages. A man down our parts gave his wife a

ring with this on it : " If thee don't work, thee sha'n't eat." He was a brute. It was no business of hers to bring in the grist : she is to see it is well used, and not wasted. Therefore I say, short commons are not her fault. She is not the bread-winner, but the bread-maker. She earns more at home than any wages she can get abroad.

It is not the wife who smokes and drinks away the wages at " The Brown Bear" or " The Jolly Topers." One sees a drunken woman now and then, and it's an awful sight ; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is the man who comes home tipsy and abuses the children ; the woman seldom does that. The poor drudge of a wife is a teetotaler, whether she likes it or not, and gets plenty of hot water as well as cold. Women are found fault with for often looking into the glass ; but that is not so bad a glass as men drown their senses in. The wives do not sit boozing over the tap room fire ; they, poor souls ! are shivering at home with the baby, watching the clock (if there is one), wondering when their lords and masters will come home, and crying while they wait. I wonder they don't strike. Some of them are about as wretched as a cockchafer on a pin, or a mouse in a cat's mouth. They have to nurse the sick girl, and wash the dirty boy, and bear with the crying and noise of the children ; while his lordship puts on his hat, lights his pipe, and goes off about his own pleasure, or comes in at his own time to find fault with his poor dame for not getting him a fine supper. How could he expect to be fed like a fighting-cock when he brought home so little money on Saturday night, and spent so much in worshiping Sir John Barleycorn ? I say it, and I know it, there's many a house where there would be no scolding wife, if there was not a skulking, guzzling husband. Fellows not worth their salt-money drink and drink till all is blue, and then turn on their hacks for not having more to give them. Don't tell me : I say it, and will maintain it, a woman can't help being vexed, when, with all her mending and striving, she can't keep house, because her husband won't let her. It would provoke any of us if we had to make bricks without straw, keep the pot boiling without fire, and pay the piper out of an empty purse. What can she get out of the oven when she has neither meal nor dough ? Bad husbands are great sinners, and ought to be hung up by their heels till they learn to behave better.

They say a man of straw is worth a woman of gold ; but I cannot swallow it : a man of straw is worth no more than a woman of straw, let old sayings lie as they like. Jack is no better than Jill, as a rule. When there is wisdom in the husband, there's gentleness in the wife ; and between them the old wedding wish is worked out : " One year of joy, another of comfort, and all the rest of content." Where hearts agree, there joy will be. United hearts death only parts. They say *marriage* is not often *merry-age*, but very commonly *mar-age* : well, if so, the coat and waistcoat have as much to do with it as the gown and petticoat. The honeymoon need not come to an end ; and when it does, it is often the man's fault for eating all the honey, and leaving nothing but moonshine : when they both agree, that whatever becomes of the moon, they will each keep up their share of honey, there's merry living. When a man lives under the sign of the cat's foot, where faces get scratched, either

his wife did not marry a man, or he did not marry a woman. I don't pity most of the men martyrs: I save my pity for the women. When the Dunmow flitch is lost, neither of the pair will eat the bacon; but the wife is the most likely to fast for the want of it. Every herring must hang by its own gill, and every person must account for his own share in home quarrels; but John Plowman can't bear to see all the blame laid on the women. Whenever a dish is broke, the cat did it; and whenever there is mischief there's a woman at the bottom of it: here are two as pretty lies as you will meet with in a month's march. There's a why for every wherefore; but the why for family jars does not always lie with the housekeeper. I know some women have long tongues; then the more's the pity that their husbands should set them going. But, for the matter of talk, just look into a bar parlor when men's tongues are well oiled with liquor, and if any woman living can talk faster, or be more stupid, than the men, my name is not John Plowman.

My experience of my first wife, who will, I hope, live to be my last, is much as follows:—Matrimony came from paradise, and leads to it. I never was half so happy before I was a married man as I am now. When you are married your bliss begins. I have no doubt, that where there is much love, there will be much to love; and where love is scant, faults will be plentiful. If there is only one good wife in England, I am the man who put the ring on her finger; and long may she wear it! God bless the dear soul! If she can put up *with* me, she shall never be put down *by* me.

THE VISITATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AHLFELD.

BY L. H. S.

In the Annunciation to Mary the golden doors of divine mercy were thrown open to the sinful world. The Purification of the Virgin, with the Presentation of the Lord in the temple and His meeting with Simeon and Hannah, is a great festival day for all mothers, and a species of annual reminder of Him to whom they should always present their children. The day is connected with the tenderest feelings of mothers, and the duties of parents to their children. But the Visitation comprehends something still greater. Mary has received from the angel the information that her cousin Elizabeth, the wife of Zacharias the Priest, hath also conceived a son, and that this is the sixth month with her, who was called barren. The annunciation made by the *same* angel, the similarity of the tidings borne, and the *one* little word "also," bind the children and the mothers together. John is bound to Jesus in heaven as the

ruddy dawn, 'neath which the dew falls, to the sun that breaks gloriously upon the same. They must be connected also upon earth, and must meet even while still borne by their mothers. Mary arose in those days and went into the hill country with haste, into a city of Juda (more correctly Jutha or Juttah). Elizabeth comes not to Mary. The Law comes not to the Gospel, but the Gospel to the Law, in order to pour the balm of God into the stricken heart. She must go to Juttah, she must communicate with that friend, who, in consequence of the angel's tidings, can best understand her own joy.

The Virgin shrinks not from the rugged mountains, nor from the weather, the wild beasts and the robbers. The grace of God in her heart supporting her, she has no fear. The mountains are levelled, the wilderness loses its terror; there will be bridges over the abysses and streams, and a shelter for her at night. The angel has furnished a pass for the journey,—he will care for her journey. The pass bears the countersign: "Touch not mine anointed." She goes with haste, the spirit of joy quickening her steps. How could she linger, she who wished to carry the kingdom of heaven to her friend?

She arrives at the house, she enters it. In this house of the Priest, in the hill country, the Old and the New Covenants meet, the Law and the Gospel, the Hope and its Accomplishment,—the King of the kingdom of heaven seeks his first subject. Elizabeth knew who was coming. She had long known Mary as her cousin; now, through the Holy Spirit, she recognizes her as the Mother of her Lord, the Mother of Him, whom the son she now bore in her womb would go before in the spirit and power of Elias. This was her day of grace, salvation was come to her house, the day spring from on high had visited her. But the Mother was not alone in her rejoicing. If Abraham, who had been born and dead long ago, rejoiced to see the day of the Lord, so here her unborn babe and in him all those who were still to be born. The babe leaped in the womb of Elizabeth when it heard the salutation of Mary,—it shared its Mother's holy joy.

And now their songs of praise begin. That of Elizabeth is almost wholly confined to Mary; it begins with "Blessed art *thou* among women." But Mary ascribes the whole honor to God, and says: "My soul doth magnify the *Lord*, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour." The Palm draws the ivy, clinging with its green leaves, heavenward along with it.

Now see, dear reader, how the grace of God silently increasing directs attention to the Lord. Here *one* friend, a relative, learns that the everlasting Son of the Father has entered her chamber in the womb of the Virgin. On His birth-day, and when He is presented in the temple, a *few* learn that He is born. When He testifies of His Father, as a twelve-year old boy in the temple, *hundreds* of eyes are upon Him. The seeds are being more and more widely sown for His reception—whenever He shall enter upon His ministry. This is God's imperceptible method of increase.

We still remain in the house of Zacharias! Mary and Elizabeth are the first friends in the Lord. The new friendship rises high above the

old relationship. The twain were assembled in the name of the Lord, and He was in the midst of them. Those were three blessed months. Their eyes looked back to the promises given the Fathers, their hearts rested in the gracious annunciation that had been made to them, their spirits longed tenderly and chastely for the great future. Thus blessed may it also be in thy house, thy Lord will visit thee, only let Him enter. Cease to doubt.

Our record is wholly silent as to Zacharias, because he was dumb, and silence was the punishment of his unbelief. He was not able then to join in the jubilant songs of the women, although at a later period this will be all allowed him. It was sad that he could not do so at this beautiful time.

Three months later, shortly before the birth of John, Mary returned home again to Nazareth, but Elizabeth could never forget the visitation.

THE WORLD AT TABLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

How great men, and different nations eat, is a matter of interest to inquiring minds. Indeed that great men should be addicted to the ordinary vulgar habit of eating at all, seems somewhat surprising. The sight of Pope Pius IX at his table, relishing the food of ordinary mortals, would make sad work with many a believer in his etherial infallibility. The truth is, to our common way of thinking, eating and drinking is a low practice for great men—indeed for immortal beings generally. Yet necessity is upon us to accept of material perishing support. And it is a merciful provision of Providence, that the act of partaking of it should afford so much pleasure. So delightful was the taste of whisky to a certain drunkard, that he wished his throat were two miles in length, so as to retain the charming taste right long. Perhaps he was not aware, that the organ of taste is the door of the throat, and would permit only a brief relish of the fiery fluid, as it would be dashed over the palate.

De gustibus non disputandum (there is no accounting for tastes) is a Latin proverb. What tastes good to one is disgusting to another. Mice pie and dishes of bird's nest are a rare luxury among some Eastern nations. And some consider a slice of a fellow being a great treat. I have not a few friends who set fire to tobacco, fill their mouth with its fumes, and puff it into the air, and greatly relish the practice; and some others who liberally eat the weed, a few others who try their utmost to inject its dust into the brain through the nostrils, and many of my fair friends use it to kill cabbage-fleas and moth.

The food we eat conditions our thinking. Great meat eaters are usually people of robust thought. John Bull gets much of his pluck and

snarlish, snappish nature from his beef-eating propensities. The fact is, John is a prodigious feeder, and pays the penalty of his excess by years of gout. Sidney Smith says: "I never yet saw any gentleman who ate and drank as little as was reasonable." "Have you observed that in England nothing can be done without a dinner? When I first came to Bristol I found it was dinner all day."

Literary men, and artists, as a rule, are noted for their abstemious habits. As in the case of Byron and Edgar Poe, there are sad exceptions. When Michael Angelo had a great work on hand, he fasted almost to starvation. Rembrandt, although very wealthy, usually ate a herring and a piece of cheese for his dinner. Lessing was fond of lentiles. Schiller of ham. Charles the Great of game. Luther took to beer and wine, yet with moderation, and at ordinary meals he ate a salt herring and a hunch of bread. Once he emptied his larder to feed the poor, and went four days without food of any sort. Tasso was a great friend of preserved fruit. Henry IV of France never tired of oysters. Charles XII of Sweden preferred butter-bread to every other article of food. Voltaire was passionately fond of coffee. Kant ate incredibly small quantities, mostly making a meal of bread and coffee, and that only once a day, and always by himself.

The Germans love to enjoy social meals. They eat sparingly, spicing the feast with entertaining conversation. They eat but little, and take ample time to their meals. In this respect they are the opposite from us Americans, who eat immensely and with appalling speed. The Germans and the French have simple meals, consisting of but few dishes. Ours are inhuman in quantity and complex in variety.

The Moldavian Islanders eat alone. In the most retired part of the house, they draw down the window clothes, serving as blinds, that they may eat unobserved. The people of the Phillippine Islands are remarkably sociable at their meals. Whenever one finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs till he meets with one. However keen his appetite, he never eats till he has found a guest.

The wealthy Chinese have their meal-tables beautifully varnished, and are spread with silk clothes, elegantly worked. They use neither plates, knives, nor forks. Every guest has two little ivory sticks, which he handles expertly.

The people of Kamschatka entertain their friends with a strange enthusiasm. The entertainer kneels before his guest, cuts an enormous slice from a sea-calf, and crams it entire into the mouth of his friend, furiously crying out, "Tapa!" ("There") and cutting away what hangs about his lips, snatches and devours these trimmings with avidity.

Gobat gives a curious description of the eating customs of the Abyssinians. Their food is very simple, and always well peppered. In the better class of houses tables are used. The children and servants take their meals, seated on the ground. At their feasts, the table is loaded with various kinds of bread. The guests are seated around the room. First they are served with barley or wheat bread, then with bread of *black teff*, lastly with that of *white teff*. Then comes a course of meat and pulse. After that they seat themselves at the table, each dipping his bread into the sauce, then moulds it into a roll and thrusts it into his

mouth. When they wish to show special honor to any one at the table, particularly to a stranger, a female servant assumes the office of preparing for him mouthfuls of bread, and, inserting in each roll a morsel of meat, places it in his hands. At their common meals, the husband and wife usually sit side by side, and introduce rolls of bread reciprocally, and at the same time, into each other's mouth. If they do not do this, you may be sure that they live unpleasantly together.

In China the common people live to a great extent on roots and herbs, the wealthier Chinese eat the meat of the horse, ass, mule, dog, hog, and cat. The Tartars eat raw meat, most commonly horse-flesh, and drink milk and blood. They scoff at Europeans eating bread, which they call tops of weeds, not fit for men. In Scandia and the Shetland Island the people eat dried fish, butter and cheese, and sleep on the ground.

Pliny marvels at Mithridates, who drinks poison with impunity, as people accustom themselves to devour arsenic, though certainly not without serious injury. The Turks eat a drachm of opium with less damage than an American can eat a grain. The truth is, the human stomach can be trained to endure for a brief season almost anything that foolish people may burden it with. With most persons' favorite bowls and dishes, we can declare, without a figure that "there is death in the pot."

Withal, a blessing on the gift of eating, where there is the right thing to eat. "An excellent and well arranged dinner is a most pleasing occurrence, and a great triumph of civilized life."

A few centuries ago the British lived in a far different style from what they do now. Take the following illustration in the following paragraph:

"Erasmus, who visited England in the early part of the sixteenth century, gives a curious description of an English interior of the better class. The furniture was rough, the walls unplastered, but sometimes wainscotted or hung with tapestry, and the floor covered with rushes, leaving what they could not eat to rot there, with the draining of beer vessels and all manner of unmentionable abominations. There was nothing like refinement or elegance in the luxury of the higher ranks; the indulgences which their wealth permitted consisted in rough and wasteful profusion. Salt beef and strong ale constituted the principal part of Queen Elizabeth's breakfast, and similar refreshments were served to her in bed for supper. At a series of entertainments given by the nobility in 1689, where each exhausted his invention to outdo the others, it was universally admitted, that Lord Goring won the palm for the magnificence of his fancy. The description of his supper will give us an idea of what was then thought magnificent. It consisted of four huge, brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed, with ropes of sausages, to a huge pudding bag, which served for a chariot."

GATHER THE FRAGMENTS.—Learning will accumulate wonderfully if you add a little every day. Do not wait for a long period of leisure. Pick up the book and gain one new idea, if no more. Save that one and add another as soon as you can, says an old Scotch adage, "Many a little makes a mickle."

LETTERS TO CLARINDA LOVELACE.

MY DEAR CLARINDA :—What can the matter be? You have stopped writing to me; no letter for two months; before that one every week. Are you sick? Have you fallen in love? Or perhaps fallen out of it? Which of the two falls might in the end be the most disastrous, neither I nor you can tell. Falling *in* is sometimes very pleasant, and sometimes it isn't. You see, my dear girl, I know a little more about this kind of falling than you do.

Shall I tell you how to go about it? Full well I remember when I first wooed your uncle Job. He was a timid, awkward youth, shy of ladies, yet evidently pleased with their company. Some of the girls made fun of him, I never did. They preferred the bolder boys; fast, forward fellows, who spent more than their earnings, and had the name of being some of the leading b'boys. Job felt uneasy in their company, felt his inferiority. I saw there was something in the confiding, kindly soul. He was industrious, liked by his employers, kind to the poor. Occasionally he enclosed a dollar in a nameless letter and sent it to a poor widow in one of the back allies. He was suspected of this ill-concealed act of charity. And the suspicion did him no harm. He was frugal, spent no money for liquor or balls.

You ought to have heard how the girls laughed at and teased me for falling in love with Job. Poor souls! Their laughter has been turned into mourning. Four of them are the poor widows of drunkards, one of a gambler; the five died ignominiously. My Job is still alive—the dear, dear old man! While I am writing here at my window, I see him leisurely tying up my honeysuckle which yesterday's storm tore from the frame, the few half-grey locks on his uncovered head waving in the soft breeze. Sweet Job, his greatest happiness is to please me, and I feel as if I could die if need be, to make him happy. Since watching him at the honeysuckle vine, I notice what a change thirty years have wrought in his looks, but his heart beats for me as warmly as then. Have you ever read “John Anderson, My Jo?” Of course not. Too young to feel its beauty. Job and I often sung it together :

“John Anderson my Jo, John
When we were first acquaint;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow
John Anderson my Jo.

“ John Anderson my Jo, John
We clamb the hill thegither:
And mony a canty day, John
We’ve had wi’ one anither.
Now we must totter down John,
But hand and hand we’ll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my Jo.”

But how did I woo Job? Why I just opened my heart and led him right in. I saw that the dear youth felt the contrast between him and me—he so ungraceful and heavy all over, I so tidy, musical and graceful—if I must say it myself. I read his heart—read how he loved and longed to make me his own.

People say love is blind. Heathen love—Cupid—may be. Christian love has eyes, and a keen vision at that. I saw into his heart; saw my heart’s love reflected therein “as face answereth to face in water.” I made advances when he was too shy to speak. Coaxed him into the parlor, when he made as though he would go further. I proposed walks, and showed him in a hundred ways, that I loved him, and cared not a fig for the silly snobs of fashion who flirted after the other girls.

I never played the flirt or coquette. When I look at some of my maiden friends, pining away in solitude, I say, it serves you right. But for their coquetting girlhood, they might have a Job as well as I. It is natural for young people to fall in love. Like the measles and whooping cough, people usually take the malady once in a life time, and usually in the earlier part of life. Somehow, of late years, people take these two afflictions more than once. So may the tender passion seize the human heart more than once.

When the fever takes you, dear Clarinda, try and have it shockingly bad from the start. The sooner it will reach a crisis, the shorter the road to paradise.

Don’t be running about nibbling at youthful hearts, as the butter-buyers on market days nibble at the butter, running their finger nails or butter-tasters into other people’s property, merely for the sake of eating lots of butter without paying for it, at length leaving the lumps so disfigured that nobody is willing to buy them. Clarinda, don’t rudely trifle with loving hearts—don’t run your love-taster into others’ hearts for the sake of simply getting a taste of it—sending the said hearts sadly through life with scars of your making.

Try and find a respectable, pious gentleman, as near your equal as possible; one whom you could love, and whom you have reason to believe could love you. Study his tastes. Try to please him within reasonable bounds. Dress has a charm. Dress tidily, but not so as to frighten him with its expensiveness. A year ago I had hopes that ere long two woven straw-stems with a light ribbon to the end of it, might soon suffice for a bonnet, which would have been cheap enough. The present bonnets might serve as miniature bread-baskets, after they are out of fashion. Dresses require less material now than when I wooed Job. The inflated sleeves of my dress were seven and a half inches wider than the waist. You have means enough to please the man of your choice.

Try and acquire a character that will deserve his affection. Bait him with merit, my dear girl. But bait none but a Job. Tackle him tightly to your heart. If he is not a Christian, not a member of the Church; if he drinks, swears, or acts the brute in any other form, tackle and hold him in the outer court of the temple, hold him at arms' length until he lays aside his naughtiness. Take no promise of future reformation, no feigned pledge of taking up the Christian's Cross in a year hence. First have him reform his ways, by the grace of God, then let the knot be tied, and tied well. Love wisely, my dear Clarinda. Shun the rake, rowdy, the bar-room loafer, the street lounge, the card player; shun the licentious man—O dear Clarinda, shun him as you would shun Satan. Think what swine these young men are, who associate with low women.

Your Aunt

BETSY.

"TOO GOOD FOR HIS OWN GOOD."

BY PERKIOMEN.

A very popular maxim this—"Too good for his own good;" but rather too untried, we think, to be taken as a safe apology for one's moral obliquity. It has a pleasant sound to an ear not trained in the science of moral acoustics. But it is a wolfine saying, muffled in lambs' wool. It reminds us of a corpse embalmed in sweet spices, or covered under a slab of fairest marble. By it men's interior deformity is intended to be concealed, and a merited condemnation is partially supplanted by a premium set for elementary ugliness.

"Too good for his own good!" *Sir!* What a pity that a soul, so good is thus swamped in virtue! Very much is such a character like to a certain farmer's field, which he stoutly maintained, was too rich to produce good crops. Poor old Graybill! he is dead now, though. He would shoulder his pick and compel his visitors to accompany him over his commons of briars and mullen-stalks, halting at intervals of every dozen steps, and dig up large handfuls of neglected earth, to show its rich ingredients. He died under the conviction, that his soil contained entirely too much *saltpeter!*

A great mistake in Providence indeed,

"To lodge such daring souls in little men,"

who inherited so large a capital of goodness as not to be able to invest it to their own profit, and the profit of others.

"*Too good for his own good.*" There are two dark shades to this popular proposition, which nevertheless blend and cast a shadow by far too thick to contain any luminous truth at the bottom. First of all, it strikes us as a very great error in any character to overlook himself, and neglect "his own good." Time was when we did not see that. Still, we

were sorely puzzled to find St. Paul speaking so approvingly of 'being all things to all men,' and exhorting others to imitate his course.⁵ It was only after we learned, however, that he did *not* mean to be nothing to himself, or to any body else, that we caught the gist of his words. Only because he became somebody positive in himself, would he accommodate others and be of service to all. We at once, then, fell to liking that divine order of charity, which "begins at home," and in one's own heart-home. The word of precept and command is to "love thy neighbor, *as thyself*." Not to recognize one's divinely-located nearness to oneself, first of all, is to throw into the street the measure of love, by which our affection for our neighbor is to be constantly gauged. By thus eliminating yourself, there remains still a circumference, but no longer a centre, no "head-centre," as our modern Knights are fond of saying. It is the essence of inefficiency in this stirring age, to be a cosmopolite, without being a patriot; a philanthropist, without being a neighbor, and such an enthusiastic lover of humanity as to forget man—especially the man whose image falls back upon you from the mirror. You too, are a man, and the very first man whom you are to love. Little words, like little things, are oftentimes overlooked, to our own damage indeed. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." As is a very small particle; but yet it is a *pivot-word*. (Pivots are always small you know.)

To disturb the divine *order* of charity, then, is not to be successful in its practice. To ignore yourself, however, is to start wrong; nor can you ever recover again your true route by either a factitious cross-cut, or by performing a circuitous turning, never so indefinitely extended. Disclaiming wholly every plea for selfishness, we affirm a charity which *begins* at home.

"Too good for his own good" signifies a character who ignores and neglects himself. Perhaps every community holds one or more of his stamp. From the Proverbs which the various Nations have coined against him, we may consider him world-famous. England says: "*Daub yourself with honey, and you'll be covered with flies.*" The Danes say: "*Make yourself a pack-horse, and you'll have every man's sack on your shoulders.*" The French say: "*Who makes himself a sheep, the wolf devours him.*" The Persians: "*Be not all sugar, or the world will swallow thee up*"—to which they very properly add, for the sake of conservation: "*nor yet all worm-wood, or the world will spit thee out.*"

The other suspicious feature about our character, is his *over-goodness*. He is invested with some quality of supererogation. "*Too good!*" But "too good" is equivalent to "good-for-nothing." And that is just what it amounts to, by every recognized logic. He may not be positively bad; but negatively, certainly, worthless. "Too good for east or west," is a truth which reaches deep into the heart and meaning of all assumed and real extremes. We know of no way by which to let down more gently, a shiftless, useless and negative member of a community, than by simply characterizing him after this fashionable style. It is almost as comforting to him, as it is consoling to the inebriate, to designate, well-nigh every tippler by the handy cognomen, "smart fellow." "Too good for his own good," that means, that you wish to save him, somewhat, and hence

hesitate to denounce him straight out as 'good-for-nothing,' and positively worthless. Still, to spare him altogether, would be too wide of the mark. Nothing remains, then, but to paint him partly, and to blacken him partly. We turn flatterer and denunciator in the same breath, in this way, and are persuaded of having spoken the whole truth after all.

"Too good," in the popular acceptation, means a spoiled saint, likely, which is one and the same with a common, every-day sinner. If there be a distinction, at all, the former takes the prize for badness. It appears charitable, to be sure, to thus take the rough edge off of what would otherwise prove a striking truth; but then when probed, the cup is found to be all the deeper. To be sugar-spoiled, is no better at all events, than to be killed with salt. "Water is the best thing;" but a flood of it, is as ruinous as a draught, or a fire. We see not how there is a gain effected, by trying to rescue such a character, in this white-washing way.

It is simply wrong to characterize any one as "too good." He is, by no means, and in no way, either "too good for his own good," or for anybody else's good. He is rather a moral imbecile. He lacks the native internal energy of virtue, in the old Roman sense. He is like to those physical *delicates*, who cannot lift a hoe, open a gate, or smell newly-mown hay. It is the *absence* of interior goodness, not the superabundance, or 'flush' of it, that afflicts the man. 'The empty sack cannot stand upright.' It is an abuse of language to speak of one as possessing too much bodily health and vigor. In a figure we talk of "superabundant health;" but we, in fact, mean rather, that the various physical forces are out of harmony, and produce a rankness in the system, which is *ill* health, again. Too much sound muscle needs no physician. At all events, we are not anxious to see him, who would diagnosticate (?) a case of atrophy for us on this principle. And yet, to interpret the moral consumption of any one, the wasting away of his spiritual forces, with the emaciation of his virtuous powers, as a sort of too abundant goodness, strikes us, as no less absurd. It seems much rather a moral idiocy or moral paralysis. And yet not such an idiocy or paralysis as excuses from crime, for the reason that we are fully as responsible for the wrecking of our inner nature, as we are accountable for a slow physical suicide, in many cases. It is still a question among physicians, if we err not, whether or not a system may have too much blood, absolutely; but there can be no question raised, we are sure, as to whether you, or I, or any one, can be 'too good,' for our own happiness, or the welfare of others. It is but the part of prudence and of kindness, to let such know in plain terms, that they are far from being over-healthy; but invalids rather.

It may not always be the fact, that our "too good" characters are lacking in moral sense and vitality, so much, as in moral *stamina* rather. As there are succulent plants, so are there likewise succulent beings. There are stalks and stems juicy and soft, as compared with those of ligneous and hard growth. Grasses are of such a nature, and lodge readily. Peas need 'sticks,' and certain families of beans must have the pole by the side, to serve as their back-bone. Vines and creepers need

trellises, as a means of support, even when storms are hushed. But never do we regard this order of plants as superior to, or in anywise healthier than the self-supporting tree. They are of a weaker class, indeed. It is their misfortune, not their prestige.

Just so are there many natures that lack *stamina*. Not having the innate support, they may be said to sink daily, from a weakness, brought on, we cannot tell how. All mortals are relatively in the same unfortunate category; but certain ones are peculiarly so constituted, or have rendered themselves such. Men's bodies may become too heavy for their legs, but that is no sign of comfortable health, nor a very good recommendation for one's legs. And in the same way, may there be much goodness collecting in our natures, good sense, good feelings, good wishes and good intentions to the support and execution of which, however, there is not the force of character or strength of will. He toils forever in a quicksand. “ A quicksand is a sepulchre, that connects itself with a tide, and ascends from the bottom of the earth toward the living man. Each minute is an inexorable sexton. The wretch tries to sit down, to lie down, to walk, to crawl; all the movements that he makes bury him; he draws himself up, and only sinks deeper; he feels himself being swallowed up; he yells, implores, cries to the clouds, writhes with his arms and grows desperate. Then he is in the sand up to his waist; the sand reaches his chest, he is a bust. He raises his hands, utters furious groans, digs his nails into the sand, tries to hold by a pebble, raises himself on his elbows to tear up a weak sea-weed, and sobs frenziedly; but the sand mounts. It reaches his shoulders, it reaches his neck, the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, and the sand fills it, and then there is a silence. The eyes still look, but the sand closes them, and there is night. Then the forehead sinks, and a little hair waves above the sand; a hand emerges, digs up the sand, is waved, and disappears. It is a sinister effacement of man.”

Thus the inner man sinks in many, and, not on the coasts of Brittany or Scotland, merely, but all along the stream of life. For want of fostering influences, we often think; for want of nursing surroundings and the association of good and strong examples, such weak souls go under. It may be that great blame attaches to society, to the various social ‘ Aid-societies,’ and to the stronger natures that walk indifferently by, for not volunteering to the eye, ear, foot and hand, crutches, to those who cannot walk without limping or falling headlong down. But let things be known by their proper names. Let the ulterior evils be forestalled by discovering in time, the primary causes of delinquency, as well as the occasions to its aggravation, in order that the remedy may be all the sooner applied. Let such not be flattered in their misery, but awakened, alarmed and rescued, if possible.

We are daily more inclined to regard the moral ailings in men, as diseases, veritable diseases. They claim to be so conceived of, equally with every bodily infirmity. Along with this view, grows the feeling likewise to apply every manner of sanitary measure, to restore such invalid to inward health. We no longer believe any more in casting an inebriate into the street and telling him merely to cease imbibing, that he may become a

sober man, than we would approve of casting a patient with Typhoid fever into a fence-corner, and tell him to get well there. All moral delinquents are, in fact spiritually diseased souls. They are for us, 'the lame, the halt, the blind and the sick and afflicted,' of whom the Divine record speaks. They who were thus outwardly afflicted in our Lord's day, serve but as symbols in indices of the various ills to which our moral natures are subject. He had been their Physician, and is the Physician even yet. His Kingdom is the Lazaretto for the spiritual lazaroni of the whole race. The waters for the healing of the people are even yet stirred in His Bethesda. He who cannot conceive of Christ's Church as such a sanitary institution, and only looks upon it as a lodge, which opens its door to healthy ones alone, or as a store-house, in which to gather the righteous solely, he may yet for a long time study the import of that saying: "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

But never did He deceive men by bestowing conciliatory, flattering and false names, and thus render them indifferent towards the seat and nature of their diseases. Neither is any moral teacher permitted to wrongly impress men in regard to the fatality of their complaints. He is far from lulling into a still deeper stupor, the man who is already morally weak, unconcerned, indifferent, careless, slothful, inefficient, doless, and perhaps a confirmed wreck by patting him on his head, with the remark: "My dear fellow, all that's the matter with you, is owing to the fact that you are too good for your own good."

His very soul loathes such a deception by fair words, unless he is a charlatan. Much rather would he imitate the 'Good Samaritan,' who is none other than Christ, in discovering such a 'half-dead' character on the great highway that leads from the Jerusalem of peace to the Jericho that is accursed, and place to his use whatever auxiliaries may be at hand, "his own beast," a cane, a crutch, anything that might serve to deliver him from his misery, and transfer him into better surroundings, "an inn" or some hospitable, nursing quarters, and give earnest charge to have the patient restored, no matter at what labor, sacrifice or cost.

Such a regimen is not usually without its fruits, either. The so-called "too good for their own good" are generally men of an easily to be entreated and docile nature; of an unruffled and level disposition, and of an impressible temperament. Indeed that is one reason why the crowd runs away with them as captures. It is not the result of Grace and goodness, that they are thus calm and gentle. It is to be attributed rather to their lack of moral vitality, originally, which becomes a genuine dyspepsia eventually. They are unable to properly digest inwardly all that they imbibe by the eye, ear and daily experience. Hence the need of such spiritual nourishment and suitable stimulants as will restore them. Such an inward torpidity of spiritual forces, generally superinduces itself upon an underlying nature, which, when once renovated becomes an admirable foundation to a character to be raised upon it, subdued and equalized by Grace. St. Paul's 'contentment' is something vastly different from the comatose state of him, who can "fiddle while Rome is burning," or see all 'go to rack' without experiencing a ripple on his forehead or in his heart.

The "too good for their own good" are sick, and consequently weak as every sick man is. He is readily pushed over by the jostling crowd, or naturally falls because of his constitutional gravity towards the centre of all evil. When once down, he is too torpid to rise of himself, nor does the crowd stop to pick him up. The sequel is, remain down.

How many are they who live in the pit-falls of life, whom we have it in our power to rescue and redeem, were there, at least no less humanity shown to man, than our natural instinct prompts us to extend to an ox engulfed. There is felt a compassion for such, we know, but it is a pity that does not in any way fruit in their reclaiming. It ends in 'passing by on the other side' and in a bootless sigh over the fancied misfortune of one who is "too good for his own good !"

Again, we say, in regard to this class of characters, who seem to be neither deserving of condemnation, nor worthy of salvation, a moral treatment is called for, in their behalf, which will, in the outstart, present them with a true diagnosis of their fatal ailing, to be followed up then by the administering of such antiseptics and elixirs of life as the various individual cases may demand. The present social system is indeed to be commiserated, if with all its ancient and modern eleemosynary colleges, its provisions do still not prove commensurate with the wants of the impotent members of the race.

But let no one imagine us to speak loosely for the encouragement of the profligate and moral bankrupts. We have said somewhere, in these pages, that their idiocy and paralysis of interior forces are not of such an order as to excuse them from crime. So neither can they hope to be restored by the aid of others solely, whilst they remain without any personal exertion. 'God helps those who help themselves. And although the loss of such as have become unmanned in the way we have been endeavoring to describe is great let them not be content with a mere idle lamentation, but rather take heart, from the old Italian saying: "If I have lost the ring, yet the fingers are still here." The brave proverb may prove the means of inspiration to them, and remind them, furthermore, of a certain wild prodigal, who had indeed lost all his ornaments and necessities, as well, but who retraced his steps nevertheless, arrived 'safe home,' to be adopted anew; to be clothed and rejoiced over as one lost, but found again.

CHRISTIAN HUMILITY.

Naturalists observe that the Egyptian fig tree, being put into the water, presently sinks to the bottom; but being well soaked with moisture, contrary to the nature of all other wood, buoys itself up to the top of the water. So we may say of humble-minded men, they keep the lowest place and degree in every thing; but in such places they are soaked with the waters of grace and devotion, with the waters of tears and compunction of heart, with the waters of pity and compassion of other men's miseries; then do they (after death especially) swim up to that incomparable height of glory which God hath assured to the poor in spirit.

OLD MAIDS AND OLD BACHELORS.

There are men and women who, like some flowers, bloom in exquisite beauty in a desert wild; they are like trees which you often see growing in luxuriant strength out of a crevice of a rock where there seems not earth enough to support a shrub. The words "Old maid," "Old bachelor," have in them other sounds than that of half reproach or scorn; they call up to many of your minds forms and faces than which none are dearer in all this world. I know them to-day. The bloom of youth has possibly faded from their cheeks, but there lingers round form and face something dearer than that. She is unmarried, but the past has, for her, it may be, some chastened memories of an early love which keeps its vestal vigil sleeplessly over the grave where its hopes went out; and it is too true to the long-departed to permit another to take his place. Perhaps the years of maiden life were spent in self-denying toil, which was too engrossing to listen even to the call of love, and she grew old too soon in the care of mother or sister and brother. Now in these later years she looks back calmly upon some half-cherished hopes, once attractive, of husband and child, but which long, long ago she willingly gave up for present duty. So to-day, in her lonesome, who shall say that she is not beautiful and dear?

So is she to the wide circle which she blesses. To some she has been all that a mother could have been; and though no nearer name than "Aunt" or "Sister" has been here, she has to-day a mother's claim and a mother's love. Disappointment has not soured but only chastened; the midday or the afternoon of her life is all full of kindly sympathies and gentle deeds. Though unwedded, hers has been no fruitless life.

It is an almost daily wonder to me why some women are married, and not a less marvel why many that I see are not. But this I know, that many and many a household would be desolate indeed, and many and many a family circle would lose its brightest ornament and its best power, were maiden sister or maiden aunt removed; and it may bless the Providence which has kept them from making glad some husband's home.

Yonder isolated man, whom the world wonder at for having never found a wife! Who shall tell you all the secret history of the by-gone time! of hopes and loves that once were buoyant and fond, but which death, or more bitter disappointment dashed to the ground; of sorrow which the world has never known; of a fate accepted in utter despair, though with outward calm! Such there are. The expectation of wife, or home, has been given up as one of the dreams of youth, but only with groans and tears; now he walks among men somewhat alone, with some

eccentricities, but with a warm heart and kindly eye. If he has no children of his own, there are enough of others' children who climb his knee or seize his hand as he walks. If he has no home, there is many a home made glad by his presence; if there is no one heart to which he may cling in appropriating love, there are many hearts that go out toward him, and many voices which invoke benedictions on his head.

Life at Home, by Dr. Aikman.

BE YE ALSO READY.

In the midst of life we are in death. What a shock is given to every sensibility of our nature, by the tidings of the sudden departure of friends out of this world? How the heart faints under the pressure of the sore bereavement, and the whole nature seems to rise up, as though in revolt against the ordering of God's providence. We feel as though it were almost sacrilege to believe, that the thing can be so. That the friend whom we have so long known and loved should be thus snatched out of the world, and that the warm heart should stop its beating, and the pulse be still, with not any process of lingering disease, and without a single premonition to ourselves, seems almost impossible: we are so much creatures of sense and so forgetful that the things which are seen are temporal. This should not be.

God has in great mercy hung up the warnings of mortality all around us. Instead of being true to nature and to our own constitution, we are in rebellion against both, when we forget that we have no abiding home on earth. The alterations of day and night utter this speech, and it is our own fault, if they show us not this knowledge. The changing seasons are full of it. The essence of time is its changefulness; and it is a strange thing that we give so little heed to its lessons. We ought to know that we must die. We can never be prepared for the ordeal without an abiding sense of its nearness. Let that be once impressed upon the heart and its pulsations will keep time with the great lessons of God's providence; there will be no thought that shall not be in harmony with His ways, just so soon as the life is hid with Christ in God.

This being in Christ is the very essence and beginning of life eternal. The two worlds do, as it were, change their relative positions. Earth becomes a tiresome place when heaven is felt to be so near. The heart will go out after its treasure, and when this is laid up with God, it is felt to be a blessed privilege to be allowed to enter on its possession. Then, we almost envy the quiet sleepers the rest which He has given. As we look upon the changed countenance, we feel that it is well, for so He giveth His beloved sleep. Why should not the weary have rest? Why should this poor sufferer live in pain always? The Lord is kind when He

sends this sweet deliverance, and hushes all the sorrow and the strife of wasting sickness, and carries the tired soul to be with the spirits of the just made perfect ; absent from the body, present with the Lord.

Instead of pitying those who sleep in Jesus, and whom God has taken, the children of faith acquiesce joyfully in all that He has done, because they know it is well. When the humble believer dies he is not taken from his home but to it. He may be sundered from friends, whose society has been very dear to him, but from them who love Christ he can hardly be said to be ever *sundered* ; separated for a little while from some of them he may be, but his fellowship is from the hour of his home-going with the spirits of just men made perfect, and with an innumerable company of angels, and with Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant. He belongs already to the general assembly of the Church of the first born whose names are written in heaven, but then he enters the blessed society of them, who have fought their last fight and have gained the victory, and who will be crowned as conquerors on the great day when Christ shall come to be admired in them that love Him, and to gather His saints together, who have made a covenant with Him by sacrifice. Let that covenant be made now. Let the tired and restless spirit rest simply in Christ, and know he is mine, I am his, and then in every faculty and power that trustful soul is ready.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

PHILOSOPHER MOVED.

In 1853 Sir David Brewster was in Paris, and was taken to see the astronomer Arago, who was then in deep suffering, and was soon to die. He thus describes the interview:—We conversed upon the marvels of creation, and the name of God was introduced. This led Arago to complain of the difficulties which his reason experienced in understanding God. “But,” said I, “it is still more difficult not to comprehend God.” He did not deny it. “Only,” added he, “in this case I abstain ; for it is impossible for me to understand the God of you philosophers.” “It is not with them that we are dealing,” replied I, “although I believe that true philosophy necessarily conducts us to belief in God : it is of the God of the Christian that I wish to speak.” “Ah !” he exclaimed, “He was the God of my mother, before whom she always experienced so much comfort in kneeling.” “Doubtless,” I answered. He said no more : his heart had spoken : this time he had understood.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1870.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIst volume, on the first of January 1870. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number is embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continues to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers promise to continue to use a superior quality of paper; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

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A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

SEPTEMBER,
1870.

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Phila., Pa.
JAS. B. RODGERS CO., PRS.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XXI.—SEPTEMBER, 1870.—No. 9.

A CLERICAL HUMORIST.

BY THE EDITOR.

“Rare Sydney! thrice honored the stall where he sits.
And be his every honor he deigneth to climb at!
Had England a hierarchy formed of all wits,
Whom, but Sydney, would England proclaim as a primate.

And long may he flourish frank, merry and brave,
A Horace to feast with a Pascal to read!
While he *laughs*, all is safe, but when Sydney grows grave,
We shall then think the Church is in danger indeed.”

Ninety-nine years ago Sydney Smith was born. At Woodford, near London, he came into the world. And seventy-six years later he passed out of it, in the great city of England, near by. His father was a man of intelligence without celebrity; fond of foreign travel, and a poor financier. His mother a Huguenot lady. This mixture of British and French blood produced a rare compound. There were four brothers and one sister in the family, all possessing extraordinary talents. Robert and Sydney, the two older, possessing the most. Robert, Bobus as his friends and admirers called him, became a first-class statesman, classed with Canning. A member of Parliament, a truly great man. Sydney would have preferred the bar; his father destined him for the Church. In this wise he happened to become a clergyman in the Church of England.

At Winchester he spent part of his school-years. The system of education was good, but the treatment of the younger students barbarous. The boys in the higher classes compelled those of the lower, to serve them like slaves. When Lord Holland was a school-boy he was forced to toast bread with his fingers for the breakfast of another boy. His mother from pity sent him a toasting fork, which his tyrant broke over his head. To the end of life his fingers bore the marks of this cruel task.

This servile drudgery Sydney had to endure. "He suffered misery and positive starvation." Afterwards his son Douglas passed through a similar ordeal. At one time his parents had to take him home to heal his bruises and beaten, battered eyes.

Sydney and his brother Courtenay were at school together. Both were good students, taking all the prizes. The other boys at length refused to contend for them, because "the Smiths always gained them." One day a distinguished visitor found Sydney sitting under a tree reading Virgil, while his school-fellows were at play. He patted the boy's head, and said: "Clever boy! clever boy! that is the way to conquer the world," and gave him a shilling. The incident left its impression on him through life. He studied at other schools, and finished his course at Oxford.

After passing a number of years as private tutor in due time he fell in love. The lady loved the poor scholar, but her aristocratic brother did not. He made her his own; she bringing him a small property. All that he could give towards the beginning of house-keeping, were six small, well-worn silver tea-spoons. Throwing these into the lap of his happy bride, he shouted: "There, Kate, you happy girl, I give you all my fortune!"

How he got over his courting duties he does not say. In describing a bishop's courtship he may have an eye to his own experience. "How can a bishop marry? How can he flirt? the most he can say is: I will see you in the vestry after service."

His first parish was composed of very poor people, living in a barren out of the way country district, "so far out of the way that it was actually twelve miles from a town." The miserable chapel had been without a regular pastor for a hundred and fifty years. Preaching his first sermon, he thumped the pulpit-cushion as his custom was, and pounded out of it the accumulated dust of a hundred and fifty years, and raised such a cloud that for some minutes he "lost sight of his congregation." He had to build his own house—"considered the ugliest in the county," and that was saying a good deal; but withal comfortable. He blundered into bad bargains, manufactured brick that he could not use, and bought oxen he could not work. In nine months he brought his family to the parsonage.

"It was a cold, bright March-day," says his daughter, "with a biting east-wind. The beds we left in the moving-had to be slept on at night; wagon after wagon of furniture poured in every minute; the roads were so cut up that the carriage could not reach the door; and my mother lost her shoe in the mud, which was ankle-deep, while bringing her infant up to the house in her arms. But oh, the shout of joy as we entered and took possession! the first time in our lives that we inhabited a house of our own. How we admired it, ugly as it was! No carpets, no chairs, nothing unpacked; rough men brought in rougher packages at every moment. But then was the time to behold my father! Amidst the confusion, he thought for everybody, cared for everybody, encouraged everybody, kept everybody in good humor."

He says, this building project made me a very poor man for many years, but I never repented it. I turned schoolmaster to educate my

son, as I could not afford to send him to school. Mrs. Sydney (Smith) turned school-mistress to educate my girls, as I could not afford a governess. I turned farmer as I could not let my land. I was village parson, village doctor, village comforter, village magistrate and Edinburgh Reviewer. Though fond of good living his family often "dined on a mess of potatoes sprinkled with a little catchup." Usually he preached to about fifty hearers on Sunday, from a tall narrow pulpit, most likely. For he says: "I can't bear to be imprisoned in the true orthodox way in my pulpit, with my head just peeping above the desk. I like to look down upon my congregation, to fire into them. I like to have my arms free and to thump the pulpit." One time while preaching on the text: "I am perplexed, but not in despair," and while depicting to his people the trials therein expressed, the thick matting on which he stood gave way, and came near pitching him down into the congregation.

There was no physician living in his parish, and his people when sick were too poor to get one from abroad. Smith studied medicine that he might serve as the physician to these poor afflicted people, without a cent of pay. A poor family in great haste sent for him to baptize their dying child. "How is the poor child?" he was asked on his return. "I first gave it a dose of castor oil, and then christened it; so now the poor child is ready for either world."

His description of a pastor or a curate is: "The poor working-man of God, a learned man in a hovel, good and patient, a comforter and teacher—the first and purest pauper of the hamlet; yet showing that in the midst of worldly misery, he has the heart of a gentleman, the spirit of a Christian and the kindness of a pastor."

During a great part of his life he was in straitened circumstances; fond of entertaining his illustrious friends, always entreating them to visit him, sometimes having a half a score of lords, ladies and celebrated scholars around the frugal table of his "ugly" parsonage, making its homely and home-like halls ring with boisterous mirth.

Occasionally his meagre purse was replenished by extra fees. Before the Royal Society of London he delivered twenty-seven lectures on Moral Philosophy. Many years later Dr. Whewell asked him for a copy of them. He replied: "My lectures are gone to the dogs, and are utterly forgotten. I knew nothing of moral philosophy, but I was thoroughly aware that I wanted two hundred pounds to finish my house." He got the needed pounds, and all Albemarle street was blocked up with the carriages of the people eager to hear him.

At times he felt his poverty keenly. "Moralists tell you of the evils of wealth and station, and the happiness of poverty. I have been very poor the greater part of my life, and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people, but I can safely say, that I have been happier every guinea I have gained. I well remember when Mrs. Sydney and I were young, in London, with no other equipage than my umbrella, when we went out to dinner in a hackney-coach (a very common cab) when the rattling step was let down, and the proud, powdered red plushes grinned, and her gown was fringed with straw, how the iron entered my soul."

Withal he was happy and contented. "I am resolved to like it (his state of life), and to reconcile myself to it; which is more manly than to feign myself above it, and to send up complaints by the post, of being thrown away, and being desolate, and such like trash. If with a pleasant wife, three children, a good house and farm, many books, and many friends, who wish me well, I cannot be happy, I am a very silly, foolish, fellow, and what becomes of me is of very little consequence. I feel an ungovernable interest about my horses, or my pigs, or my plants."

He had a knack of making the most of his limited means. His windows, ceilings and fire-places were ornamented with cheap decorations. The bed-rooms were hung with unframed pictures, suggesting something cheerful or refining. With "a tremendous speaking-trumpet" he could speak to his farm-hands over his sterile plantation, while standing at his door. He bore his awkward agricultural blunders with an amusing cheerfulness. "I am engaged in agriculture without the slightest knowledge of the art. I am building a house without an architect, and educating a son without patience."

Sydney Smith was a born wit. He was fond of fun, relished the cream of a good joke, indeed was a fountain of this sort of cream. Clerical buffoons are an unmitigated nuisance, a disgrace to their profession. Witless men trying to squeeze the juice of humor out of a juiceless being, with great and perceptible labor, giving you a stone instead of bread, insipidity instead of spice and flavor, oh how flat. But a true wit, giving you the genuine article, setting you waving and rolling by the wave of his mystic wand, I pronounce such a man a blessing to his kind, an honor and ornament to his cloth. A sense of the ludicrous is an attribute peculiarly human. None of the lower creation possess it. The monkey claims to have it, but he is a fraud, a counterfeit, evermore aping man, but nothing more. A burlesque on man, all the while seeming to make fun of you, by his half-human capers; an annoyance to behold. True humor requires genius of the highest kind. That we must admire, and enjoy, if it is controlled by Christian principle. Insipidity is not essential to piety; dullness and clerical dignity often go together. A hearty laughter need not necessarily be a heretic, provided his laugh does not come in at the wrong place. A good ringing laugh is healthy for body and soul; it keeps both from becoming hidebound.

Some of Sydney Smith's jokes are like a good nut-cracker, they break the shell of a truth and hand you the kernel. He sometimes says more in a short humorous sentence, than some of the gravest and greatest reasoners in whole chapters.

Of a certain narrow-minded, wrong-headed, plodding author he says: "Yes, he has spent all his life in letting down empty buckets into empty wells; and he is frittering away his age in trying to draw them up again."

Some morose moralists affect to despise beauty and taste in females. He says: "Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty *is* of value; her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet, and if she have five grains of common sense,

she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth."

"We are told: Let not the sun go down on your wrath. This, of course, is best; but, as it generally does, I would add, never act or write till it has done so. This rule has saved me from many an act of folly. It is wonderful what a different view we take of the same event four and twenty hours after it has happened." Think of the folly of uncorking your silly anger when it is boiling. Giving vent unto bitter biting words boiling over, pouring it into letters and mailing it beyond recall. How gladly would you unsay the unkind words and call back the naughty letters, after you are cooled off.

He was fond of good living, and many a lordly feast did he enliven with his presence. Fond of tea too. "I am glad I was not born before tea. I can drink any quantity when I have not tasted wine; otherwise I am haunted by blue devils by day, and dragons by night. If you want to improve your understanding, drink coffee. Sir James Mackintosh used to say, he believed the difference between one man and another was produced by the quantity of coffee he drank." Herein, I suspect both to be in error.

In later life, when the toe-consuming gout sent him limping towards the grave, he repented of having eaten too much. He says: I must have consumed some wagen-loads too much in the course of my life. Looking back on my past life, I find that all my misery of body and mind have proceeded from indigestion. Young people in early life should be taught the moral, intellectual and physical evils of it.

"No furniture so charming as books, even if you never open them or read a single line. When you read live in the best company. (Read the best books.) If you live till seventy-two, an hour (spent in reading) a day, will make three years; twenty seven years you are asleep; nine years you are dressing yourself, six playing with children, six years are spent in shopping and three in quarrelling with your neighbors."

During this liquifying season we can sympathize with the fat parson, when he says: "It is so dreadful hot that I find there is nothing left for me but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones."

His friend Lord Jeffrey was a very small man. Smith said: "Look there at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend — who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed."

"Manners are often too much neglected; they are most important to men, no less than to women. I believe the English are the most disagreeable people under the sun, not so much because Mr. John Bull disdains to talk, as that the respected individual has nothing to say, and because he totally neglects manners. Look at a French carter; he takes off his hat to his neighbor carter, and inquires after 'La santé de Madame,' with a bow that would not have disgraced Sir Charles Grandison. Compared to the French we are perfect barbarians. Happy the man whose daughter is half as well-bred as the chambermaid (of the hotel) at Rouen, or whose sons are as polished as the waiter."

On shaking hands with a young lady in his garden he said: "I must give you a lesson in shaking hands, I see. There is nothing more characteristic than shakes of the hand. I have classified them. There is the *high official*—the body erect, and a rapid, short shake near the chin. There is the *mortmain* (dead hand), the flat hand introduced into your palm, and hardly conscious of its contiguity. The *digital*—one finger held out, much used by the high clergy. There is the *shakus rusticus* (the shake of the countryman) where your hand is seized in an iron grasp betokening rude health, warm heart and distance from the Metropolis (London); but producing a strong sense of relief on your part, when you find your hand released and your fingers unbroken. The next to this is the *retentive shake*, one which beginning with vigor, pauses as it were to take breath, but without relinquishing its prey, and before you are aware begins again, till you feel anxious as to the result, and have no shake left in you."

Sydney Smith's fondness for society gave him a dislike to country-life. "I have no relish for the country; it is a kind of healthy grave. I like London a great deal better; the study of men and women better than of grass. Rational conversation in sufficient quantities is only to be had from the congregation of a million of people in one spot. The fifth act of life should be in great cities; it is there in the long death of old age that a man most forgets himself and his infirmities. The charm of London is that you are never glad or sorry for ten minutes together. In the evening you are the one or the other for weeks." It is strange how incapable the hands of some great men are to write their great thoughts legibly. Chalmers wrote such a wretched hand, that his father used to lay his letters by unread, until his celebrated son would pay him a visit, who often found it difficult to read his own letters. Sydney Smith complains to Lord Jeffrey: "I have tried to read your letter from left to right, and Mrs. Sydney from right to left, and neither of us can decipher a single word." When Smith's family had a like trouble with his letters, they cut out part of one and sent it to him with the request to unravel it. He replied: "I must decline ever reading my own hand-writing twenty-four hours after I have written. My writing is as if a swarm of ants, escaping from an ink-bottle, had walked over a sheet of paper without wiping their legs."

"Let me state some of the goods arising from abstaining from all fermented liquors. First, sweet sleep; having never known what sweet sleep was, I sleep like a baby or a ploughboy. If I wake no needless terrors, no black visions of life, but pleasing hopes and pleasing recollections. If I dream, it is not of lions and tigers. Secondly, I can take longer walks, and make greater exertions, without fatigue. My understanding is improved. I see better without wine and spectacles than when I used both. Only one evil ensues from it. I am in such extravagant spirits, that I must lose blood or look out for some one who will bore and depress me. Pray, leave off wine; the stomach quite at rest; no heart-burn, no pain, no distension."

"Half the unhappiness of the world proceeds from little stoppages, from a duct choked up, from food pressing in the wrong place. My

friend sups late, eats some strong soup, then a lobster, then some tart, and he dilutes these esculents with wine. The next day he is going to sell his house in London (and do many other silly things). Old friendships are destroyed by wasted cheese, and hard salted meat has led to suicide. Johnson says, every man is a rascal when he is sick. Fry and die, with the consciousness that you have done the best."

The gout is his fiercest bodily foe. "I have no gout and no acre of land on the face of the earth," he writes during an interval of health. "I have gout, asthma, and seven other diseases, but am otherwise well." "What a singular disease the gout is! It seems as if the stomach fell down into the feet. The smallest deviation from right diet is immediately punished by limping and lameness, and the innocent ankle and blameless instep are tortured for the vices of the nobler organs. The stomach having found this easy way of getting rid of inconveniences, becomes cruelly despotic, and punishes for the least offences. A plum, a glass of champagne, excess in joy, excess in grief, any crime, however small, is sufficient for redness, swelling, spasms and large shoes." A great mercy that this plague has not yet become fashionable in America.

Mrs. Smith's habits taught him the need of active exercise, of which he had a great dislike. He tried horseback riding until his awkward accidents alarmed his friends. "I left off riding for the good of my parish and the peace of my family, for somehow my horse and I had a habit of parting company."

"Never give way to melancholy, resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady twenty-two recipes against it, a high fire, remember all the pleasant things said to and of her, keep a kettle simmering on the hob. Much of the cheerfulness of life depends upon a good open fire-place. Who could be miserable with it? What makes a fire so pleasant is, I think, that it is a live thing in a dead room. I have more often seen happiness among little children, home firesides and country houses than anywhere else."

"Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam engine in trousers."

"You find people ready enough to do the good Samaritan, without the oil and the two pence."

"The French say, there are three sexes, men, women and clergymen."

When his daughter married, his tender heart could poorly bear the separation. "I feel as if I had lost a limb, and were walking about with one leg, and nobody pities this description of invalids."

"He who drinks a tumbler of London water has literally more animated beings in his stomach than there are men, women and children on the face of the earth. Whew!"

"If I were to begin life again I would devote much time to music. All musical people seem to be happy. It is almost the only innocent and unpunished passion."

"Beware of carelessness; no fortune will stand it long."

A practical philosopher was this cheerful parson. Full of juice, and spice, and a flavor so pleasant that it charmed all around him. So tender-hearted that an unhappy child gave him pain—yet a pain always curable by his skill in finding a soothing offset in something brighter around

him. With his ugly house as his tenement for many years, a parish socially uncongenial, a purse always meagerly supplied, a rare capacity for social enjoyment without the means at hand for its gratification, he always deemed himself one of the happiest men living, his heart gushing its gratitude to God for his mercies, and withal brimful of mirth. "I must talk, and laugh, or burst," he said to a friend.

Toward the close of life his fortune was improved. He was promoted to various lucrative and influential positions in the Church, and inherited \$150,000 from a brother.

His fearless and unsparing honesty as a public man made him bitter enemies. Would not these continue to belabor and wrong his memory after death? "My dear Jeffrey, pray remember me, and say a good word for me, if I die first. I shall say many for you in the contrary event." So he wrote to his friend.

To his brother Robert, to whom he was ardently attached, he wrote: "Let us continue to last out for the same or nearly the same time; weary will be the latter half of my pilgrimage if you leave me in the lurch." They died two weeks apart.

LETTERS TO CLARINDA LOVELACE.

MY DEAR CLARINDA :

I just expected some silly girls would ridicule my advice to you. Never you mind them. Let them have their fast beaux. You take one like your uncle Job. Let them call him "a slow coach" as much as they please. You can get plenty of horses to run well over a hundred yards. At the end of that, the breath is knocked out of them, and they are ready to fall over. But your genuine five-mile racer takes the earlier miles leisurely, so as to come out right at the end. Give me one which can endure a five-mile heat successfully. Job runs well at the end of thirty years. Clarinda, have you ever noticed what wicked fools some girls make of themselves when courting? Now, of course, it's all right for a girl to have her lover, but very desirable that she should have one of good character and ordinary common sense. But I could never understand why she should cease to keep the ten Commandments when in love. Why we have girls hereabouts who used to be strict church-members. Scarcely one Sunday in the whole year would they be absent from church and Sunday-school. Now they have beaux, unprincipled upstarts who care nothing for the Lord, or the Lord's people, or His holy day. Don't you think these girls consent to spend whole Sundays with these impudent snobs, riding over the country? When there is a masquerade or fireman's ball, they buy the girls tickets, and send a cab around for them in the evening, and frolic about in these low places till

past midnight. Indeed some of the girls have told me, that married men sent cabs for them, and well, is it not too bad? Why when I and poor uncle Job were young such things were unheard of among decent people.

Yesterday your uncle Job and I were at church. Just as we came to the church-door, Robert Brown slipped into a back pew. From here he looked about over the congregation in search of his girl, Fannie Flummery—half rising in his seat, and stretching his short thick neck to its utmost length to get a glimpse of her, unconscious of his being seen by the people around him, and even the minister on the pulpit. During prayer he raised himself on his toes to gain a view of her. Finding her not at church, he knocked out the door like a sneak-thief as the congregation were singing the last verse before the sermon. True as I live, Clarinda, if your uncle Job had ever done the like of that during our courtship, he should never have entered our house again. Any beau of mine, showing no more reverence for the house of God and His worshipping people, I say the plague on such a barbarian. If he thus sneaks out of God's house, he sneaks out of my heart, and I shall see to it, that its door shall be forever barred against his entrance the second time.

A few pews in front of us sat Louisa Lighthouse. I tried not to see her silly behavior, but who on earth can help it when such a gad-about is right before your face? She seemed eager to know whether a certain young man was at church. And so, while the people were singing and praying, and during the sermon, her eyes moved over the congregation up over the gallery if possible to get a glimpse of David Downing. And by the way, they say he cares very little about her, just because she is such an unmannerly girl at church. He is a right marly youth, liked by his employers, indeed liked by all good people who know him. I pray that this rattle-brain girl may never become his wife. Going home from church I said to Job, Dear me, but I should feel ashamed, if any of our girls should misbehave in this way at church! Why I had almost as soon see them sent to Botany Bay for a few years, as have them make such geese of themselves.

A few Sunday evenings ago, our church was closed, and we went with some friends to another place of worship. Coming out of the door at the close of the services, we found both sides of the pavement lined with rows of young men; for at least a square we run the gauntlet between these low love-makers. "Dave, there comes Sue," shouted one. "Halloh Sam look out, yonder comes Betsy," shouted another. I half suspect I saw Edward Lee in the line. I mean to find out for certain this week yet. If he was, then our Cordelia shall never spend another five minutes in his company, until he bitterly repents and mends his ways. One fellow remarked as I passed him: "Look a-ther at Lib Noodle's bonnet, like Roller's haystack-tops, shrieking to slip off."

If any of these boys should visit our house and come home with Cordelia, wouldn't I hiss Rover after them. Indeed I should make their feathers fly, no matter whose sons they are.

How pleased I am, that my dear niece, Clarinda, has never countenanced such low-bred fellows. I do think a nicer girl cannot be found

in the county. If only you and Cordelia could prevail, on a few dozen of your friends to start a Courting-aid Society. What for! To teach young men the ordinary rules of decency, and to "cut" and "jilt" all who refuse to obey such rules; to aid young men of merit in entering good and pleasant social circles, and to aid the vile in getting out of them with a single leap.

Dear me, Clarinda, how times have changed since I was a young girl. Among the large circle of my associates, I cannot remember a single one of these riggling, giggling silly butterflies. Modest and well mannered young people they all were, who never set a whole town a-talking by making fools of themselves, and that in the presence of hundreds of people. Job always came to see me on Saturday evening. Never on Sunday. In those days Saturday was a busy day with us country girls. Sometimes he came before I was done with my work. Indeed once he caught me milking. I was silly enough to feel worried about it. How relieved I felt that my old sun-bonnet hid my blushing cheeks. But I soon found that Job was pleased, and that was what I wanted. We chatted cheerfully until I had finished my work, when he carried the large pails of milk to the spring-house for me. My milking, and his carrying the pails, that was a touch of nature which made our hearts akin.

Our present style of girls would go into hysterics, if their lovers would catch them milking, with their Saturday working-suits on. And for the said gentlemen carrying their milk-pails! Just imagine, what a figure they would cut! Fancy hat, fancy frail little cane, kid-gloved hands, tight spindle-shanked pantaloons, heavy gold-chain, form straight and stiff as a bean pole, just coming from a two hours' drill before the mirror, coming through the barn-yard-gate, whirling the little cane, walking with measured tread up to his bouncing, blushing Peggy, her sweet blooming face buried in a 'leven penny-bit sun-bonnet.' "Allow me to carry your pails of milk for you?" Bless me! Why she would swoon away and he would empty all the milk in his tight pants and shining boots, and go home in a rage. Now, my dear Clarinda, I adjure you, have respect for the simple, sensible courtships of your foremothers. Not that I would have you entertain your delightful Edwin Swift amid milk pails, which I suspect your citified eyes have never seen, but heed the advice of

YOUR AUNT BETSEY.

EXCELLENCE is never granted to man but as the reward of labor. It argues no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry, without the pleasure of perceiving those advantages which, like the hands of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

OUR WITHERED ROSE-LEAVES.

BY "K. E. H."

Long ago, in the old days of Roman luxury, the Sybarites were most noted, for their wealth, and exceeding delicacy. These "most 'luxurious' Romans of them all;" lived only for ease, and pleasure. The laws of the Sybarites forbade the people to practice any trade which was attended with noise; lest the slumbers of the drowsy ones might be disturbed. A special edict ordained, that not even a Chanticleer should be heard in the city; lest his early chants should disturb their slumbers. Golden crowns were offered to those who should give the most costly banquets; and invitations to these, were sent out a year in advance, so that suitable garments could be provided by the guests.

When they traveled, awnings were placed over the roads to protect them from the rays of the sun; and by such slow and easy stages did they journey, that it took them three days to accomplish one day's journey.

One of them, Smindrydes, called by Herodotus, "the most luxurious man that ever lived," when he went a wooing, had a train of a thousand cooks and fowlers. If the lady shared her lover's luxurious tastes, surely with such a train of cooks and providers, Smindrydes must have been an irresistible suitor.

Among these Sybarites was one man, who had all that heart could wish for; health, wealth, family and friends; and when to his great delight, he had acquired all these. (for even in Sybaris, he could not inherit them all), he laid down upon his couch to rest, saying to himself, like another of old: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry."

But, though all was luxurious and beautiful around him, he could not sleep; vainly he wooed the drowsy goddess. A rose-leaf had fallen upon his couch, from the garlands that adorned his room; and he, poor man, had been so tenderly and carefully nurtured, that the little rose-leaf kept him awake. He turned, and tossed, ordered sweet music to soothe him to rest, called his servants to bring a sleeping-draught, but that little rose-leaf was a thorn in the flesh! Vainly he vowed to sacrifice a sheep to Nox, the goddess of slumber, if she would only send him sleep; but no sleep came, and next morning, when the servants found upon his couch, the withered rose-leaf, they said to themselves, 'how tender and delicate a man is our master, that this little rose-leaf could have kept him awake until morning.'

In these stirring days of our own Republic, we busy Americans smile at the story of this child of luxury, and say to ourselves with an

air of triumphant superiority, 'no rose leaf could disturb our slumbers.' But after all, are we so much stronger and wiser than he? If we find a rose-leaf to prick and annoy us, how many of us are there, who are ready to carry it with us, wherever we go?

We plan an excursion with friends. The day is warm or dusty, damp or rainy; we invite our friends to visit us; they fail to come, we have leisure for reading, but no books; we expect a letter, no tidings come; we must cook, when we would rather write; sew, when we would rather read; in short, the rose-leaf that keeps us from perfect rest and enjoyment may always be found.

"But it need not interfere with our slumbers," say the wise ones; no, it need not; but anxiety for a friend that is ill, or in sorrow; the coolness, or silence of a friend; an ache or a pain, will often do this so effectually, that instead of one rose-leaf, our couch seems to be strewn with them; and though unlike the poor Sybarite we know the cause of our restlessness, yet often we seem as powerless and helpless as he. All through life we may, if we are so inclined, find such rose-leaves to disturb our peace; but often it is our own fault, if we permit them to do so.

A sorrow comes to us. God sends it, or it is of our own making (and those are hardest to bear), but in either case, we are rebellious, we cannot be submissive. Perhaps the first bitterness of grief is past. We go on about our daily work, and the wound seems to be healing; but when the night comes, we lie down not to rest, not to conquer, but to cherish our grief.

We say to ourselves, 'We will be constant and true, we never can forget our sorrow;' and then we tear open the half-healed wounds, and probe them anew, until the old pain comes back more cruelly than ever, and then we cry in bitterness and desolation, "It is a weary, weary life." "Be pitiful, O God!" And so we live on, night after night probing the wounds that God in His infinite mercy would heal for us in the day; and the pain which He sends to us but once, so that from it we may learn a lesson of sweet submission to His will, has to be borne, over, and over, and over again, and we mourn in sorrow and anguish of heart.

Dear friends, "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him"—but, unless the trials He sends us are received submissively, His blessings thankfully, we may go on through life annoyed by rose-leaves, whose perfume should rather be a pleasure and a delight.

"Mann schafft so gern sich Sorg' und Müh',
Sucht Dornen auf und findet sie,
Und lässt das Veilchen unbemerk't,
Das ihm am Wege blüht.
Freu't euch des Lebens,
Weil noch das Lämpchen glüht;
Pflücket die Rosen
Eh' sie verblüht."

FISH AND ANIMAL.

BY "ADOLPHUS."

Though language may appear to us to be a perfect medium by which to convey our thoughts to our fellow-men, we nevertheless notice, not a defect, but a weakness in its use. This weakness presents itself to us in what we familiarly term *examples*, *illustrations*, and figurative expressions generally. In these we abandon language in its pure form as being unfit for the presentation of the thought which claims our attention,—the thought seems too large for the ordinary use of words, and we are compelled to resort to an extraordinary use of them. In this latter use of them, we present our thoughts under the form of external objects, these seeming to afford us a vessel of sufficient capacity, in which to put the liquid we have in our possession, having found previously that the other—the direct form of expression—was a vessel too shallow for us. This weakness the Saviour Himself recognized, when He made use of parables and parabolic sayings in His teaching. From whence this weakness proceeds, it is not our purpose to determine. Suffice it here to say, that sin has not only affected our bodies, but also has darkened our understandings, so that we no longer see things clearly from a mental point of view, and seeing them thus cannot speak of them clearly.

It is the custom with many persons in the present day, to look upon the so-called *figurative expressions* of our Saviour with little or no attention, in comparison with other sayings of His, a *figurative expression* in their minds being in weight of meaning equivalent to nothing. From what has just been said this ought not to be so. Indeed, just when the Saviour makes use of figurative sayings our ears should be open the widest, and our attention the most earnest. For it is just at these times that the Saviour utters thoughts too large, too weighty, for the ordinary, direct, use of words. We can by no means treat His figurative sayings lightly; therefore they challenge our earnest study; every word will be found to contain a world of meaning.

With this charge resting upon our minds, let us approach the Saviour and listen intently to Him, as He is about to utter one of these mysterious sayings to which we refer. It has been but a short time since, that the voice from Heaven has declared Him to be *the Son of God* before the world; and the Tempter also has but lately departed from Him. He stands upon the shore of Gennesaret looking out upon a curious fishing scene, of which He is the centre, as also He is the very centre of every worldly event. Along the shore lie the boats empty of men, but containing enough tackle to suggest to the mind the use to which they are put. At a little distance are the fishermen washing their nets, up to their

knees in the shallow water. Subsequently the Saviour enters one of these boats, and bids the weary fishermen push out into the lake and cast the net. Awed into willing obedience by the calm dignity of the man, the net is cast, and in due time the net arises filled with all manner of fish. Observing His superiority in an employment in which he regarded himself skillful, he cannot help but acknowledge it in obedience to His frank, impulsive disposition. Peter regards the man as being so superior to him, that he is unworthy of associating with him. He wishes the Saviour to *depart* from him therefore. Having arrived at this depth of humility in the presence of the Saviour, the latter tells him, "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt *catch*"—"be a *fisher* of"—"men."

This is a figurative saying, and, from what has been said, we may expect it to be the embodiment of no shallow idea. On the contrary, there is a fullness of meaning here which deserves special study. In the relation of the fisherman to the fish there lies hidden the relation which exists in the order of grace between the ministers of Christ and His people. There is a difference between the fisher and fish, and, in this case, it comes most pointedly to view in the power which the former makes use of in catching them. So there is a difference between ministers and a people in the kingdom of Christ; the difference consisting in *real authority*, in a spiritual point of view, over the laity lodged with the minister. So also, on the other hand, we discern here the relation which the human race holds to salvation. As the fish are caught in the net, not by any power they themselves put forth to that end, but by a power not their own but entirely outside of them, so also in the process of salvation, man is not active but passive. But our hearts are continually longing for some message from the world beyond this giving us some knowledge of it. It is natural that our hearts should not be indifferent to that long life which, after all, is its only true life. An answer to that longing we find in the figure of the fisherman. It does not confine itself merely to earthly scenes, it takes into its wonderful grasp heavenly scenes also.

In the process of catching, fish are not entangled in the net and allowed to remain in the water, they also are *lifted up*. From the lower world of water they rise up into a higher, brighter world—that of the land. Here it is that a glimpse into the world beyond this is given us. We see in general that the life of the world is related to the life of the glorified, as the life of the sea is to that of the land. The *fish* is here presented as a symbol of the life of the world, the *animal* as a symbol of the life of heaven. But we may have an excellent idea of the external appearance of a house, yet that in itself goes but a little distance in giving us an idea of what is inside. It is our duty now to enter it; from a mere general view, as just hinted at, we enter into particulars.

We notice first the fish. The first thing which may arrest our attention in its external appearance are its *senses*. We notice that in many species they are rudimentary, especially that of smelling and hearing. Indeed fish have been found in which the eye was entirely wanting. But in those senses which do exist, there is not that perfection which we find in life upon the land. The eye, for instance, is the dull stare, which does not require the relief of sleep. So sluggish, is its activity, that it stands

in no need of winking even. As to its bodily life we discover that there is an inactivity which allies it closely to the dead earth. Indeed it does seem to be in the jaws of dead, cold matter, so cold is its flesh, so long does it continue in a torpid condition. In its intellectual life, if so dignified a term may be applied to the fish as *intellectual*, we discover a corresponding inactivity. It is almost a stagnation. No vent is needed through which to pour itself forth, utter itself. Through the mouth scarcely any sound, much less language, proceeds; it is sealed with an unbroken silence.

A different view is presented, when we contemplate the animal. We notice that it possesses all the senses. It is here we meet with the piercing eye of the eagle, the acute ear of the fox, the keen scent of the dog; in fine, not only do all the senses exist here, but they also exist in their greatest perfection. The organs of motion are not rudimentary *fins*; but are such as enable it to roam the plain and scale the mountain, walk the earth or fly through the air. Bodily life here possesses a quickness of action which the cold earth cannot chill; in its warmth it seems to assert its independence over it, its freedom from its fetters. Intellectual life is not the silent stagnation of the fish, it is an activity which unseals the mouth and pours itself forth in *voice*, in the ecstatic warble of birds. Under this form of life, we cannot omit man. Though he is not specifically an animal, yet he forms an essential part of what we may call land-life,—being its completion indeed. In him intellectual life arrives at its highest perfection, and the mouth is not only unsealed in voice, but the latter breaks forth in language, is glorified in the praise it offers the Creator.

It is not, however, by contemplating these forms of life separately that we arrive at the beauties they contain. Only by a comparison of the one with the other do they appear to us as symbols of the glorified life in its relation to our life upon earth. It is noticeable then, that the life of the fish and that of the animal are not the *same* kind of life; they are *different* kinds of life, the one being of a higher order than the other, a more perfect life. The fish might do all in its power for a million of years to alter its nature so as to become an animal, and at the end of that period it would be just as far from this object as when it started. Indeed, eighteen hundred years have elapsed since Peter caught fish in the Lake of Gennesaret and fish are fish still. As in the beginning, so these two orders of existence are still separated by a creative word. If therefore the fish would become an animal, the power of God alone can bring about this result.

The same relations which exist between these two great divisions of the lower creation, exist also between them and the *higher* creation as embracing the life of the glorified in heaven,—this these symbols teach us. Between our earthly life and the glorified life there is a wide difference. The latter is not the former perfected by means which it has of itself. Human nature might go on, as the fish, endeavoring to obtain the glorified life by its own exertions for eternity, and it would never obtain it. They are separated by a creative act of God, and the higher glorified life of man is a higher and different sphere of *creation* from our

present life. The only way therefore that we can enter into it is, as with the fish, through the power of *God*, not of man; entrance can only be gained by a *new-creation* of our old natures brought about by the power of God.

But these symbols would, on the other hand, teach us that there is a view in which the glorified life and the earthly life are the same.

There exists a unity between the nature of the fish and that of the animal as well as a difference. We notice to be sure that the senses of the animal are more perfect than those of the fish; but the fish is not without them, on the contrary it has them. So in reference to a body. The body of the animal is a more perfect one, capable of a greater variety of motions, and indeed a more beautiful one; but though that of the fish is not so noble as that of the animal, it nevertheless is a body. And though the internal or mental life of the fish is a rudiment merely, that it has such a life is as true of it as it is true of the animal. While then we have been taught the difference which exists between the glorified and the earthly life, that they are separated by an act of creation coming from God, we here see, that they are not different in the sense that no *similar thing* ever existed. The glorified life, these symbols would teach, is the same as the earthly life, only that the latter occupies a higher plane of perfection; it is different from the earthly life in that such perfection cannot be obtained by mere human agency but through an act of God only. Having found this difference and unity to exist between the fish and the animal, emblematic of the difference and unity existing between the life of the world and the glorified life, upon closer examination these symbols will be found to contain a meaning going beyond this. In referring to the difference existing between these two orders of life as suggested by the two grand divisions of worldly life, it will be observed, that the difference consisted only in a greater perfection of the same organs, or the same constituents of their nature, amounting to entirely new powers to be sure, but new powers of the *same thing* only. A great difference was not then noticed. This difference exists in the region of the *senses*. It may be said of fish in general, that they have not all of them. While no doubt in many cases all are possessed, in equally as many one or another is wanting. In the animal it may be said, that no such want exists. There are few if any in which any of the external senses are wanting; here then there is a difference greater than that previously spoken of. The difference referred to was one which consisted in the perfecting of parts already possessed. The difference which we think does exist here consists in adding, not new power to an organ already at hand, but new organs themselves. Here it seems as if a great change in our natures was hinted at, greater than that consisting in the perfecting of a nature already possessed. It is not a *change* of our nature from less perfect to more perfect, but an adding to it. In this view, the gift of the Spirit of God to the human race is no empty thing; it is a making the human race a divine race—"sons of God" really and without any reserve. A life of this kind naturally looks up to God as our *Father who art in heaven*. It lifts us up to a height, in gazing up to which from our present condition we stagger and reel with

dizziness, yea we lose ourselves in wonder. But let us recover from this wonderment to bow before the adorable Trinity for the amazing love it has shown us, a fallen race. Let us join the heavenly host in praising God for the love which stopped not at the humility of the Son, but went beyond it in the gift of the Holy Ghost. ADELPHOS.

DER SCHEIN TRÜGT.

BY PERKIOMEN.

I.

En Bauer wutt en Parre sei',
 Der, maint er, hett's so guth ;
 " Er geht schpatzire aus un ei' "
 " Im schwartze Klaid un Huth."

II.

" Er schafft ke Streeg die ganze Woch—"
 " Uf Sunntags mach er Geld."
 " En Parre-Sack is wie en Loch—"
 " 'S langt an die ' Unner Welt' !"

III.

" Heut' hutt er Leich un nemmt sei' Zoll ;"
 " Un Morge is en Schmaus ;"
 " Doch war sei' Sack noch ke Mohl voll—"
 " Noch nie kam Wechsel raus."

IV.

So hutt der Kerl sei' Maining g'schwätzt,
 Un mit dem in sei'm Sinn',
 Hutt er ' mohl Vandu g'macht, es lechst,
 So wohr es ich doh bin !

V.

Nord war er uf en ' Zerket ' b'schtimmt,
 Un sollt nau Parre sei' ;
 Hutt mit sei'm Gaul sich gross g'düakt,
 Un Saddle-bag debei.

VI.

Dann noch der Meeting gieng er ab ;
 Un fühlt dann nau recht gross ;
 Fangt ah' un hutt glei 's Zitt're g'hat—
 Hängt fescht un kann nett loss !

VII.

Die Leut' hen g'schmunzelt; er war weis;
 Glei war er widder roth;
 Die Leut' hen g'horricht—still, wie Mäus—
 Un er war wie der Todt.

VIII.

Die Leut' sin' uf; dort stand er noch;
 Nord sin' sie z'samme naus;
 Dann seht er en klee' Knarre-Loch.
 Un wünscht er wär' en Maus.

IX.

Dann is er runner zu sei'm Gaul
 Un huckt sich ovve druf;
 Sei' G'sicht war lang, und lang sei' Maul,
 Sei' Herz war voll Verdruss.

X.

Die ganz Woch hutt's an ihm genagt;
 Die Leut' hen g'schwätzt davun;
 Un was mer als vum Parre sagt,
 Kummt immer widder rum.

XI.

Es war ihm schun schier-gar verlaidd,
 Doch g'schtanne hutt er's net;
 Juscht sachte g'sagt: "En fremme Waid,
 Doh wert mer net g'schwind fett."

XII.

'S war widder Sunntag, un meh Leut',
 Dort am Versammlung-Haus.
 Nord sagt er, zu sich: "Wie geht's heut'?"
 "Ich farricht mich ivverraus!"

XIII.

"Doch nemmt mer mohl en Herd Schoof ah',"
 "Die müsse dann g'hüt sei';"
 "So muss ich evve widder drah'," "
 "Wie bang is mir's dabei!"

XIV.

Er gebt's Lied aus; er bät' dernoh
 Un sucht ah g'rad sei' Text;
 Nord werd ihm alles schwartz un blo—
 Er war es wie verhext!

XV.

Doch hutt er Eppes loss gelärmt,
 Hutt Eppes drah' gethu';
 So wie en G'mies oft uf gewärmt,
 (Huscht ah schun g'schmackt davun?)

XVI.

So hutt er g'schöpt, zwelf Monat lang,
 Als aus sei'm Kessel leer;
 Wie war's ihm doch so schlecht un bang—
 Yah uf mei' Wort un Ehr!

XVII.

Sei' Loh' war au e wenig kleh';
 Sei' Intresse hen g'fehlt;
 Er denkt so kennt er g'wiss net b'steh';
 Hutt oft sei' Kreutz verzählt.

XVIII.

"Des Ding hutt 'Naupe,' sagt er 'mohl,
 "Ich main, *des Parre sei*,"
 "Doh werd mer g'scholte reich un wohl,
 "Un is doch arm debei!

XIX.

"Noh soll ich lehre alle Woch,"
 "Un wees doch selver nix!"
 "Wu ke Gemies is, is die Koch"
 "Verhaftig in 're Fix!"

XX.

"Ich sag' euch, un verlost euch druf,"
 "Es geht wie ich's euch sag';"
 "Ich schmeiss die Parre-rei ball uf,
 "Nord preddich fort, wer mag."

XXI.

"Ich kenn des Inside Wese nau,"
 "Vun derre Lumpe G'schicht;"
 "Ich wees e' mohl nau ennyhow,"
 "Des mer gar oft letz richt'."

XXII.

Ball fühlt er 'sah als höchste Pflicht,
 Un hielt sei' Abschitz-Ret.
 Wer net versucht der schmeckt ah nicht,
 Un schwätzt net wie er sött.

XXIII.

Nau wohnt er widder uf der Lott,
 Macht Bauere sei' Ziel
 Un sagt, wam mer "Herr Parre" spott,
 "O sell is evve-viel!"

MORAL.

Vun Ausse hi' is alles schö',
 Un hutt en harter Zuck
 Doch war's schun g'sat, ich war noch kleh',
 'Der Schein is voll Betrük.'

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS."

BY PERKIOMEN.

Our Lord never speaks for the miser, just as little as for the prodigal, but for the economical man. Of such a character He would have His disciples to be. Hence in each instance of miraculous feeding in the wilderness, the crumbs must be cared for, at His suggestion. It lies remarkably well in the mouth of Christ. He had just displayed His bountifulness; now, how far He stands aloof from extravagance.

How to lead an economical life, is worth inquiring into. "All goes in a life-time," it is said; and all depends upon what sort of a life-time it is. It may be long or short, if it be well-ordered and spent to one's profit and good. This will hardly be the case, unless a constant watch be had on the fragments as they fly. All things only become much, large or great, when summed up, in the aggregate. Analyzed, we have parcels, fragments, crumbs. The sea is only so many drops in one. A sand-bank is built up of separate grains. So is every man's life-time put together and extended, bit by bit. Hence the only way by which we may become owner and possessor of the whole of it, is to take care of the parts which compose it, be these never so minute. It is only to remember Dr. Franklin's advice: "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves."

There seems to be what is styled "waste" in all things with which we have anything to do. In building a house, no matter how providently the workmen proceed, there will come the "offal," "rubbish," "refuse," and such like. To properly dispose of *these*, shows the good manager. We had two members on the Building Committee, in the erection of our church, who saved several hundred dollars, just by saving and rightly using the odd ends of the material employed. It was great economy that.

So are the many odds and ends of one's life time. To rightly employ them is to gather up the fragments. There is, for instance the item of money. God gives us gold and silver, just as He gives us wheat. He is the Creator of copper too. He does not want us to squander it, else He would have scattered it on the highway like stones. But He puts it up in vaults of His own building. It is densely packed in. It is hard to get out. Men must act as shrewdly as burglars to blow open His "safes." They are securely fastened and rock-bound. It says: "Money is of God; it is for man's use and welfare; devote the principal to the support of yourself and family; but save the 'change,' and you will ever have a surplus"

Very few become rich on the jump. On an average, the successful speculators are few and far between. "Windfalls" are scarce. The majority of men grow opulent by the daily management of fragments. By pennies, dimes and quarters a fortune is built into a large bulk. A certain guardian had a ward. When a boy, he knew nothing of economy. He made the "pennies fly." "Now," said the former, "save the pieces, the fragments, and give them to me for safe-keeping, and I will pay you five cents on every dollar." During the first year the boy received *fifteen cents* interest. Just now, that youth has \$300 00! A good little wife of like habit, is all that is wanting to make one more rich family in this case. That's what comes of gathering fragments.

But look at the results of squandering them. A smart little fellow, we know of, needs \$75.00 yearly at college, for cigars. How he puffs the fragments away! We once wanted a young man "to insure his life," for the benefit of his wife and children. "Can't afford it," said he. "Only thirty dollars on a thousand are needed," said we. "But where shall I get the \$30.00 from *per annum*?" asked he. "Just save the fragments," was our reply. "But I don't have any fragments," he responded. "And how many cigars do you smoke a day, and what is your tax per cigar?" we inquired. "Only three daily, at five cents a piece," he said. "That amounts to \$1.05 a week, and to \$54.60 a year," said we, "by honest arithmetic." He considered a little while, and said: "Well, I *swan*!" Another too protested against having any fragments, though he admitted that his "drinks" averaged three a day, which run to \$2.10 a week, or \$109.20 a year.

But merely to save the money fragments is the smallest item in the science of economy. I think I would rather be a boy and pick stones in the field, than be a man in size and years, and pick up pennies. The boy improves the field, at least, but such a man degenerates. The "cuttings" of one's life-time are valuable fragments too. *Time* means a particle of one's personal history. Moments woven into a woof, constitute a life-time. We buried a man whose age was *ninety years and three months*. That only means so many moments put together. Now secure the seconds, and the years are all yours.

Every one of us has an employment, or ought to have. The most of our time we, of course, spend at that. But the preacher is not constantly preaching, nor the farmer ever at his plough. Every professional or tradesman has spare moments. He has quarters of an hour, of a day, or more, which we may call fragments. Save *those*, and you will have an economical life. Albert Barnes wrote a Commentary on the Bible, from five o'clock until breakfast. We know a man who always carries a book in his pocket, for such gaps in his regular work. One of my farmers always cleans out the fence corners while his horses are resting. Sometimes he plants a post, meanwhile. He has a well-tilled farm, and a clean one. I met a Jew—a pedlar, of course—who is forever committing Psalms, during his leisure moments. He is more familiar with King David's sayings than most divines. Colfax said, he tried to do something every day, aside of his regular work. Those fragments helped to make the Vice-President. When once put together still better, they

might make the President. Indeed, all great men become such of fragments rightly dove-tailed into each other. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" No wonder we are told not to despise little things.

Per contra, now. The "loafer" is forever squandering fragments of time. He is a constant parasite on himself. He is a great "killer"—of himself. So is the penny-pitcher—the quoit-pitcher—the man who is filling up his leisure hours with folly. How many of such a crowd own real estate? are men successful in business? are men of use and influence? come to something? Those street-strollers; those singers of idle songs; those whistlers by night-fall—all those lose the fragments. They are prone to complain of bad-luck, of not getting on, of always being short, of Providence never favoring them, and the like. Their diligent companions, of earlier years, leave them far behind, not because they have more time, or better fortune, but because they gather fragments into their baskets. I have in my eye just now a farmer, who started with a company of like abilities. They were all peers once. He has been an Esquire, a Legislator and an Associate Judge, with honor to himself and his constituents, whilst his associates are still standing *in statu quo*—like the wooden Indian at the tobacco emporium. He bought books, took good newspapers, and read during the spare moments. He merely gathered up the fragments. His farm is just as good as his neighbors', and he, far better. Men are made as trees are, by hair-breadths. No man becomes physically large in an inch of time, nor can he become mentally or morally full-grown at a stride.

Gather up the fragments of Providence. Few of us have what might be called "freaks of fortune." Some do; but they are exceptions to the rule. Grant, Lincoln, Field, Morse and some more are made at once, as it were. But the mass of prominent characters enjoy little Providences. These they husband and turn to account. A favorable opportunity, be it never so small, is never permitted to go lost by them. Such a farmer has a whole series of tasks to be done on a rainy day, while his neighbors tarry at the store or tavern. If it prove too stormy to sow oats, he thinks he may plough for corn. He is one of those smiths who strike when the iron is hot. No matter how small the iron is he will strike.

Another class waits for great occasions, as it were. If those come not, they will not strike. "Strike oil," they say, "or strike not at all!" Better strike wheat, corn, potatoes, or something of that kind, than grow tired on waiting. If you are not thankful for the finger of Providence, you will not much regard the hand. Better seize the dollar prize, than wait for a fabulous fortune from some lottery. A bird in hand is worth two in the bush. "Learn to *labor* and to wait," and not to wait only. Better not 'wait for the wagon' at all, if you can make it in good time afoot. A boy picked up a pin in front of a large house, wherefor the firm employed him. Archbishop Hughes was satisfied to be a Gardener, when he first came to this country. He did not wait and loaf, until the insignia of office should fall upon him. Make little circumstances the stepping-stones to higher positions. You cannot stride from the cellar to the garret. "Shall we then remain in the cellar?" O no! Just go to

the stairway and ascend step by step. You will be up soon, and go up easily. The every-day opportunities make the good father and the good mother; the good son or daughter; the good neighbor and citizen—the good character.

"Never anything good for me!" we hear people say. And yet they enjoy good health, day by day; earn good wages; have many good friends; have many dainty bits of pleasure thrown all around them, and know that they have a good God above them. Put all those fragments of good Providences together, and dare they still complain? Two miners left for the gold regions. One gathered the dust, the other would only be satisfied with bars. The former returned rich, whilst the other still looks for his bars. Every one of us has had and still has fragments of Providence enough to become useful and good characters, if we were but content to thread them together and wear them as a necklace. So you must save the fragments of experience. We are told, that experience is a good school—the best. All of us are continually going into it. Daily do we learn some new lesson. But do we all remember what we thus gain? Some grow wise and profit by it for life. The majority must be drilled on the same topics by every returning experience, and are still dull. A careful driver will mark the dangerous places along his road, lest he prove unlucky a second time. But most men rush into the very pit-falls from which they had just been delivered. These little warnings are not worth noting, we think, and consequently the various experiences of a life time are lost. My horse once broke through a plank over a small stream. He ever after that grew cautious, as an elephant, when he stepped on a bridge. The horse knoweth from experience, but most people do not consider.

To measure the future by the past, is a good rule, and to embody the wisdom gained yesterday in acts of to-day, is to gather up the fragments of experience in such a way as to have our twelve baskets ever filled. The only things we really know and can be said to have made our own, come to us, just in this tit-bit style. To treasure them up and appropriate them, as we need them, is never to be greatly in want. The scrap-book comes very handy, if it contain most of what we have gone over. But if you do not want what you find, you will soon want what you can not find. As the loose change in your pocket, is the daily experience in our every-day life. Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.

Gather up the fragments of good counsel. Silly men look for the philosopher's stone, or the alchemist's secret. They look, and die looking, but never find it. Such a royal road to wisdom was never opened. Knowledge does not come like a flood. "A flood of light" is only fancy, remember. Little by little we learn to know, as we learn everything else. We are taught by our superiors constantly, but only by degrees. Our parents tell us much—every hour in the day, for many years have they been giving us the sweetest parcels of good advice. How much has our good father already told us? And our mother? Our Teachers? Our Pastors? What have we not already gained from Books? From the useful Family-sheets? They did up their precious goods in little bundles though. What has become of most of them? Of all of them, with

many? Because their counsels were not of mammoth size and striking import, we counted all cheap and common, and suffered them to go last.

A certain mother whom we buried lately, told her children this little good thing—"Don't forget to pray!" Over her grave, one of the daughters felt the weight of wisdom contained therein and proved it afresh. Of many such little seeds of good counsel, may it be said: "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Would that it could be predicted of all. But who does not know, that there are fragments of good counsel enough lost, to save an entire household and congregation? The continual dropping wears the stone away, but the momentary distillings upon the heart of man seem to harden it only. Is there anything harder than the human heart?

Treasure up the fragments of Grace. God does not pour a whole heaven full of Grace into any of us, to sanctify and build us into Saints, as lightning strikes us. Growth, all life wants. The life of Jesus in the soul grows like Jesus Himself did—"in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man." All plants, whether of Grace or Nature, increase slowly. The digging about, the enriching, the watering and the sunshine must be continued. The overtures of the Holy Spirit are continual. Neglect "the line upon line, and precept upon precept; here a little and there a little," and Heaven is lost at last.

By praying, at least, three times a day, you send twenty-one petitions to God per week; one thousand and more, a year—so too with your church attendance; with the sacraments and all the other means of salvation. It is a serious thing, thus to waste the goodness of God. Men lose their souls by just such a waste of crumbs. If Jesus did not wish to see the fragments of bread lie loosely over the grass-plot, will it not grieve His heart to see you despise the crumbs of the bread of Life? No soul is spoiled in a day, or by one act; nor is a soul redeemed and rendered meet for the company of Saints by one, two or three outpourings of Grace. It is by leakage that most barrels become empty and go to waste. It is by this constant undervaluing of fragments in God's Kingdom, that men miss Heaven.

We can do but little, at most; but we can do that little constantly. Little by little does God elevate us to Himself. He calls daily, weekly, yearly. Neglect one call after another, and we become reprobates. A mason builds the wall, stone by stone. And just so are saints built. God knows this, and therefore accommodates Himself to our condition by affording us opportunity and material, as we need them. I have heard of the "droppings of the sanctuary," and so have we all. But is there such a thing as a *flooding* of the Sanctuary? Save the drops then, and you will have caught up and drunk in all the distillations of Grace.

A white man once complained to an Indian of a want of time. "Why," said the red man, "have you not all the time there is?" The pale face became flushed and confessed that he had learned something from his companion. We too can learn that time is given to us all—*all* the time there is. But it is given to us, just as everything else is measured out for us—in fragments. To take care of the fragments—to gather them up—is to be sure of filling our twelve baskets sooner or later.

THE SAVIOUR ON MOUNT OLIVET.

BY R. L. G.

On Siloam's sweet waters the pure sunlight falls,
And burns golden bright on the temple's fair walls,
While calmly to heaven waves the altar's dark smoke,
And a hushed murmur only the deep quiet broke.

With rapt look, the Saviour, from Mount Olivet
Gazed long upon Salem, so peacefully set
'Midst the green vale below, each palace and tower
Bathed in the soft light of that still evening hour.

And fair was the scene! But, alas! He beheld
That beauty by a horror of darkness dispelled;
A vision of battle swept over the scene;
Dark ruin and slaughter where beauty had been.

He saw the mailed ranks of the Roman appear
O'er the far range of hills, gleaming banner and spear;
When Olivet shook 'neath the cohorts' firm tramp,
And the plain was o'erspread with the glittering camp.

And swift as the sea on the rocks of the coast,
On Salem's defence swept the ranks of their hosts;
And loud as the storm grew the turmoil and din;
Besiegers without, and besieged from within.

Ah! sharp rang the sword on the Roman's steel crest,
But grew red with blood on the Jew's naked breast;
And high the great catapult hurled the huge ball,
And rent loud asunder the turreted wall.

The wall is o'erthrown—a wild cry of despair—
The priests battle fierce on the temple's white stair,
Their blood dyes the steps—the flames lick the roof,
And curl round the columns that hold them aloof.

Where David with joy to his golden harp sung,
A wail of lament through her palaces rung;
And cold desolation through Salem was spread,
And night gathered dew on the lips of her dead.

His people, their King, who both could and would save,
Rejected, despised for the warning He gave,
Then weeping, the Saviour low bowed His dear head,
And mourned over Salem—her glory had fled.

For now by Siloam the palm droops no more,
And blasted the land where the rose bloomed before,
And low in the dust her strong towers are thrown,
And the temple is left not a stone upon stone.

And the voice of His people is heard far away,
On drear alien shores they toil and they pray,
Still hoping, He knew, but hoping in vain,
Once more for the glory of Solomon's reign.

THE HEROINE OF JERICHO.

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

Heroines, according to the usual acceptation of the word, are women who have distinguished themselves by deeds of martial daring. Such were Joan of Arc, who, in the fifteenth century, successfully conducted the defence of Orleans, and the "Maid of Saragossa"—celebrated in Byron's "Childe Harold"—who performed such prodigies of valor during the siege of her native city. Such, in Bible times, were Jael, who drove a nail through the temples of the sleeping Sisera, and Judith who cut off the head of the brutal Holofernes. But there have been heroines innumerable besides those, who have made themselves famous for deeds of valor; women who sacrificed everything, which they held most dear, to the cause of Truth; martyrs in will, if not in deed, who were willing to resign house and home, and even life itself, in obedience to the commandments of the Almighty.

It is in this latter sense that Rahab the harlot deserves to be called, the Heroine of Jericho—a title which has been occasionally applied to her for many centuries. The incidents which caused her to be thus distinguished are deeply interesting, inasmuch as they reveal the history of a woman, who was raised from the lowest and most degraded condition to be a princess in Israel, and an example of faith to all generations.

The biography of Rahab is, however, not to be found in any single place in the sacred record. Though the greater part of it is given in the first part of the book of Joshua, there are many hints and fragments scattered here and there, which we must carefully gather and place side by side, like little bits of antique mosaic, if we would behold a complete picture of her life.

We are told that Rahab was a resident of the city of Jericho at the time when the Israelites entered the land of Canaan. Whether she was a harlot in the modern, disgraceful sense of the word, we cannot say with certainty; but the fact that she occupied a house by herself, while her parents resided in the same town, renders it very likely. "Nevertheless," as Dr. Kitto remarks, "in that licentious age and country, it is very probable,

that she did not know that she was doing wrong." She seems to have kept an inn; and was probably also engaged in the manufacture of linen and the art of dyeing, since we find her roof covered with flax, and a stock of crimson or scarlet line in her house.

Her house was built on the broad wall of the city and probably near the gate. Hence she heard all that was going on. The strangers who were her guests must have had much to say concerning the multitude of Jews that was advancing to the conquest of Canaan; how their God, Jehovah, had wonderfully delivered them from the power of the Egyptians, and miraculously sustained them during their toilsome journeyings in the wilderness; how He had given them the victory over Og, the gigantic king of Bashan, and the powerful nation of the Amorites.

Hence, she became convinced that Jehovah was the only true God, who had given the land of Canaan to His people, and that, therefore, it would be vain to attempt to resist their onward progress. This shows Rahab to have been a woman of strong mind and of warm religious impulses. Is it not remarkable, that the only person in that idolatrous city, who was induced by the impending calamity to turn to the Lord, should have been a despised harlot?

The strength of Rahab's faith is evident from her willingness to make the greatest sacrifices. At the peril of her life she hid the spies whom Joshua had sent, finally letting them down by a cord over the wall of the city, and thus enabling them to escape from their pursuers. Before doing this, however, she made a covenant with them—the sign of which was the scarlet line by which they were let down—that they would save her life and those of her parents and other relatives, when the city should be taken by the armies of Israel.

These incidents, which are more fully related in the second and sixth chapters of the book of Joshua, are exceedingly interesting and well worthy of careful attention. The scarlet line, especially—like the blood of the Paschal lamb on the door-posts of Israel—is a type of the blood of our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ.

But we feel compelled to limit ourselves to the plain facts of history, and here the question naturally arises, What became of Rahab after the destruction of her native city?

The inspired narrator of these events in the book of Joshua merely adds, "And she dwelleth in Israel unto this day." This does not necessarily imply, that she was still living at the time when he wrote, but that the family, of which she was considered the head, continued to dwell among the children of Israel. The broken thread is, however, again taken up in the gospel of Matthew, where we learn, that she married Salmon, the son of Naasson (or Nahshon), the son of Aminadab. This Salmon was beyond question a person of the highest rank, a man who in monarchical countries would have been accounted a great nobleman, and perhaps even a prince of the royal blood. In the seventh chapter of the book of Numbers his father Nahshon is called the prince of the tribe of Judah, and the first of all the princes, who, in the order of their rank, brought an offering to the Lord. Now the tribe of Judah was beyond doubt the first of the tribes of Israel. Jacob had promised the sceptre to Judah, and the Almighty Him-

self had ratified the promise of the dying patriarch. It was by the direct commandment of Jehovah, that the tribe of Judah always led the van of the armies of Israel; that its standard went in advance of the tabernacle; and that Nahshon, the son of Aminadab, was appointed the captain of its host. (Numbers ii. 3; x. 14.) From all this it is evident, that Nahshon was the foremost man of the foremost tribe of Israel. Salmon was his eldest son, and, as such, the inheritor of all his honors and dignities.

Is it not remarkable, that so great a man should have condescended to marry a woman like Rahab, who—apart from her doubtful reputation—was descended from a humble family and a hated nation? We cannot, of course, say with certainty what were his motives in taking this important step; but when we remember, that the post of danger was always considered the post of honor, is it not probable that he was one of the spies, whom Rahab had assisted in escaping from the city of Jericho? If this were so, what is more natural than that his gratitude should have kindled into love, and that he should have taken for his wife the heroine, who had saved his life at the peril of her own?

However this may have been, it is evident, that Rahab never brought shame on her husband or his family. On the contrary, her descendants held her memory in the highest reverence, and proudly entered her name upon their genealogical tables—an honor that was but rarely accorded to the female members of the family.

Her son Boaz, whom the Scriptures call “a mighty man of wealth,” married Ruth the Moabitess, and was the grandfather of Jesse, the father of king David. In this way our heroine became the ancestress, not only of many earthly monarchs, but of the king “on whose head are many crowns,” our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Is not this a most wonderful and eventful history? It is surely not surprising, that, nearly fifteen hundred years after the death of this remarkable woman, two of the Christian apostles should have referred in their writings to her heroic conduct, as an illustration of the wondrous power of that faith which reveals itself in deeds of love.

Even now, after the lapse of upwards of thirty centuries, we find the history of Rahab full of important lessons, which it would be well for us to remember. It teaches us, for instance, that no one is too insignificant to command his Father's care. “He raiseth up the poor out of the dust and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill; that he may set him with princes, even the princes of his people.”

Moreover, we are assured that no one is beyond the reach of Divine forgiveness. Rahab was as wicked as the rest of her licentious and idolatrous people; but by reason of her sincere penitence and unwavering faith, she was drawn like a brand from the burning, and was placed in an honorable position among the chosen people of God. In the same way God still receives all who come to Him with heartfelt repentance; “though their sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow.” God's mercies never come singly. As John Bunyan says, “All the flowers in the Lord's garden are double; nay, they are not only double flowers, but they are manifold flowers. There are many flowers upon one stalk, and many flowers in one flower. You shall think you have but one mercy, but

you shall find it to be a whole flock of mercies." Rahab would have been content to live in obscurity, but God made her a mighty princess. Thus the Almighty continues to grant blessings to His children, which, in excellence and profusion, exceed their most sanguine expectations. Though we dare not expect unalloyed happiness on earth, He gives us many a moment of celestial rapture; He opens for us many a fountain by the wayside; and sustains us in our toilsome journey, until at last we enter His renewed and better Paradise,

"Where the weary heart grows young again
In its Sabbath year of bliss."

THE CHRISTIAN WEDDING.

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

As Jenny passed the church to-day,
The doors were open wide;
And, at the altar's front, she saw
A bridegroom with his bride.

It was, in truth, a lovely sight
To see them standing there;
The stalwart man with chestnut locks,
The maid with golden hair.

So Jenny put her basket down
Beside the great elm tree,
And glided in, and took a seat
Where not a soul could see.

But, when the pastor said, "We stand
Before the King of kings
And His bright angel hosts," she seemed
To hear the rush of wings;

And, see! a "cloud of witnesses,"
Than all the world more fair,
Looked down in love and tenderness
Upon the bridal pair;

While one, more fair than sons of men,
More bright than angels are,
Whose vesture white and golden crown
Shone like the morning-star,

Unseen between them stood, and joined
Their hands in wedded bliss;
Then gave to him a jewel rare—
To her a holy kiss.

The angels whispered, "Worship Him!"
And Jenny bowed the knee,
Although as yet she could not tell
Who this great King might be;

But when she saw the cruel wounds
Upon His hands and brow,
She knew 'twas Christ who gave the ring,
And blessed the marriage vow.

Now, leaning on their Saviour's arm,
The happy pair withdrew,
While joyfully, though all unseen,
The angels followed too.

"Ho! Jenny, wake!" the sexton said,
"Wake up, my little miss!
'Tis very wrong to go to sleep
In such a place as this."

"O, No!" she cried, "I did not sleep—
It was not all a dream—
I saw the angels, from whose brows
Bright rays of Glory beam;

For Jesus Christ Himself was here
To bless the bridal pair,
And He has gone to bless their home,
And make His dwelling there."

CUSTOMS—BANEFUL, PAINFUL, FOOLISH.

I read one day about the Druse horn, nay, I saw one once—a tall, hollow affair of silver, not unlike an old-fashioned stage-horn, nay, a fish-horn.

This must, among the Druses, be worn by every married woman all her life. It is set upon her fore head, resting upon the larger end on a cushion, kept in its position by cords or bands, and if a veil be worn it must fall over the top of the horn, adding no little to the weight and pressure of this six-inch ornament and burden.

And this horn, they told me, a woman must wear, night and day, for

life. And it is said that at first and for a long period they suffer very much, and have terrific headaches, so that they are at times almost distracted, till in time they become accustomed to it, and either learn to endure or cease to feel.

Of course it is barbarous and unreasonable; so is our system of stays or corsets, which Lady Mary Wortley Montague describes in her letters as such a source of wonder to Turkish women, while the men supposed they must be a sort of cage or restraint imposed by men upon their wives.

Nobody knows quite why it is done, but it is true that half our women almost squeeze the breath out of their bodies, and are only free when they are undressed.

Ask any woman whether she is not more at ease when she lays off this restraint and is free, and then ask her why she lives in such bondage.

The Eastern woman is as much astonished at the hour-glass or wasp figure as is one of ours at the Druse horn.

But this is only by-the-by. I had other customs in mind.

When or whence did it arise that when one dies and goes to heaven all the family shall shroud themselves in deepest black? and the women be the especial victims?

Somewhere the custom must have arisen, since the days of our ancestors—the Saxons or the Picts and Scots, whose only clothing was painted on! Is it going further, or will there be some resistance and a return to the right way?

Some women spend half their lives under crape, a sort of self-imposed penance, hot, heavy, unwholesome. There is poison in crape; it sometimes produces eruptions and disease; there is poison in bad air; there is ruin to the eyes in the exhalations and in the diagonal lines of the dark and heavy veil.

Men may wear a badge of mourning for a time, and then resume light clothes and yellow gloves if they will.

A man may do this while his wife continues to mourn for *his* friend and decorously swelters under her crape.

And very few dare to brave Mrs. Grundy and follow out their convictions by refusing to yield to this absurd demand of custom.

We think it is growing worse and worse. A family will wear crape three years, and black dresses three years more, for a mother who went straight to heaven, and who would say to them, "Mourn not for me." And so strong is the force of example that some one else must do the same, or it shows a "want of feeling."

Now is not this a sort of Druse horn? For it is no small thing to take away so much that is bright and cheerful in one's surroundings for so many years of life, and submit to a dress, hot, heavy, and inconvenient. There is but one life to live. Why spoil that?

And some sumptuary laws would not be amiss on other points. A few years ago a few simple white flowers would be laid upon the coffin of a child or a young person as an emblem of purity and innocence.

Now the flowers are ordered, in many cases, with the shroud and coffin!

And the man of gray hairs, be he bad or good, gentle or simple, is covered with crosses and crowns, harps, anchors, and wreaths of white,

till the air is heavy and sickening with the perfume, and the sight is a burlesque upon sentiment.

The whole is a foolish, wasteful, and wicked expense, and, like heavy mourning, is often a burden that can ill be borne by those who can by no means afford it, and yet dare not ignore a custom.

It is for those who have money and common-sense to set the example and oppose so senseless a fashion. Some individuals have independence. Precisely what can be done by concerted action we do not see. The country is overrun now with committees, societies, organizations, clubs, and associations. We can't afford any more if there be any other way.

Let us "write to the papers" and so bring out public opinion. It is one of those cases in which individually a great many are right, and collectively they all go wrong. It is no time to get up extra moral courage under the shock of deep affliction. But one gets so weary of the mockery and semblance of woe, crape, flowers, and gay mourning.

Can't men help women out of this bondage by suggesting some badge of mourning which shall say, like the band on a man's hat, "I have lost a friend?" As it is, in many cases, the dress is a greater trial than the loss. It is like the Druse horn, a mere custom; for some nations wear yellow, and some scarlet or blue, which mean just as much, and are more sensible and less burdensome.

When women want their rights, if they will try to emancipate themselves from *such* burdens, "Let all the people say AMEN."

RANDOM READINGS.

Old Dr. Beecher, in discussing before his class whether the planets were peopled, said: "If anybody was there and saw our earth, and inferred it was inhabited, they would be right, for we are here." "Now," says he, "we'll put the bullet into the other end of the gun and fire it back."

The creed of Pantheism has been elegantly set to music by somebody, in the following stanza:

"God is: without him, man is not.
Man is: without him, God is dead.
Each by the other is begot,
The God-sea by the Man-stream fed."

"When my mother says no, there's no yes in it." Here is a sermon in a nutshell. Multitudes of parents say "no," but after a good deal of teasing and debate, it finally becomes yes. Love and kindness are essential elements in the successful management of children, but firmness, decision, inflexibility, and uniformity of treatment are no less important.

When I see a young convert with his cigar, the image of the dear old mother in Israel comes to mind—"Religion which begins in smoke commonly ends in smoke;" and my imagination anticipates a year or two, and I see this smoking convert on the mournful catalogue of apostates cast out as rubbish in the gloomy lumber-room of the Church.

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THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIst volume, on the first of January 1870. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number is embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continues to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers promise to continue to use a superior quality of paper; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

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SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

OCTOBER,
1870.

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Phila., Pa.
JAS. B. RODGERS CO., PRS.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XXI.—OCTOBER, 1870.—No. 10.

SUNDAYS ABROAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE LORD'S DAY IN THE NETHERLANDS.

In a crazy craft we sailed one night across from Dover to Ostend. Indeed all these steamers then plying across the British Channel were most dismal affairs. On a hard uncushioned bench I spent a dreary night. Early dawn brought us into the harbor of Ostend; brought me for the first time to set foot on the continent of Europe. It was the end of May. The fresh breath of a dewy morning and the singing of birds soon made us forget the trials of the night. The Ostenders were busy scrubbing and sweeping about their front doors. As we walked from the wharf to the hotel,—long lines of women all dressed in black came out of the different streets,—all going in the same direction. I must know whither this stream tends, and soon join these sombre-looking people. I watch their conduct. Scarcely a word of conversation do I notice. A solemn, silent business these people are after. As I had expected, they led me to a church, a large plain edifice. I stood near the door and watched this crowd of people coming to their early devotions on a week day morning. All dipped their finger into the basin of "sacred water" at the door, and crossed themselves. Aside the door in the corner was a pile of rush-bottomed chairs. Each bore her seat with her and devoutly sat on or knelt before it. Others still continued to come. On the altar were lofty pyramids of flowers, and smaller stalks lifted their fragrant tops above the officiating priest. It is the custom in all lands thus to dress Catholic churches with flowers during the month of May. In strange contrast were these gaudy flowers with the gravely dressed worshippers. They were nearly all women; and all the women dressed in black cloak and hood—hood instead of bonnet. Faces, so pale and serious, bearing the marks of fasting, stuck away back in this odd-looking head-gear. Seen from the door, one could not tell them from a congregation of monks, in cowl and cassock. With soft tread they continue to crowd through the door, till aisles and seats are packed. No whisper is heard, save the faint muttering of a praying one near you.

They leave the church as they enter it; not together, but one by one, as each gets through with praying. There is no common ending of the service. After the priest is through with the mass, many stay to pray still longer. Hence their not leaving all at one time. This was the first church I entered on the continent, about 4 o'clock of a May morning, upon the coast of the northern ocean. Besides this I saw little in Ostend to interest me. It lies very low, and very flat, between the sea and the harbor, almost enclosed by water. It is surrounded by ramparts and broad ditches—a mighty fortress around which the armies of Europe have done ferocious work in their time.

Let us to Amsterdam. How,—it does not matter for our present purpose. The vast level country intervening with its quaint old cities, built and preserved by the blood of heroes and martyrs, must remain undescribed here. Only let me say that this Netherland country is really the *nether* most country of Europe. So low that the waters of the continent seem to stream thither; so level that these waters refuse to leave the country, save as they are drained out by artificial means. The whole country is covered with a network of canals, used to drain and fence the fields and transport the produce. Nine thousand wind-mills are employed in Holland to pump the water from low places into the higher. Singular structures they are, like great furnace stacks with vast upright wheels hung to their sides, revolving by the touch of every breeze. The people go from their barns to the fields in boats, and in boats they bring their crops home. As the names of many German towns terminate in *heim*, expressive of the warm and genial home feeling of the German Land; so in the Netherlands the names of not a few towns end in *dam*, Amsterdam and Rotterdam, expressive of the need of resisting the ubiquitous encroachments of water.

In Amsterdam as in Venice, many streets are canals, forming the city into ninety-five islands. These canals are crossed by two hundred and ninety bridges. The streets are traversed by the trading vessels of the world. The city is literally water-logged. All the houses—the largest and oldest structures in the city some hundreds of years old are built on the sand. Many a time have the winds blown over them, and the rains descended, and yet have they not fallen. The heavens above, and the earth beneath are brimful of water. Poles or logs from 50 to 75 feet in length are driven into the earth, which form the foundation for all the buildings. But for these, and these 250,000 Amsterdammers would sink into mud and mire irretrievably. When Erasmus visited Amsterdam he wrote to a friend that he had reached a city “whose inhabitants, like crows, lived on tree-tops.” Here all the people literally walk, sleep and pray on stilts. In Holland the laws of nature are reversed. The sea is higher than the land. At high tide the lowest land is 30 feet below the water's surface. The keels of the ships plow above the chimney-tops; the croaking frog looks down from his lofty ramparts upon the chattering swallows on the house-tops.

Vast walls are built along the sea-shore to dam back its wild waves. Ordinarily the Creator sets bounds to the sea, but here He leaves it to the agency of man. To dam up the Nile with bulrushes is an admitted

impossibility, but the Hollanders dam up the mighty Ocean for miles, with reeds and straw wisps, woven into mats, and mixed with earth. During high storms watchmen are kept on the walls. When the waves start a leak, the church-bells of the neighboring villages sound the alarm—the men rush to the sea-side with spades and baskets to fill up the leak, and the women and children to church to pray for God's merciful protection. Should the break become large all the country round about for scores of miles, may be covered with water before sunset, and the people buried beneath the waves of the sea.

A large class of the poorer people of Amsterdam live upon the canals. A man marries. He and his wife, by hard work can buy a boat that will carry from one to three tons. The boat costs less than a house; it becomes their home. They keep their hogs, ducks and other animals, the same as the people on land. "Their cabin displays the same neatness as the parlors of their country men on shore. The women employ themselves in all the domestic offices, and are assiduous in embellishing their little sitting-rooms with the labors of the needle. Many of them have little gardens of tulips, hyacinths, anemones and various other flowers. These vessels are long and narrow, suitable to the canals and sluices of the town." Here their children are born, nursed and raised. Besides attending to the cooking, mending, scrubbing and nursing of children, the wife often helps to steer the boat while the husband, with a rope over his shoulder pulls it along the canal, when the wind is contrary. By and by the children grow up and marry. One inherits the old boat, and the parents buy a larger one, perhaps a trading vessel and acquire a fortune for an easy old age.

In Holland, as for centuries past, land and water still contend for the supremacy. It is by no means certain which will finally be victorious. Every storm on the ocean, and every freshet of the Rhine, is a mighty effort of nature to batter down the walls that shield the country against a deluge. Through ages of toil have the Hollanders wrung their fair meadows from the sea.

"How did they rivet with gigantic piles
Through the centre their new caught miles,
And to stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground.
Building their watery Babel far more high
To reach the sea, than those to scale the sky.

A daily deluge over them does boil;
The earth and water play at level coil.
The fish oft-times the burgler dispossess'd,
And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest.

They always ply the pump and never think
They can be safe, but at the rate they sink;
They live as if they had been run aground,
And when they die are cast away and drown'd.

A land that rides at anchor and is moor'd,
In which they do not live, but go aboard."

An Amsterdam Sunday belongs but half to God. Its 25,000 Jews keep *Saturday* as their day of rest, and trade with all their might on Sunday. One street was lined with pedlars, yelling hideously to the passing crowd in praise of their wares. Some of the streets abounded with mud and garbage. Half of the shops and stores were open. Dirty boys plied their brushes briskly in polishing shoes. Amid the passing worldly throng, bent on business or pleasure, graver, well-dressed people wended their way towards their respective places of worship.

In the morning I worshiped in the Oude Kerk (old church), a very large and massive building; ancient and very plain. Indeed all the Reformed churches here are without any ornament—the extreme of plainness. This old church has a leaning tower. The vast edifice was filled with a devout congregation. The pews had very high backs. The pew-doors were locked—locked after the people were seated, so that no one could leave till the service was ended. Above the lofty narrow pulpit, hung a prodigious sounding board. A sleek looking dominie, the very picture of good health and good nature preached the sermon on “There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.” (Acts iv. 12). The manner of the preacher was very pleasant, and his sermon was good, as far as I understood it, which was not much. The Holland tongue has just enough of German, French and English in its composition to make it seem intelligible when it is not. By hard work a German can get along with a Hollander if he meets him half-ways. During the sermon the preacher stopped twice in his discourse, and quietly took his seat, while the congregation sang a hymn. Before the sermon two hymns were sung. A mighty organ, over a hundred years old, led the praise. Instead of a choir a clerk raised the tune. The whole congregation sang with a will, and made the tall arches ring with a grand song of praise. All the people had hymn-books and all seemed to use them. The Minister wore a robe with a ruff round his neck during the service. A large number of the male portion of the congregation kept their hats on save during the prayers, when they all uncovered their heads. During the services three collections were at different times taken. And their collectors are men of energy, as I can testify from experience. After the first collection, I was slow to understand what the second and third application for charity meant, but he held on to me, till he made me comprehend him. In all the churches collections are every Sunday held for the support of the poor. The deacons go from pew to pew, with a little bag attached to the end of a stick, “like a landing net,” with a small bell to it. Into this bag every one drops a gift according to his means. It is the old-fashioned “Klingel Sack,” (jingling bag) that used to be in vogue in our German churches, and still is used in some.

In this way the Almshouses and Orphan Asylums, for which this city has become famous, are supported. It has twenty-three of these charitable institutions. When Louis XIV threatened to destroy the city, Charles II said: “I am of opinion that Providence will preserve Amsterdam, if it were only for the great charity its people have for the poor.”

Its orphans are all known in the streets by their dress. Some wear black and red jackets ; some wear black with a white band round the head ; some are dressed in black with a red and white band around the arm, and a number on it. Woe to the man who admits or entices any of these fatherless of Amsterdam into a play or gin-house. The gentle hand of Christian laws shields them against the cruelties of temptation.

In the afternoon I attended services in the Nieuwe Kerk (new church), so-called, though built nearly five hundred years ago. It is one of the finest churches in Holland, very large and very plain. The ponderous sounding-board over the pulpit helps the preacher's voice to fill its vast dimensions. The congregation was very small, as all afternoon congregations are on the continent.

In some countries people must sit on door sills, or thrust their heads out the window to see the fashions on the street. Passing along the streets of Holland cities one often sees a little white hand behind a half-opened shutter, holding a small mirror, sometimes two, to improve the reflection. In the looking glass the fair lady, and those not so fair, can see the bonnets and costly dresses of their sisters passing by, without being seen by them. The wealthy Hollanders believe in enjoying the comforts of life. Around Amsterdam and other cities are numerous villas, where families spend their summer afternoons. These consist of a picturesque cottage, or arbor, nestled among a profusion of trees, vines and flowers. There the men smoke their pipes, sip their beer or coffee, the old ladies knit, and the younger ones sing, romp and criticise the passers by. Over the gateway of these gardens one sometimes finds an inscription, a sort of a motto expressive of the tastes of the owner. Thus one has : " Wel te vrede " (Well contented). Another : " Mijn lust en leven " (My pleasure and life). " Vriendschap en geselschap (Friendship and sociability). " *Eet vermaak is in't hovenieren* " (There is pleasure in gardening). One even has : " De vleesch potten van Egypte " (The flesh pots of Egypt).

The Hollanders are famous for their cleanliness, and that as our readers know, is allied to godliness. Water and mud abound. The two wage uncompromising warfare with each other, under the leadership of diligent women. They seem to be scrubbing every day, and indeed during the greater part of the day. In the morning it is unsafe to walk the streets of a Holland town, with polished boots and clean linens. When least expected, an unseen scrubber will dash a pail of water against a second story window overhead, and favor you with a shower. The village of Broeck, a few miles from Amsterdam excels all other towns in Holland, perhaps in the world in this respect. Mostly composed of plain one story cottages, one would little suspect that any of them are inhabited by families of wealth and rank. Strolling through the silent streets, I noticed wooden shoes, sometimes three or four pairs, standing before the house-doors ; the shoes of visitors, who left them outside so as not to soil the clean floors of their neighbors. The pavements were literally worn by scrubbing. The wooden door-steps were as pure as the milk-pails ; such immaculate pails with shining brass-hoops around them—hung on the garden-fence ; the fence was washed white as winter-snow. The streets are too narrow and too clean for wagons to pass through them.

Indeed, I was told that a board at the end of the village proclaimed a law, requiring riders to dismount at the end of the town, and lead their horses through the streets at a slow walk, and which warns strangers not to smoke on the streets without stoppers or lids on their pipes, so as not to spill the ashes on the pavements. But for the scrubbers the streets would look quite forsaken. The front shutters, front rooms indeed, are said to be never opened save when there is a wedding or funeral in the family. At no other time can one gain admission. Even the Emperor of Russia, on a visit, was refused this privilege.

In a restaurant I got a glimpse of the inside of a cottage. The floor was nicely sanded, streaked with all manner of figures. The milk, Dutch cheese and white bread I still remember with pleasure. Along with the pipe and tobacco laid aside of my plate, was a bowl in which carefully to place the ashes. No carpets, no table-cloth, no dust or dirt of any kind, a shrine of domestic purity; of moral purity too I dare say. For the sweet, happy face of the landlady, set in her little white cap told me that this must be the abode of soul cleanliness. "What is holiness?" a little Sunday-school scholar was once asked by her teacher. "To have the inside clean," was her answer. There is a certain connection between the scrubbing and religion of the Hollanders, and that is why I speak of both in these "Sundays Abroad."

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE AND THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

BY PERKIOMEN.

The colored people of Auburn and neighboring cities celebrated the adoption of the XVth amendment on the 1st of August, last. The procession was nearly a mile long. Arriving at the residence of Ex-Secretary Seward, a halt was made and loud cheers were given for the Governor, who appeared at the entrance to his grounds and spoke some sensible words to the sable masses, which are applicable to all people and localities, however, without regard to latitude or color.

MR. SEWARD'S ADDRESS.

I rejoice with you in the event you are celebrating, not more because it guarantees internal peace and perpetual integrity to the United States than because it is the harbinger of the advancement of your own race and of the broad progress of civilization throughout the world. The event proves that constitutions cannot keep men slaves. It is well for you to reflect now that constitutions, however amended and perfected, cannot of themselves keep men free.

It requires education and religion to do this, and even with these, the African race in the United States is not assured of the future so long as they are held in slavery or barbarism in any other part of the world.

Employ then, a schoolmaster and a minister of the Gospel. You need them now more than you ever did before. It devolves upon you, now that you have been emancipated yourselves, to work out the emancipation and elevation of your own race in the West Indies, in South America and in Africa. For this great work you will need neither armies nor navies ; but you need, first, just what your friends among the white men had in working your emancipation—the school house and Christian meeting-houses. Statesmen never fail to carry out what the people, instructed by these enlightened and humane agencies, show to be safe, just and practicable. Farewell !”

We hold in memory a legend of “*The Great Stone Face*,” on which we purpose to enlarge, in illustration of Gov. Seward’s teaching, holding, at the same time, closely to the chief features and main outline of the story :

Over against a small village stood a large rock, on which could be plainly traced the profile of a human face. “It is nicer than the Man in the Moon,” the children were wont to say.

The tradition of—‘*The Great Stone Face*,’ as taught by the ancient villagers, ran thus : “It is the ‘Face’ of the Prophet of the Millennium.” “When He shall come, wisdom and righteousness will abound, and the village will be Eden restored.” Long and anxiously had the generations of villagers waited for the advent of the personage who should wear the original of that ‘Face’ and prove their Saviour. And still they waited. But how often had they been deluded ! At the arrival of every noted stranger they fancied a certain resemblance in his countenance, and were set agog to do him reverence. As often, though, did the fathers hesitate to catch the contagion, and refused to be carried along in the excitement. They smoked their pipes, without interruption, shook their heads with an air of assurance and said : “He is not the Great Stone-Face !” The mothers too, knitting busily on, would say : “Nay ! Nay ! The young are too sanguine. We were once just so.”

Once there came a man in a hackney-coach to the village inn. He looked, and spoke, and carried well. The community became elated for a season, then, and silyly sought to measure his countenance by the ‘Great Stone Face.’ He was a wily man and knew the long current legend of the village. “Gold is the best thing,” said the stranger. “Your community is a poor cloister. I will impart the secret of growing rich, to all who crave it. It will fill your pockets, your drawers and your chests. The aged need never work any more, and the young need never learn to toil. Give me but an ‘Eagle’—man for man, and you will draw fabulous Prizes in a fortnight, which will enrich your village from end to end.”

Many went after the shrewd mountebank and buying, had sold themselves.

But the aged were not moved. Not a muscle did they move, as they sat before their lowly cottages, and smoked. They simply warned their children. This was the burden of their warning : “Money is not the best thing. There was no Gold in Eden. Avoid the snares of the impostor. He wears not the benevolent countenance of the ‘Great Stone-Face,’ though his garments look imposing.”

The sayings of the old men prevailed at last, and the village became still again, and earned all the gold they needed for bread and raiment, and therewith were content. But daily they forgot not the coming man, whose face they saw upon the Rock.

Another character arrived and drove pretendingly along all the streets. The young and middle-aged flocked after him, in long retinue. Only the aged went not after him. "This is the man of the Great Stone-Face!" was loudly hawked about, and the stranger was pleased. The new character was not as bad as the former had been. He built them a factory; caused diligence and thrift to flow through their streets, as blood courses through the veins and arteries of the human body. The village grew in size and number and significance. But still wisdom and righteousness came not. The morals improved not. The young grew proud and arrogant. They obeyed their parents less, and feared God not at all.

The aged lamented over the delusion of their children, and sighed to think that they should not live to see the advent of the man of the 'Great Stone-Face.' Even the middle-aged and the young came, by degrees, to see that they too were in part again deceived. Still, the village grew on in commerce and everyday-life, which partly atoned for their disappointment, in the main hope. Some even grew indifferent over the realization of the long-cherished hope, whilst not a few boldly declared, they had all of Eden that was needed. Only the wise and goodly-disposed would not surrender the hope of their forefathers and their own. As one and another veteran died, he blessed his offspring and besought them to ever live in the expectation of the man with the 'Great Stone-Face.'

Once there came a wise Master-builder, who raised their cottages higher; improved their homes, and greatly enhanced their domestic comfort. "Ah! this is the 'Prophet of the Period,'" said the school-girls and the young ladies all. But the people were no happier than their ancestors had been in their humble homes and with their plainer fare. Nor could they, after a little, trace any likeness between this, and that 'Face' that looked forth from the Rock. Many died in despair of ever having the prophecy fulfilled. Then there came a Gardener who beautified their lawns and plots and little fields. Flowers bloomed far and near. The meadows were dark-green with luscious grasses. The wheat staggered on the bending stalk. There was plenty and beauty in and around the village. "He is the man of the 'Great Stone-Face,'" was heard aloud from the lips of many, young and old; many, before of doubtful minds, became believers now, and blessed the day that dawned upon the village at last. How could they any longer hesitate? Were there not flowers everywhere? And Eden was full of flowers.

But yet there were a few who would not believe. "There have been benefactors among us ere now," said they. "He too is worthy of such a name. There will others come after him. But none have, as yet, shown a face as fair and benevolent as is the 'Great Stone-Face.' Honor all men according to their deserts; but have a care how you reverence any man, lest you confer on him that honor which is due another only."

Nor were the people better. Luxury did not bring the wisdom and righteousness which had been foretold, and which the village needed. Many felt that, in the aggregate, there had been a reformation effected, even in the social and moral condition of the village; but in candor they could not attribute it to one or the other of those whom they had been once willing to canonize as their Patron-saint. Consequently the spirit of unbelief set in with many, whilst the others no longer thought of any one as the great Deliverer. Only the few aged ones remained full of faith in his advent. "He is nearer," said the faithful few. "The village has grown better in every way, than we once saw it. It is not Eden yet; it will not be soon. But as we feel the warm breath of spring blowing over us, even during the winter months, sometimes, so can we foretell the Prophet's footsteps coming closer. His steps are short and soft. Never can we believe the faith of ages to prove false."

Then a feeling of confidence would settle on all minds again. Some maintained that the Prophet had long ago come among them, without observation and show, and even went so far as to trace the resemblance between this or that prominent character and the 'Great Stone-Face.' Others said: "Not so, indeed; but the Man of the 'Great Stone-Face' is verily near. We seem to hear his soft footsteps and feel his purifying breath. Behold he has cast his sunshine ahead. Gross vices have grown less numerous; morals have ripened in many, and society has improved vastly over former years."

Thus the feeling waxed and waned in the village, as ever and again a noted personage appeared within its borders. It was faith and unbelief, as the minds of the dwellers were excited or disappointed. Only the very oldest few continued to believe, even against probability, and to hope against hope.

After the lapse of fifty years there was a funeral held by all the villagers. The Pastor lay a corpse in the Oldtown church. All felt sad, and tearfully rendered the last sad honor to his remains. They passed in at the great church door, and lingered around the coffin. They looked a long last look, and wiped the tears away. Parents led their children up and bade them see now as they could never again, the countenance of him who had blessed, instructed and served the villagers for one full half century.

The tolling of the bell announced the opening of the burial service. Slowly each one turned away to a seat, loath to bid adieu to the Pastor's venerable and familiar countenance, smiling in death.

Father Brainerd spoke from the words: "*But there standeth one among you, whom ye know not.*" He dwelt on Christ's presence among them now and before. That it was not with observation however. How the true worth of His Gospel lies hid from the world. That He is nearer than we ourselves know. That God is in His true servants and working through them upon and in hearts, hearths and communities. That God had been in their midst for one-half century, hidden from their eyes, in this innocent, pious, meek and diligent Pastor. That he had glided into their bosom many years ago; had built them a school-house and taught their children and many of those children's parents; had built them a

church, and kindled a fire in their midst, which purified their hearts, extirpated vices, elevated their morals, taught them the Way of Life, as well as prepared their minds a full generation and more, to improve their community by laying hold on whatever facility this or that man had, from one time to another, brought before them. How the leaven of the Gospel had been progressing throughout their community, through the humble and long service of their now departed Pastor. How the curious world often inquired after and gazed in expectation of the Messiah, when, "*Lo ! He is here !*" That they, perhaps, had said : "When will the Lord deliver this people?" when His Kingdom had already been among them. Yea, 'there stood one among you, whom ye knew not!'

Then were the eyes of the villagers opened, and they recognized the features of the 'Great Stone-Face' in the life, history and services of their old and departed Pastor.

A reflecting mind can readily see that the application of the legend is not far-fetched. Under the nurturing influence of a fifty-years' school-teaching, a wilderness becomes an Eden. Such a civilizing was, at least, effected in former days, when the School-master had been a permanent character in a community. Under the plastic power of his hand the little desperados all around have become men and women, fathers and mothers, citizens, leading characters in the State and Church—Esquires, Legislators, Doctors, Lawyers, Preachers and men of mark at home and abroad.

Guizot thus speaks of "A Good School-master :—" "What a well-assorted union of qualities is required to constitute a good school-master. A good school-master ought to be a man who knows much more than he is called upon to teach, that he may teach with intelligence and taste ; who has a noble and elevated mind, that he may preserve that dignity of character and deportment, without which he will never obtain the respect and confidence of families ; who possesses a rare mixture of gentleness and firmness ; a man not ignorant of his rights, but thinking far more of his duties ; showing to all a good example, and serving to all as counselor ; not given to change his condition, but satisfied with his situation, because it gives him the honor of doing good ; and who has resolved in his mind to live and die in the service of imparting primary instruction to the young, touching the life-long art of benefiting their fellow-man and glorifying God."

How much of all this applies to certain striplings, who light down here and there, like migrating birds, with a satchel bare of everything, save a paper-collar, a bottle of Cologne and Tom Paine's works, for the purpose of "teaching school" a few winter months—we will not pretend to decipher. But certain we are, that we have known school-masters upon whom every word of *Guizot* fits with admirable grace. And such a school-master the legend of the 'Great Stone-Face' contemplates ; no other.

But, besides, he had been the village Pastor. Now, please don't get your model of all Parsons from Charles Dickens—the man whom the world has lately canonized as a sort of *fictitious* saint. Look at, and read Goldsmith's portrait (if it be not too long) :

“A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e’er had changed nor wished to change his place;
Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o’er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and show’d how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e’en his failings leaned to virtue’s side;
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt and pain, by turn, dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E’en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man’s smile.
His ready smile a parent’s warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.”

With such a “Village Teacher” and “Village Preacher,” all in one, we wonder not, that the legend of the ‘Great Stone-Face’ found its full and natural reality. Nor do we believe it possible for any community to dispense with the services, either of just such a character, who embodies the Teacher and the Preacher in himself, or of two separate personages who share their duties between themselves.

It is cheering to hear a man like Ex-Secretary Seward raise his venerable voice above the melancholy hootings and skeptical screechings of infidel demagogues, in favor of the maintenance of Christian nurture, as something essential to the civilization of Society and the Race. Just in that strain every enlightened head, with a good heart under it, will feel compelled to utter its sentiments, whether the populace will then incline to elevate such a man to the Presidential chair or not.

All honor to Governor Seward. In the name of the Christian Public we thank him for his words. As the scars, which the hacking knife of an assassin have caused, are the signs and seals of his Patriotism—no matter what party-spirit may say—so are we willing to accept his late Address as the badge of a Christian Statesman.

"STRIKING PASSAGES FROM THE NEW ATMOSPHERE."

BY THE EDITOR.

Strolling leisurely through a certain public Library recently, skimming over titles from shelf to shelf, my eye happened to fall on the "New Atmosphere, by Gail Hamilton." When the thermometer ranged from 90 to 95, one might well be pardoned for seeking a new atmosphere to breathe in. I found this a very spicy book, indeed allspice; little sugar and much pepper. Many hard things does the writer say about the wrongs and woes of women. Instead of giving my own impressions of the book, I will give those of sundry unknown readers; who with a fair hand underscored certain passages, and drew lead-pencil marks along the margin. Very sorry I am that the fair readers did not append their names, or at least initials to their marks—which would enable me to give them the proper credit, and introduce a list of new, although involuntary, contributors to the readers of the Guardian. These margin marks, though consisting mostly only of straight, and sometimes too of crooked lines, are after all an expression of their approval, and in a certain sense make the passages marked their own. Little do they expect to find their productions in print. Like a certain English poet—they awake from pleasant slumbers some Autumn morning and to their surprise find themselves authors.

Here is a pencil mark carefully drawn around the following passage: "I have seen girls—respectable, well-educated, daughters of Christian families, of families who think they believe that Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever, who profess to make the Bible their rule of faith and practice, to eschew the pomps and vanities of the world, and consecrate themselves to the Lord,—who are yet trained to think and talk of marriage in a manner utterly commercial and frivolous. Allusions to and conversations on the subject are of such a nature that they cannot remain unmarried without shame. They are taught not in direct terms at so much a lesson like Music or German, but indirectly and with a thoroughness, which no Music Master can equal, that if a woman is not married, it is because she is not attractive, that to be unattractive to men

is the most dismal and dreadful misfortune, and that for an unmarried woman earth has no honor and no happiness, but only toleration and a mitigated or unmitigated contempt."

It is true, every word of it. And I am not at all surprised that an earnest soul, chafing under the tyranny of this false public sentiment, should pause at this passage to draw a line around it.

The following has a pencil mark on both margins.

"Another, less fatal but sufficiently cool and more vexatious, is the injury that is inflicted upon natural and healthful association. Men and women are not allowed to look upon each other as rational beings; every woman is a wife in the grub, every man is a possible husband in the chrysalis state. If young people enjoy each other's conversation, and make opportunities to secure it, there are dozens of gossips, male and female, who proceed to fore-cast 'a match.' Intelligent interchange of opinion and sentiments between a man and a woman for the mere delight in it, with no design upon each other's name or fortune, is a thing of which a large majority of civilized Americans have no conception. A man and woman find each other agreeable, they cultivate each other's society, and anon, East, West, South and North goes the report that they are 'engaged.' It is easy to see what a check this gives to an intercourse that would be in the highest degree beneficial to both sexes, beneficial by giving to each a more accurate knowledge of the other, and by improving what in each is good, and diminishing what is bad."

The following is enclosed in pencil-brackets, most likely by the hand of some underpaid female teacher, of whom there are not a few. "Teaching is free to her (to woman) with the disadvantage of being miserably, shamefully, wickedly underpaid, both as regards the relative and intrinsic value of her work; but this is an argument which does not de-grade her, only the men who employ her."

Parents have strong claims upon their children—their daughters. Gail Hamilton thinks too much is made of these claims. And a disciple of Gail marks the following passage in her book:

"If one may judge from popular ethics the duty seems to be chiefly on one side. Lions we are told, would appear to the world in a very different light if lions wrote history; so filial and parental relations, described as they always are by the parental part of the community, have a different bearing from what they would if looked at from the children's point of view. In our eagerness to enforce the claims which parents have on children, we seem sometimes ready to forget the equally stringent claims which children have on parents. Much is said about the gratitude which parental care imposes upon the child; very little about the responsibility which his involuntary birth imposes upon himself."

Had not the author of this book better advise parents to put themselves under the government of their children; let papa and mamma learn the A, B, C, of good manners and obedience of Charlie riding his broom handle, and from Mazie playing with her doll?

The following has truth and point to commend it:

"A man receives immediate and definite results from his work. He

has a salary or wages—so much a day, a year, a job. His wife gets no money for her work. She has no funds under her own control, no resources of which she is mistress. She must draw supplies from her husband, and often with much outlay of ingenuity. Some men dole out money to their wives as if it were a gift, a charity, something to which the latter have no right, but which they must receive as a favor, and for which they must be thankful. They act as if their wives were trying to plunder them. Now a man has no more right to his earnings than his wife has. They belong to her just as much as to him. There is a mischievous popular opinion that the husband is the producer and the wife the consumer. In point of fact the wife is just as much a producer as the husband. Many a woman does as much to build up her husband's prosperity as he does himself. Many a woman saves him from disgrace. And as a general rule, the fate and fortune of the family lie in her hands as much as in his. What absurdity; to *pay* him his *wages* and to *give* her money to go shopping with." "A sensitive woman is fully alive to her relations. There is need that every gentle and tender courtesy should assure and convince her that the money she costs is a pleasure and a privilege."

"Her work is in point of fact incomparably fairer, finer, and more difficult, more important than his. A man may work up to his knees in swamp meadows, or breathe all day the foul air of a court room; but if, when released, he turns naturally to sunshine and apple-orchards, and womanly grace, swamp-mud and vile air have not polluted him."

On the margin of the last sentence is written in a very fair ladies' hand (I mean a fair hand-writing, for ought I know, the writer and her hand are fair too)—but here is written:—

"*Why apple orchards?*" How grateful and refreshing the shade of an apple orchard these sweltering summer days. And how luscious their fruit which will ripen by and by. An impressive figure of the paradise which the over-worked husband finds in the bosom of his family, after the day's work and worry is ended.

The following little lecture to a worldly husband, who makes his business a pretext for neglecting his wife and children, is marked, perhaps, by one who knows whereof she affirms:

"Will money give you the saving influence over your boy which might have kept him from vicious companions and vicious habits,—an influence which your constant interest, intercourse and example in his boyish days might have established, but which seemed to you too trivial a thing to win you from your darling pursuits of gain? Will money make you the friend and confidant of your daughter, the joy of her heart and the standard of her judgment, so that her ripening youth shall give you intimacy, interchange of thought and sentiment, and you shall give to her a measure to estimate the men around her, and a steady light that shall keep her from being beguiled by the lights that only lead astray? Will it give you back the children who have rushed out wildly or strayed indifferently from the house which you have never taken pains to make a home, but have been content to turn it into a hotel, with only less of liberty? Will money make you the heart as well as the head of your family—honored, revered, beloved? A family's needs are not gay clothing

and rich food, but a husband and a father. It is the great duty of his (the husband's) life to be acquainted with his children, to know their character, their tastes, their tendencies, to know who are their associates, and what are their associations, what books they read, and what books they like to read, to gratify their innocent desires, to crop off their excrescences and bring out their excellences, to know them as a good farmer knows his soil, draining the bogs into fertile meadows and turning the water courses into channels of beauty and life. He may furnish his children opportunities without number, but the one thing beyond all others which he owes them is himself. He may provide tutors and schools; but to no tutor and no school can he pass over his relationship and its responsibilities. If he is a stranger to his children, if they are strangers to him, he shall be found wanting when he is weighed in the balance."

This too is marked—alas the mark gives us room to fill up a sad picture in the back-ground.—“Many and many a man would be amazed at learning that in the tame household drudge, in the meek, timid, apologetic recipient of his caprices, in the worn and fretful invalid, in the commonplace, insipid domestic weakling, he scorns an angel unawares. Many a wife is wearied and neglected into moral shabbiness, who, rightly entreated, would have walked sister and wife of the gods.”

“The deportment of children to their parents is very largely influenced by the deportment of parents to each other. It is of small service that a child be taught to repeat the formula ‘Honor thy father and thy mother,’ if by his bearing, the father continually dishonors the mother. The Monday courtesy has more effect than the Sunday commandment.”

“It is much better to be the wife of an honest and respectable American citizen than to be Empress of the French—even looking at it in a solely worldly point of view.”

Alas for poor Eugenie!

LETTERS TO CLARINDA LOVELACE.

NORWOOD, AUG. 4th, 1870.

MY DEAR CLARINDA:

It has been a long time since I have written to you, but when you have a husband, and five boys to care for, I do not think you will find much time for letter writing. This morning, as I was ironing in the dining room, I heard your Uncle Charles laughing very merrily in the next room, laughing again, and again, until my curiosity was so much excited, that I opened the door, to see what he was enjoying so much. The moment he saw me, said he, “My dear, I was just coming to read you a letter—Here’s richness.” And then, he read me your Aunt Betsey’s letter, and laughed again right merrily. After a time, however,

he grew thoughtful and said, "Katherine—I think you ought to write to Clarinda, it's too bad, to let your Sister be filling the girl's head, with all her xvith Amendment notions. Prince Albert, and your Brother-in-law were exceptional cases, and had to be wooed in queenly fashion, but tell Clarinda from me, that a man who can't do his own wooing, isn't worth winning, or marrying either. I always have believed in the old couplet,

'He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who puts it not unto the touch,
To win, or lose it all.'

Write that to Clarinda, with love from her Uncle Charles, and don't delay it long, my dear, for I consider your Sister Betsey's teaching very pernicious indeed. I should think Job had written the letter himself, if I did not know what very peculiar ideas your Sister has about these things."

Having relieved his mind, your Uncle returned to his work, and I, to my ironing; I felt that he had laid rather a heavy responsibility upon me; but concluded that he knew best what ought to be done in the matter.

I do feel as if I was "stepping out of my sphere," in writing for the press; but have concluded to direct my letter, to the care of the Editor of the Guardian; hoping that he may be able to send it to you privately, without letting the public know, how greatly Sister Betsey and I differ, in regard to matrimonial affairs. You are old enough now, to know something of family affairs, and perhaps at any day, may be called upon to decide whom you will marry; and as Sister Betsey has taken the initiative, I feel less reluctant to write to you. Long ago, when I was a young girl, I was going away from home on a visit, and there was a gentleman in the family where I was going to visit, of whom I had heard a great deal, but whom I had never seen. Before I went away, a relative of his, an old lady whom I respected very highly, said to me, "My dear, if you marry Edward N——, you'll have to push the boat." I was amused at first, and then a little indignant, that she should class me, with the young ladies who went about seeking some one to marry, but I've often thought of her words since, they always recur to me, when I meet your Uncle Job. Good and estimable as he is, your Aunt Betsey certainly, does "push the boat." As for taking an oar, in case of necessity, and helping with "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," I don't object to that; but I think it is a man's privilege to "push the boat," and if he does not do it, I never could respect him enough, to promise to "love, honor, and obey him."

As for telling you, "how to go about falling in love," as Sister Betsey says, I think Clarinda, such directions are beyond the ken, of wiser women than your Aunt, or I.

God has placed you in the world, and given you a work to do here for Him. Try to do it as well, and as heartily as you can. Love God with all your heart and your neighbor as yourself, and you will not have much time to consider "how to fall in love."

As for telling you, "how she wooed your Unele," as your Unele Charles said very truly, "his was an exceptional case," and her experience can be of no value to you.

When I hear of ladies wooing, I always think of the story I heard, of a celebrated New England Divine, one of the heroes of my girlhood. Some lady so far forgot her sex, as to offer him her heart, hand, and fortune. With more severity than gallantry, he replied in his grave, dignified way—"Madame, give your heart to God, your fortune to the Church, and your hand—to the man that asks for it."

Public opinion, and the usages of society, relieve ladies of all responsibility in this matter; we may accept or reject addresses, but beyond that, we can do nothing; we should lose our self-respect and the respect of our friends, if we took any other course.

However, if you *meet*, remember I repeat the word, *meet* not "*find*," for I trust you will never start out upon such a search, a gentleman, whose Christian character you admire and respect, whose manners are agreeable to you, with whose tastes and aspirations you can sympathize, and who is able to support a wife; if such a one shows a decided preference for your society, 'tis time enough for you to think seriously about the matter.

But dear child, don't think that every gentleman, who pays you the attention due to a lady, wishes to marry you. No matter how good friends you are, no matter how frequently you meet, a lady has no right to think a gentleman's intentions are serious, unless he tells her so, in so many words.

If you meet such a gentleman, and can return his affection, if you feel that as his wife you can better serve God and your neighbor; then, marry and be happy, as you cannot fail to be, under such auspices; if you do not, rather live unmarried to the end of your days, than be classed among the women, who are throwing their bait for husbands; even tho' they may "bait with merit."

Now, and then, you will meet women (ladies I cannot call them), who stoop to such practices, but tho' I blush for my sex, I usually try to console myself with the reflection, "*truly in vain*, the net is spread in the sight of any bird."

In regard to "flirting and coquetting," I believe you have too much native dignity and good sense, to stoop to such arts.

As for the "love tasters" sister Betsey speaks of, I think in most cases they are masculine weapons, and would be utterly powerless in feminine hands, unless the men of this generation are much more impressible than the last.

I fear that I have wearied you with my long letter. I shall be very glad to hear from you soon, and to receive a visit from you.

Norwood is pleasant now, and your Unele and Cousins will be delighted to have you with us. The boys have vacation, and are ready for boating, riding, walking, croquet or anything you incline to. Hoping to see you very soon, with my best wishes for your health and happiness,

YOUR AFFECTIONATE AUNT KATHARINE.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY C. KESSLER, READING, PA.

Four hundred orbs of time were gone since last
The prophet spoke. No vision cheered the fainting heart.
Fair Palestine was burdened sore. The yoke
Of Roman bondage pressed the pious Jew;
The temple's sacred shrine—the Holy Ark,
And all the glory of the only God
His ancient chosen people saw despised.
Throughout the land, the pious matrons all
Were looking for the promised seed. Each hoped
That soon the Lord would pity this distress
And e'en through her perchance would bless the land.
Among the Northern hills, at Nazareth,
A Jewish maid sat musing on
Her nation's state. Oft had she studied well
The prophet's lore, and praying wept that thus
The heathen pressed God's people under foot.
The Holy Writ before her lay. Her eyes
In dreamy meditation upward turned,
Bespoke her pious thoughts. A picture fair
To look upon. Not dressed in gaudy trappings,
No borrowed lustre from the world she wore;
But beauty, such as children in their mothers see
Was her's. Betrothed to one of Abram's sons
She hoped the common hope of all, that soon
The promised word would be fulfilled. When lo!

A glorious brightness shone.
No longer now alone,
Behold an angel face
There beaming light and grace
Before her stood.

She trembled sore. "What vision could this be?"
She heard the voice—the heavenly "hail!
Thou highly favored one," and then the sweet,
"Fear not; for Mary, thou hast favor found
With God." Her faith and piety outshine
And far surpass that of the doubting priest,
Who, though devout, could scarce believe the word
That told of John's approaching birth. She said
"How can this be?" in wonder, not in doubt,
And then, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord."
The angel heard. He spread his happy wings
And bore the answer framed in faith
To regions of celestial day; while she

Still pondering in her heart these words—this scene,
Now hastens to her cousin, there to tell
How God had spoke, and counsel seek of her.
She passes by Jerusalem, the Temple sees,
Jehovah's Holy House by Rome debased,
And wonders much that she, an humble maid,
Should bear the one to free her loved land—
The proud to humble, and the lowly raise.
Strong man, with reason, ne'er could be possessed
Of such a perfect grace. To woman's faith—
To Mary's trust, belonged this sacred boon.
Let man be proud, and vaunt his skill—
His power boast; for woman still is mother of
His God. Well might she sing, "My soul
Doth magnify the Lord!"

How sweet the joy
She felt in finding she was understood.
Her cousin too, was bless'd; and happy they
Communing there of glorious things to come.
But not exempt from sorrow, these, tho' blessed
Of mortal race the most. As then, so now,
Through narrow paths and straight the Lord doth lead
The objects of His love. The cup of life
To all is mixed, the bitter with the sweet.
Suspensions came, and doubts. And for a time
She felt herself almost alone. Her dearest friend
Well nigh forsook her. But, in mercy God
Dispelled the doubt. A vision proved her pure.
At length, by Rome's command, the Holy Land
Was taxed. From every side they gathered in
To be enrolled by foreign lords. These two
Took up their way from Nazareth to come
To dear Jerusalem. 'Twas sad for her
That just at such a time a toilsome way
Must needs be made. Nor could she see
The reason why the mother of a king
Should still be under foreign sway. Footsore
She plodded on, without complaint, unto
Her journey's end.

At Bethlehem she thought
To find a home midst friends and kith. But no,
Each house was full. No room was found
For her. Around on every side, she saw
A sea of human life—the poor and rich—
The low and great—each striving for himself.
But none would offer her a home. For Him,
Whom heaven's arch could not contain, the world
Had not a place of birth.

A grotto then
They seek. Where beasts of burden find a stall
The virgin wife repairs to rest, and there
Becomes the virgin mother too. Without
The bustle grows. On every side it swells.

The Jew and Gentile meet in hated intercourse.
 The Roman proud looks down with conscious scorn
 On conquered Jews, and glories in his strength,
 The Jews with equal pride the Gentile dogs
 Despise. But night is drawing on. The West
 Is pale. Its gorgeous hues are turned to grey.
 The moon, attended by her train of lesser lights,
 Is rising in the East. Now slowly cease
 The human surges. Gentle sleep sets in
 And calms the warring strife. The gates are closed,
 The temple's court is still. And soon is heard
 Alone the watchman's "all is well."

Whilst thus,
 Without the world is hush'd—the conquered and
 The conquering stilled; Mary now communes
 Alone. Who knows what thoughts, what fears arose
 And filled her anguished heart? Around her all
 Was dark. A taper illy lit the gloom.
 "And is this then a royal home for Him,
 Who is to conquer all the world, and sit
 On David's throne?" she said, but murmured not.
 Though dark indeed the place, yet darker far
 The thought, that all, perchance, might be a dream.
 But no.

The night will pass,
 The dawn appear,
 Jehovah's grace
 Dispel her fear.

The morning came, and though the throng
 Without perceived it not, the Christ was born.
 No priest attends. No gala day proclaims.
 The fact. But all unconscious of His birth,
 The world of human souls moves on again.
 The Roman still is proud,—the Jew despised.
 No sign to worldly eyes appears. But God
 Is not without His heralds there. For lo,
 The shepherds hear the angel choir sing:
 "Proclaim abroad the joyful news, to you
 To-day is born a king." And from the East
 The wise men wend their way, to offer up
 Their incense, spice and myrrh, and gifts of gold.
 How great was Mary's joy! A Son was born.
 His father—God. That Son was God, and Israel's hope
 Of safety from his foes—from sin and death,
 And all of Sheol's dismal host. Before
 Her knelt the shepherd train, and wise men
 Bearing precious gifts. Thus Jew and Gentile join
 In worship at His throne.

Though poor among
 The poor, her heart was glad; it leaped with joy.
 This happy scene a comfort proved—a stay
 Of hope and faith in times of dread. When all
 Was dark, it shot a beam of light athwart
 The murky, threatening sky, and told that God

Was near. It buoyed up her heart, so that
Throughout the sad and distant flight—the doubt
Of hope delayed—the pangs of poverty and want—
The Pharisee's black hate, and haughty pride—
The people's foul ingratitude, and last
Rejection of their lowly King—the scene
Of judgment, where before the Roman prince
The crowd of Jews, a raging sea of men,
Their surging to and fro, by hell inspired.
Hiss'd forth their dev'lish hate; and they who just
The day before had sung, "Hail, hail, Oh Christ!"
In thund'ring accents wild, as when the storm
Ingathers all its strength, and then in one
Dense dead'ning crash peals forth, they shrieked with hate,
"Away with Him! and crucify!"—she still was true,
Her trust—her faith—though trembling sore, was firm.
No treach'ry lurking in that bosom fair;
But faith, implicit faith looked up through tears,
Through streaming tears, looked up and weeping prayed.
The sad procession through fair Salem's streets,
Passed on. They bore her Son away from her,
But could not keep her back. A mother's heart—
A mother's love, still urged her on to see
The end. The city gate disgorged the mass
Of hooting, howling men. Through blinding tears
She saw their fiendish eyes flash forth the flames
Of hellish hate. The sword indeed was passing through
Her heart. And John alone of all His friends
Was with her in that dreadful hour. They
And two of Salem's daughters proved their love
Was stronger than a Peter's boasted power.
Methinks she rested on his arm, when Christ
Addressed His last sad words: "Behold thy son."
And thus she stood. And viewing Him she loved—
Her son,—her God,—her all in all upraised,
In agony she thought of other days—
The angel's "hail!"—the shepherds' song—the gifts
Of frankincense and myrrh—His infant smile—
His boyhood days—of all her hopes and fears.
And could this be the end? She saw His life,
Once nourished at her breast, now trickling, drop
By drop, from out His agonizing wounds.

"In that hour of dark despair,

In the agony of prayer,

In the cross, the wail, the thorn,

Piercing spear and torturing scorn,

In the gloom that veiled the skies,

O'er the dreadful sacrifice,"

While angels clapp'd their wings and cried:

"The glorious work is done."

To Mary's clouded vision, then,

The darkest day had come.

There in her helpless, hopeless misery,

Brokenly moaning at His cross she stood

A broken heart. She heard His dying cry.

What pain was hers! Alas, the weary night!

The long interminable day of rest!
The stifled doubt, "could a dead Saviour save?"
She crushed the mad'ning thought and only wept.
But God ne'er leaves His own. He always proves
A present help. He had in store for her
A joy ineffable, and sweeter far
Than angels know. Her constant love,
Her woman faith, her humble trust received
Their due reward.

No saint records her death.
The final scene of fair Eve's antitype
Is one the angels love to look upon.
As first we found her musing on the word
Of God, so last in sweet communion with
Her Lord. No longer young as then; but as
She kneels, behold her perfect peace; and lo,
What beauty beams and plays around her form.
Though clad in humble dress, her glory far
Outshines earth's brightest sheen. Who can but love
Her? Who, but mingle love with reverence?
On earth she bore the cross. In tears she
Walked the narrow stony path. In heaven she wears
The crown: with joy beholds her Son enthroned
In glory there, and hears the plaudits sweet
Of seraphs and of saints, whose song in one
Harmonious flow, repeats the glory of the Lamb.
We do not worship her, but with the angel sing,
Hail, Mary! Hail thou highly favored one
Who, full of truth and grace, art worthy to
Be held as chiefest of the saints.

NEANDER'S LAST BIRTH-DAY.

The morning of the 16th of January, 1850, dawned gray and heavy over Berlin. It is not yet six o'clock. The lanterns are put out, and the snowy streets are still and deserted. Only a few windows are yet lighted, among which are two in the third floor of a gloomy, substantial, old-fashioned house, four stories high, in Markgrafen street. Its number is 51, but it is commonly called "the Unger House," as Unger's printing establishment for the Court has been there for many years.

From these two dimly-lighted windows shines the study lamp of one of the greatest scholars of the age—a scholar, who, with all his rare and rich learning, is above all learned in heavenly things.

The large room, dimly lighted by a small old-fashioned lamp with its green tin shade, is the ideal of a German study. High shelves filled with books, most of them very old, and in very plain bindings, stretch

along all the walls up to the ceiling. For the hog-skin worthies on the upper regions a little ladder is leaning against the shelves. Books and manuscripts are lying on tables and chairs, and under tables and chairs; on the old-fashioned sofa, and on the window sills; thick old folios are piled up everywhere on the floor. A peculiar odor of parchment and book-dust, pleasant to none but learned noses, pervades the room. Several cages with canary birds stand in the windows; although the little singers are silent.

An old man in a gray dressing-gown, with his hands folded as if in prayer, with bent form and unsteady step, walks slowly to and fro among the piles of books upon the floor. He is of medium size, angular and firmly built. But he looks broken, and shows marks of years of suffering. The brown complexion, the firm lips, the sharply curved nose, the dark eyes, deep set under the bold arches of bushy black eyebrows, the shining black hair hanging in thick masses over the high forehead, stamp the face strongly with the Jewish type. But at a single glance of the beaming eye, the hard, ugly features are forgotten; in that thoughtful eye shines a heaven of infinite love, of self-sacrificing benevolence and goodness—a deep longing for the eternal Vision and Love.

This man is Augustus Neander; the last of the Church-fathers—the most beloved teacher of our young theological students; in spite of the weakness of his weary body, one of the strongest pillars of the evangelical Church—a pure-souled John, full of holy gentleness and holy indignation.

And to-day is Neander's sixty-second birth day. Oh, with what child-like thankfulness does he look back, in this quiet morning hour, upon the years that are passed! He goes back to the mean house of the Jewish usurer, Emanuel Mendel in Göttingen—his father's house! Then he, little David Mendel with five brothers and sisters, follows his pious and loving mother, Esther, whose maiden name was Gottschalk, to Hamburg. True love to her children enabled the mother to leave her unworthy husband's house, and, supported by her relatives, who were people of distinction, like Moses Mendelssohn, to devote herself to the education of her children. With thankfulness does Augustus Neander follow the wonderfully fortunate career of that child, David Mendel! Together with his dear and gifted friend, Karl Sieveking, he attended in the Johanneum at Hamburg, the lectures of that profound philologist Gurlitt, who came to have a fatherly affection for the little Jewish boy. The ridicule of his school-fellows at his awkwardness and angular ugliness was soon silenced, and they were put to shame, and compelled, in spite of themselves, to honor him, by his rare mental endowments and his almost consuming diligence, and still more by his loving heart, his kindness, courtesy and transparency of character.

When, at the age of sixteen, he was promoted to the Academical Gymnasium, his heart glowed with the purest friendship, on being admitted by two distinguished young men, Augustus Varnhagen von Ense and Wilhelm Neumann, into a social circle they had established, called the "North Star;" he was soon also on the most friendly terms with the noble poet, Adalbert Von Chamisso. This "North Star" was pervaded

with enthusiasm for the highest ideal interests,—religion, philosophy, poetry and classical studies. Plato was the idol of the young friends; to David Mendel, he who has been called the “Christ before Christ” was the prophet of Christianity. His youthful soul was filled with longings which Christian truth alone can pacify. The Study of Schelling and Schleiermacher clarified this longing into a steadfast faith. On the 25th of February, 1806, David Mendel was baptized in the house of Pastor Bossau. His sponsors were his old teacher John Gurlitt, and his friends, Augustus Varnhagen von Ense and Wilhelm Neumann. From each of these sponsors he took a Christian name, and from that of Neumann in the Greek he took his last name *Neander*. David Mendel had become a “new man”

At Easter the “glorious Schleiermacher” drew the young student Neander to Halle and the study of theology. When the University of Halle was broken up by Napoleon in 1806, he wandered with his friends Neumann, Strauss and Noodt, heavy in heart and light in purse, to Göttingen, his sad native place. Noodt took charge of his moneyless friend, now as from childhood, needing help in all outward things, and, with pathetic love, cared almost like a mother for the grown-up child. Neander pursued his studies with vehemence; a circle of intellectual young friends compensated him for what, in comparison with his unforgotten Halle, was the sober life of the “Philistropolis” Göttingen, as he styled it, in dating a letter. On a vacation journey, he became acquainted in Hamburg with the pious “Wandsbeck Messenger,” Matthias Claudius, whose calm, child-like faith led him to the most zealous study of the Scriptures. At the request of Claudius he preached his first sermon at Wandsbeck. This study of the New Testament and the Fathers of the Church, together with the constantly increasing influence of Schleiermacher, incited a strong desire to devote his life to the study of church history. He kept this object continually before him, while supporting himself in Hamburg by teaching by the hour, and occasional preaching. The earnestness and child-like simplicity of the young preacher gained for him many devoted hearers, in spite of the unusual length of his sermons and his unattractive delivery. Again a circle of friends, fresh in noble youth, gathered around Neander, Noodt, Julius, Assing, the Swabian singer Justinus Kerner, Gustav Schwab, and Karl Mayer!

With heartfelt thankfulness he now thinks of the trying hour, when, 40 years ago, a young licentiate of 21 years he stood for the first time in the Professor's desk in Heidelberg, made vacant by the departure of Marheineke and De Wette to Berlin. The Heidelberg students were in great excitement, because a converted Jew dared to come before them as a teacher of theology. Foremost in the excitement were the students Fallenstein and Baumgarten, who lived with Professor Gervinus. The auditorium was crowded; they were going to drum out the “impudent Jew.” The young licentiate stepped, awkward and embarrassed, to the desk; many a hateful, insulting word reached him from the hostile throng. Like the pure, loving apostle John, Neander stands at the desk; the pale face beams as if transfigured; a quick, loving glance flashes over the assemblage; he hears no longer the threatened scraping

of feet ; with a voice hesitating at first, but stronger and more earnest every moment, he begins his lecture, coming so full of life and fresh originality from the depth and purity of his heart. The auditorium grows stiller and stiller—the students listen, intent, enchained, affected, abashed ; a voice within says to them unceasingly : “ To that Jew Christianity is the dearest truth of his heart.” One fresh young heart after another is won over to the youthful lecturer ; the bitterest enemies of the “ impudent Jew ” become the warmest friends of Neander.

And as in Heidelberg the youthful licentiate, so in Berlin the professor of three-and-twenty years won to himself the hearts of the theological students. About the year 1813, when the most ardent enthusiasm for the elevation of Germany emanated from Berlin, where, however, lukewarmness and rationalism still corrupted the Church, Neander, in company with Schleiermacher, De Wette and Marheineke, took the professor's chair. The motto of his mouth, of his heart, of every day of his life was : *Pectus quod facit theologum* : The heart makes the theologian ! A new and bright day dawned upon the Evangelical Church.

For thirty-eight highly-favored years, it has been given to Neander to labor in the spirit of this motto in the service of his Lord, to be a loving gardener to thousands of young vines, training them to rich fruitfulness. Oh, how heartily does the aged Neander thank God for it all, as he now looks back, in the quiet of his study on this birth day morning !

Neander sits in his leathern chair, sunk in deep thought, shading with his hand the aching eyes, which for three years have been half blinded. Some one taps gently on his shoulder. Pushing back with his hand the bushy locks from his forehead, and slightly raising his head, Neander says pleasantly : “ Come in ! ”

“ Augustus, thou incorrigible child, what, dreaming so early in the morning ? ”

“ Is it thou, Hannah ? I thought the amanuensis knocked at the door.”

“ There is another good story for the world to tell about my learned, absent-minded brother, who, when he was a student and his beloved Camisol Noodt tried to teach him to smoke, made the slight mistake of taking Camisol's finger instead of his own, and very comfortably stuffing it into the pipe ; who once took a clothes-brush out of his pocket in his lecture-room instead of his note-book ; and walked through the streets with a broom under his arm instead of an umbrella ; who walked one day with his amanuensis, with one foot in the gutter all the way, and at last, surprised to find one foot being shorter than the other, called out in terror, ‘ Ulenhuth, I am lame ! ’ who ”—

“ That will do, my dear, little scolding mother—I will do better, if such an old stick as I am, can do so ! ” said Neander, with a quiet smile, looking lovingly into his sister's eyes.

“ Oh, child, I was only joking ! Thou art exactly right as thou art, for me and all thy many friends and pupils. And now—God's blessing on thy birth-day ! ”

“ Thank you, Hannah ! The dear God has blessed my life most

abundantly hitherto. Now at its evening, I can say with my glorious young friend, Herman Rossel:

‘The life within, now as it takes its flight
Seems a most wondrous life of high delight.’

It far transcends all sickness and infirmity of the poor body, often weary of life.”

“Dost thou know, Augustus, for what I have been praying to God for thee this morning? That He will call old Hannah to Himself before her helpless grown-up child!”

Neander lovingly pressed his sister's hand.

In this grateful pressure of the hand, in Hannah's last quiet words, we see the intimate relation of this remarkable pair, whom the Berlin people had for a long time good-naturedly called the “Neander children.”

We can scarcely think of one of the “Neander children” without the other, although they were so entirely different. Extremes here meet in their hearty mutual affection. Hannah, small in person, and, in spite of her seventy-three years, wonderfully active, practical, cheerful, overflowing with humor, is the gayly-bound supplement to the learned, thoughtful, pious book of her brother.

What his faithful chum Noodt had been to the unpractical, helpless Göttingen student, such was Hannah for all the rest of Neander's life. In Hamburg she had been like a mother to this brother, twelve years her junior—the “child” of the family; for his sake she had sacrificed a youthful fancy and remained unmarried; and, in her care for the helplessness of the “child,” she followed him to Heidelberg and Berlin with her mother and sisters, the beautiful Henrietta and Betty, with the intention never again to leave her brother. Neander had never had the slightest thought of choosing another companion. When a lady friend once joked him upon the subject, he gave her a long, perplexed look, and then asked anxiously: “How could I find time for it?”

Sister Hannah is everything to Neander. With rare self-sacrifice and devotion, she gives up every hour to him, because there is no hour when he can do without her. For 30 years she has not been to the theatre or a social company, although she dearly loves a good play and pleasant society; for Augustus would have to spend the whole evening alone at home, as he does not like to go into company. Hannah supplies every want of her brother's outward life. If Hannah brings his breakfast or a glass of water, Neander knows that he must be hungry or thirsty; if Hannah gives him a spoonful of medicine, he takes it like a child; if Hannah lays out for him a new garment and takes away the old, he puts it on unknowingly. Only once, on this last point, the brother had been a little self-willed, but never again, because Hannah had been not a little frightened by it.

Neander, namely, went one morning to college with his amanuensis. He was, as usual, deep in learned discourse with his companion, a favorite pupil, when his old servant came running breathlessly after him, calling out: “Mr. Professor! Mr. Professor!”

“Is it you, Karl? What is the matter?”

Karl carried, folded up in his arm, a very useful article of clothing. As he opened it, and showed it hesitatingly to his master, he stammered out: "Miss Hannah found these on the chair by the Professor's bed, and was afraid that the Professor was going to his lecture without them—so I brought them after him."

Not without anxiety did Neander open his coat and look down; relieved by the glance, he said: "Take them back, Karl, and tell Miss Hannah that I have some on."

"But the Professor has only this one pair?"

"You are right, dear Karl, I remember that this morning the tailor laid something on the chair at the side of the bed, and, if so, on top of the others,—so I put them on."

Who can laugh at this or ridicule it? Nothing but a smile of emotion passes over our face: this *man* in faith and knowledge is, in practical life, an innocent *child*!

Every afternoon Hannah takes her brother's arm and leads him out into the Thiergarten. If Hannah is prevented by illness, she orders one of "her students" to walk with the professor. Oh, what a treat it is for the one so ordered! Hannah has found by experience that it is not safe for the professor to be alone in the confusion of the Berlin streets. She risked it once—and only once! Augustus went out, and did not return at the appointed time. Hannah waited hour after hour in mortal agony. Dorothy and Karl were sent out to seek their lost master. Hannah was just going to alarm the police, when a drosky stopped at the door, and Neander stepped out with a student. Lost in thought, he had gone through the streets, without knowing whither he went. At last he looked up and around, and found himself in an unknown place. He tried in vain to find his way. Suddenly a bright thought came to him—a drosky! The drosky stopped; Neander stepped in. The drosky did not move; Neander did not notice it; he was lost in thought again, until the driver turned and asked him, not very pleasantly: "Well, where do you want to go?"

"Home, my good man!"

"But where do you live?"

Neander looked at him in surprise: "I thought, my good man, that you would know, as you are a drosky driver."

"But don't you know in what street and number you live?"

Neander shook his head, and made a great effort to remember where he had lived for so many years in vain! Fortunately a student came along, who took him home.

In the summer vacations, Hannah takes a pleasure trip or goes to the baths with her brother. She persuades him to go, only on account of *her* health. In Carlsbad she superintends his baths, watch in hand. On these journeys, Neander always carries large trunks full of church Fathers and other favorite books. In the cities where there are large libraries he rests to study.

It is touching to know the delicacy, with which the brother and sister, each for the other's sake, give up their favorite plans for journeying.

"Where do you go this time?" asked the historian, Frederick von Raumer, of Hannah, shortly before a vacation.

"To Paris! Augustus wants to study in the libraries. I would rather go to Munich. You know what has always been my passion: a good glass of beer and an English novel are my greatest pleasure on earth!"

"So you are going to work in Paris?" asked Raumer of Neander.

"Yes, that too, but particularly that Hannah may become acquainted with Paris. The Munich library would be more attractive to me just now."

And the brother and sister went—to Munich.

(Continued next month.)

THE MIGHT OF A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Once a fearful storm lashed the Atlantic into great commotion. The wild waves rolled tumultuously, to the terror of all voyagers. The ship *Cornelia*, on her way to Europe, was overtaken by the storm. For five days she fought with waves, now riding on their foaming crest, then floundering in their troughs. The beams and lofty masts groaned and cracked as if the ship was ready every moment to break asunder. The crew had well nigh lost all hope of escape. At length the cordage of the mainmast became entangled. The ropes must be brought to work, or the creaking ship, with its crew, is doomed to certain ruin. Who so daring as to climb up the rope-ladder, amid the swinging of the ship and the sweep of the wild tempest?

Around the Captain stood the brave tars, ready to do his bidding. His eye, with a quick, keen glance, viewed the sailor group, and fell on a boy of thirteen. He was the only son of a poor widow. So poor that she often had nothing to eat. Tenderly as she loved her boy, to gain an honest living, she at length consented to his becoming a sailor.

With a gruff, stern voice, the Captain called him. "Jack, quickly run up the mainmast to fix that cordage." For a moment, pushing his cap to one side, he looked up at the swinging mast, then down on the foaming waves, flinging themselves athwart the deck. With a sad and beseeching mien, Jack replied: "Yes sir, I will do it in a minute." He bounded down the winding stairway, into a private saloon. Scarcely had he been gone a minute when he returned, and commenced climbing up the ropes. Sailors lead a rough life, but withal they have warm and tender hearts. Jack was a general favorite among them. Old, coarse-featured fellows, had tears in their eyes, as they watched their little friend nimbly climb his dangerous way.

"Why do you send the boy up there?" said a passenger to the Cap-

tain. "He will certainly perish." "An older sailor would fall, but a boy climbs like a squirrel," was the heartless reply. The ship rolled over until the top of the mast almost dipped poor Jack into the waves. Then it rolled over on the other side, flinging the sailor boy through the air and lowering him into the splashing spray. All the while he worked at the ropes with his hands, whilst his whole weight hung to his feet. As he slid down the ladder, in about fifteen minutes, many a heart heaved a sigh of relief, and breathed a prayer of gratitude to God. The courage and skill of Jack saved the ship and crew.

"Jack, were you not afraid, as you climbed up the fearful height?" asked one.

"Indeed, I was, sir," was his frank reply.

"I suppose you first had to bethink yourself in the cabin, whether you would obey the Captain?"

"No, sir, I went down there to pray before I would go up. I thought I surely should not come down alive. But as soon as I had prayed, I felt no more fear."

"Where did you learn to pray, Jack?"

"My mother taught me to pray, before I left home. When she bid me good bye, she gave me a kiss, and said: 'Jack, pray every day; then God will protect you in time of danger.' Since then I pray every day."

Many a great man owed his fame to seed his mother had sown in his receptive child-heart. Goethe says: "From my dear little mother, I derive my happy disposition and my love of relating stories." She said of herself: "Order and quiet are my characteristics. I dispatch at once what I have to do; the most disagreeable always first, and I gulp down the devil without looking at him. I always seek out what is good in people, and leave what is bad to Him, who made mankind and knows how to round off the angles."

When her end approached, she thought it her highest glory to be called "the mother of Goethe." She dictated her own epitaph. On her tombstone the passing stranger reads:

"The Grave of the Mother of Goethe. Born Feb. 19, 1731. Died Sept. 13, 1808."

Daniel Webster says: "From the time that, at my mother's feet or on my father's knee, I first learned to lisp verses from the Sacred Writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation. If there be anything in my style or thoughts to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures."

Some years ago one hundred and twenty ministers of the Gospel met together to attend to matters pertaining to Christ's Kingdom. After their work had been finished, they related the various Providences which led them respectively into the ministry. Of the one hundred and twenty it was found, that one hundred ascribed their entrance upon the sacred office to their pious mothers.

Christian Scriver, a writer of some excellent devotional books, says, that when a child his mother would always pray with him before putting him to sleep, and bless him by laying her hand on his head. In later

life, whenever he was tempted he always thought he felt his mother's hand upon his head, and he would rally his strength, and say to himself: "Christian, do not dishonor the memory of thy noble mother." Then the temptation would always leave him.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, once wrote to a friend:

"I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics. Though this was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French Atheist if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

A good man says: "When I was a little child my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and to place her hand upon my head while she prayed. She died when I was young. Left to myself I was inclined to the ways of sin, like so many others. When a young man I traveled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations. But whenever I was tempted, the same hand seemed to be laid on my head and I was saved. Sometimes there came a voice with the tempter, that I felt constrained to obey, saying: 'O my son, do not this wickedness, nor sin against thy God.'"

A NOBLE REVENGE.

The coffin was a plain one—a poor miserable pine coffin. No flowers on its top, no lining of rose white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap, with its neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor child, as the city undertaker screwed down the top.

"You can't—get out of the way, boy; why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute," cried the hapless, hopeless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box; and as he gazed into that rough face, anguished tears streamed rapidly down the cheek on which no childish bloom ever lingered. O! it was pitiful to hear him cry, "Only once, let me see my mother, only once!"

Quickly and brutally the hard hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage; his blue eye distended, his lips sprang apart, a fire glittered through his tears, as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish accent, screamed, "When I am a man, I'll kill you for that."

There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor, forsaken child, and a monument stronger than granite built in his boy-heart to the memory of a heartless deed.

The court house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he finished; until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence, blended with a haughty reserve, upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindling eye, to plead for the erring and the friendless. He was a stranger, but from his first sentence there was silence. The splendor of his genius entranced, convinced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir, I cannot."

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger, with icy coldness.

"I—I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man! I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his mother's poor coffin. I was that poor, miserable boy."

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?"

"No, I have a sweeter revenge; I have saved the life of the man, whose brutal deed has rankled in his breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went out from the presence of a magnanimity as grand to him as incomprehensible, and the noble young lawyer felt God's smile in his soul forever after.

A RABBI AND THE PRESIDENT.

Among the callers on the President, last winter, was the Rabbi Sneier-sohn, from Jerusalem, accompanied by two or three private friends. The President rose courteously to receive the Rabbi, who addressed him as follows:

"MR. PRESIDENT: Permit me to give my thanks to the Almighty, whose mercy brought me here to behold the face of the chosen by the millions of this great nation. Blessed be the Lord, who imparteth from His wisdom and from His honor to a mortal! I come to your Excellency from the East, where the glory of your deeds of valor, your candor, and your justice have penetrated, to entreat you in the name of God, who created all men equal, to listen to the prayer of your humble servant, standing before you to advocate the cause of his oppressed brethren in the Holy Land. The Israelites in Palestine possess no political or civil rights whatever, and oft times deprived of protection by the representatives of the civilized nations which the Christians enjoy, are exposed to violence and arbitrary rule. The only shelter the Israelites occasionally find is in the courts of the different European Consulates, where one of their coreligionists is employed either as an interpreter or Deputy Consul, who conveys their grievances to the proper channel. This free Republic alone, whose banner covers the oppressed, whose foundation is based on

equality, toleration and liberty of science, has no Israelite employed near the Consul at Jerusalem. I do pray, therefore, your Excellency to turn your attention to the deplorable condition of my brethren in the Orient, that the principles of this Government may be truly embodied in its representative abroad; and I do further pray that your Excellency may show me that mark of favor, which would enable my brethren in the Holy Land in the hour of need to seek refuge under the stars and stripes, that this free country, and its exalted chief should be blessed on the sacred spot of our common ancestors."

The President deeply moved by the Rabbi's sincere and feeling words, inquired with interest as to the circumstances affecting the Jews at Jerusalem which might be guarded by the American consulate; and replied "I shall look into the matter with care."

The Rabbi closed the interview with the following fervent invocation:

"Before I part from you, Mr. President, allow me to offer my fervent prayer from the depth of my heart: Almighty God, whose dominion is an everlasting kingdom, may He bless and preserve, guard and assist your Excellency and your family. May the Supreme King of kings grant you long life, and inspire you with benevolence and friendship towards all mankind."

At its close, the whole crowd were seen to be affected, some even to tears; and from some lips a fervent "Amen" was heard in response. The President replied, with evident feeling, "I thank you for your wishes and prayers." While he was making a note for future reference, the Rabbi and his friends retired. Even office-seekers seemed to say, "That man's mission ought not to fail."—*National Intelligencer*.

SOCIAL HONOR.

Every person should cultivate a nice sense of honor. In a hundred different ways this most fitting adjunct of the true lady or gentleman is often tried. For instance, one is a guest in a family where, perhaps, the domestic machinery does not run smoothly. There is a sorrow in the house unsuspected by the outer world. Sometimes it is a dissipated son whose conduct is a shame and grief to his parents; sometimes a relative whose eccentricities and peculiarities are a cloud on the home. Or, worst of all, husband and wife may not be in accord, and there may be often bitter words spoken, and harsh recriminations. In any of these cases the guest is in honor bound to be blind and deaf, so far as the people without are concerned. If a gentle word within can do any good, it may well be said, but to go forth and reveal the shadow of an unhappy secret to any one, even your nearest friend, is an act of indelicacy and meanness almost unparalleled. Once in the sacred precincts of any home, admitted to its privacy, sharing its life, all that you see and hear is a sacred trust. It is as really contemptible to gossip of such things as it would be to steal the silver or borrow the books and forget to return them.—*Advance*.

O U R S T O R E .

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The Reformed Church Publication Board have just published several New Books, for the Sunday School Library, viz :

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1870.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXist volume, on the first of January 1870. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number is embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continues to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers promise to continue to use a superior quality of paper; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

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LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE
GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

NOVEMBER,
1870.

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Phila., Pa.
JAS. B. RODGERS CO., PRS.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XXI.—NOVEMBER, 1870.—No. 11.

SUNDAYS ABROAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

Wolmerstedt is a group of dwellings, clustering around a Railway Station, ten miles from the ancient city of Magdeburg. It was on a Saturday afternoon that I reached this hamlet. I strolled leisurely along a grass-grown path, winding through unfenced fields, and I reached Glindenberg in an hour's walk. At the end of the village I inquired for the residence of Pastor C.——, the brother of a clerical friend in America. A little boy, with cap in hand, offered to lead me thither. At the door of a plain building, in style like the peasant homes around it, the middle-aged village pastor bade me a hearty welcome as the friend of his brother, and as a brother in Christ.

Glindenberg has from six hundred to eight hundred inhabitants. They are all laboring people; each has a parcel of ground, be it one-half an acre or five acres. None are very rich and none very poor. But few have horses; one or two cows will furnish butter and milk, and do the field work for such small farming. The people are mostly dressed in homespun clothing—indeed are homespun throughout, in their habits and style of living. They raise the flax, break and spin it, the village weaver weaves their linens, and they themselves make them up into garments. In like manner do they raise their own wool. The village shepherd keeps their sheep, the mothers and daughters spin it, the village weaver weaves the cloth, and the tailor makes the clothing. A frugal, thrifty life do these Glindenbergers lead. Outside the village is a manufacturing establishment, giving work to a goodly number of the townspeople.

Pastor C. lives wholly for these humble villagers—has lived for them for more than twenty years past. He is an educated man; a graduate of one of the leading universities, a thorough scholar, and an humble, devout Christian. Besides laboring earnestly among his people, he takes a lively interest in Christ's Kingdom in general. He is an author, known among a considerable class of readers. He writes for theological and scientific Reviews; has written some articles on the Greek particles. None could

write such stuff without having the spirit of a martyr. Think of a laborious country pastor, devoting his fragments of leisure to such sapless pursuits!

In less than an hour I was thoroughly naturalized in the home circle. A plain, thrifty housewife, and half a dozen children, the oldest a blooming daughter of sixteen, and the scholarly father, made up the family. Servants they seem to have had none. Evidently they rarely entertained an American guest at their hospitable board. My knowledge of the German language soon removed all reserve, and children and parents treated me as if I had been a cousin on his summer visit.

Full well I remember the evening group around the hearth of the Glindenberger parsonage. Both parents were well read in matters pertaining to America. But they had many questions to ask which books fail to answer. Till near midnight they pelted me with questions on Government and Religion in our country. What proportion of a community, on an average, belong to the Church? how many of the members attend Church? how many commune, how many help to support the pastor? What is the pastor's support? Do the members give anything to the cause of Christ outside of their congregation? If so, how much? These and a hundred other questions were put as fast as they were answered.

The dear pastor in his enthusiasm seemed to forget the lateness of the hour and the weariness of his guest. "Think of it," he exclaimed, "with you, three out of four attend the services of the Lord's day, here perhaps one in twenty. And as for the communion, it is no better." At the breakfast table, the next morning, he said: "Will you please and preach for me this morning? Tell my congregation what you told us last night." The subject proposed and his earnest entreaties raised a merry laugh around him. He seemed satisfied with my reasons for declining.

His church is a plain edifice, built to last for centuries. The services commenced at 10 A. M. There may have been several dozen persons present; nearly all these were women and children. Aided by an organ, they sang well. His sermon was very practical, and pointed. He unsparingly rebuked the apathy and indifference of church members, and, as is often done, belabored the few dozen of his most faithful parishioners present for the sins of the absent ones. And since I had refused to preach my answers to his question given the previous evening, he freely used them as illustrations in his sermon. "Think of the Christians in America," he exclaimed, "where four out of five of the church-members attend divine services twice a day, and as many commune at the Lord's table! Where, of their own free choice, the people support their pastors, and offer richly for other good objects!" In this strain he proceeded for a while, with animation, giving American Christianity more credit than it really deserved.

In the afternoon a small party of young ladies from Wolmerstedt came on a visit to the younger members of the family, who chatted cheerily, and after supper were accompanied by the latter on their way home. On a brief stroll around the village, I saw the people busy at their work in the fields, whilst cow-teams passed to and fro in the streets.

"Have you seen how many people work on this day of rest? Those

working in the neighboring mills must work on Sunday or lose their places. The people esteem their pastor, but refuse to obey him." In the evening he went to a neighboring family to baptize a child. He walked the street in his black robe and bands, in which he likewise officiated in the morning.

Of course this worthy brother is well supported, whether people will attend church or not. The Government gives him a parsonage, a small farm, and a fixed salary, and the members pay their taxes to furnish the means for this support.

The next morning I bade adieu to this estimable family. The father accompanied me part of the way to Wolmerstedt. Among the green fields of his parishioners we embraced and kissed each other, each saying "Auf Wiederseh'n," as he went his way. Though their eyes will never see these lines, my grateful heart still prays: "God bless the pastor of Glindenberg, and his family."

A Sabbath day in Halberstadt varies the scene somewhat. Instead of a country village, we are in an ancient city, of twenty thousand inhabitants. I promised a clerical friend to visit his relatives here. It happens to be Saturday. I repair to the dwelling of Seminar Director S.—, (Principal of a Classical Institution), the relative of my friend. A ring of the door bell brought a servant, who led me to the second floor, where the family lived. In this country many of the best families occupy only one story—there being as many families in the house as it has stories. Each story has its separate door bell. A venerable gray-headed gentleman soon gave me a cordial grasp of the hand. Next came his wife, the sister of my friend in America, leading a little son and daughter by the hand. A beautiful lady, with easy, pleasant manners, perhaps ten or fifteen years younger than her husband. After the customary greetings, she seated herself aside of me, again grasped my hand and said: "Then you really know my brother? And have been to his house? And know his wife and children, too? Be so kind and tell me something about them." Thus she kept on with her affectionate questionings, smiling so sweetly, while an occasional tear rolled over her fair face. She was a child when her then youthful brother had left home, and since then she had not seen his face, save in the photographs he had sent her. The children, too, had many questions to ask, and many greetings to send to their uncle. The mother seemed worried to know how she could sufficiently show her kindness to one who had seen her brother in the far-off land. To me this home seemed like a sort of earthly Paradise. Naught but gentle words gently spoken, by parents and children; not the slightest impropriety by any one; peace and good will everywhere. Merry conversation at their frugal meals, the attentive, quiet children catching and treasuring in their hearts every word that was spoken. In the afternoon the whole family took me to the Spiegel Berg, a shady place of resort, a short distance from the city. The innocent frisking enjoyments of the children, the conversation of the parents, thither and back, I still remember with joy. Till late at night we conversed about matters in Germany and America, of things on earth and things in heaven.

They were members of the Reformed Church. Pastor Adolph Krum-

macher, a poet and an able Theologian, son of the Dr. Krummacher, of whom the *GUARDIAN* has spoken this last year—Adolph is their Shepherd. Gladly do I go with them to church on Sunday morning. Several hundred people were present in a building that holds many more. The preacher wore a fine black robe. His text was in Matthew vi. 28-30. "Behold the lilies of the field, &c." His theme was the instructive image of the lily. 1. Its origin. 2. Its history. 3. The estimation in which our Saviour held it. The connection between the lily and its raiment is inseparable. It is not made by art, but grows; grows in the earth. It adorns. Its beauty excels the glory of Solomon. Art is only a copy, an imitation. Nature is greater, higher than art. Flowers, plants, mountains, are greater than the painting. The Queen of Sheba coming from a far country, passed many glories on her journey unnoticed, greater than that of Solomon. Thus spoke the preacher, analyzing the lily with a skillful hand.

In the afternoon we attended a Lutheran religious service in the Dom. The pastor preached on Acts xxiii. 12-24. He intoned or chanted some of the prayers facing a crucifix on the altar, with his back toward the congregation. The benediction he sang facing it.

Towards evening several hours were by invitation spent with pastor Krummacher. His manner and style of preaching, as well as his conversation, are calm, lacking the fire and energy of his father. He will never become the pulpit orator his father was, yet may perform a work no less important and permanent. Possessed with a genial, gentle heart, and a well stored mind, I found him entertaining and instructive.

Halberstadt seems to have a quieter Sunday than many other cities of Germany. The churches were on the whole well attended, and the streets comparatively free from the noise of labor and business. Seen through the glasses of American prejudices, one can readily pick flaws in the Sunday habits of Germany. I found much to praise. The earnest, devout demeanor of all the people when at church, their whole-souled singing, their freedom from all whining cant, the simple, unsuspecting faith of children, these and many other traits I must praise and love in the Sundays of Germany.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE IN A PAGAN.—A follower of Pythagoras once bought a pair of shoes from a cobbler, for which he promised to pay him on a future day. On that day he took the money, but, finding the cobbler had died in the interim, returned secretly rejoicing that he could retain the money and get a pair of shoes for nothing. "His conscience, however," says Seneca, "would not allow him to rest, till, taking up the money, he went back to the cobbler's shop, and casting in the money, said, 'Go thy way, for though he is dead to all the world besides, yet he is alive to me.'"—*British Workman.*

THE MOTHER AND WIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY THE EDITOR.

We will call Madame Mère by her untitled name—Letitia Ramoline. Her home was on Corsica, a lovely island, in the Mediterranean. On a clear day one can see it from the terraced gardens of Geuva. Ajaccio is its capital. Here many a traveler pauses before a certain spacious stone house, which a century ago was the home of Carlo Bonaparte and his wife Letitia. Carlo was nineteen and Letitia sixteen, when they were married. He was intelligent, accomplished and handsome, she one of the most beautiful and fascinating young ladies on the island. For a time their island home was an Eden of delight. Then war brought danger and grief. Carlo fought with his native Corsicans against the invaders of the island. The enemy was too strong. The people of Ajaccio fled into the interior of the island. Retreating before the blood-thirsty pursuers, Carlo met Letitia, with her baby boy, on horseback, followed by a crowd of fugitives. They found shelter on a great mountain. Carlo fled for a brief period, from the island, with his leader.

“On a hot day in the middle of August, not long after both returned to Ajaccio, Letitia, as usual, attended mass in the Parish Church. There she was suddenly taken ill, and was borne to her home, where, upon a couch covered with a piece of old tapestry, on which warlike scenes from the Iliad (of Homer) were depicted, she gave birth to her second son,” to whom she gave the name of Napoleon.

Ten years later Carlo Bonaparte was sent to Paris to represent his island in the National Assembly, taking the two oldest children, Joseph and Napoleon, with him. And six years after this visit to Paris he died, when not yet thirty-five years of age, leaving Letitia a lone widow, the mother of thirteen children, of whom eight were yet living. They were five sons and three daughters—a family of monarchs they were destined to become. Her sons all became kings, save one, who refused to accept a crown. Of her daughters, one became a Grand Duchess, the other a Princess, the third a Queen.

At Carlo's death her youngest son was an infant; indeed her family were mostly small children. She had but scanty means wherewith to support them. But she had kind friends, and energy to carry her burdens skillfully. Napoleon once said: “She had the head of a man on the shoulders of woman. Losses, privations, fatigue, had no effect upon her; she endured all, braved all.” Joseph, her eldest son, helped her with all his might. Napoleon became a dull student at Paris, promising little for the family, yet in the end bringing it much glory and misery; bringing crowns to the children, and the title of Madame Mère or Empress Mother,

to Letitia—bringing her, too, a palace in Paris and a pension of \$200,000 a year.

Ere this was attained came another Corsican war. At midnight, when the enemy swarmed in Ajaccio, hardy mountaineers awake her and her children. "Quick, make haste, Signora Letitia," whispered their leader; "fly with us, we will defend you or perish." "That is your house that's burning, Signora," said one of her protectors, looking back on the burning city. "Never mind, we will build it better hereafter, *long live France*," replied Letitia. After spending two nights in the mountains, mother and children reached the sea-coast, where a French frigate was in waiting to take them to Marseilles.

Napoleon's changing fortunes reduced him to pecuniary straits, and with him Letitia was plunged in poverty and distress. At length her son Joseph married the daughter of a wealthy banker in Marseilles. From this time she was well provided for. The ambitious and daring schemes of her son gave her much anxiety and pain—"more trying than poverty and privation."

Though well provided for, Letitia lived in retirement. She preferred the more quiet and simple manners of the wives of Lucien and Joseph Bonaparte, to those of the beautiful and gay Josephine, wife of Napoleon. During the storms of the French Revolution, she suffered the most painful anxiety for the safety of her sons. When she preferred living with her exiled son Lucien in Rome, to a home with Napoleon, the latter upbraided her. She replied: "An unfortunate son will always be most dear to me."

At length Napoleon reached the throne of France—virtually the throne of a great part of Europe. While all the world was dazzled with his glory, she trembled when she saw how he parcelled out his conquests among his brothers. When he rejected and divorced his wife Josephine, without a cause, his poor mother's heart was stirred with intense grief.

After he became imperial ruler of France, she reluctantly accepted his urgent invitation to live in Paris. He wished her to live in a style suitable for the mother of a reigning monarch. But this life was little to her taste. She refused to indulge in the gaities and extravagances he wished to impose upon her. Whilst busily engaged in works of charity, she endeavored to lay something by in store for the future. The poor and sorrowing always found a friend in her. She seemed to have a presentiment that further reverses awaited her.

In due time these came. Napoleon was hurled from the throne his ambition had erected. She followed him to Elbe, hoping there to spend the remainder of her life in quiet with her son. Ten months later he returned to Paris, and rallied his army for another battle. She refused to go with him in his fool-hardy exploit. Meanwhile she found a home with her brother, Cardinal Fetsch, at Rome. When she heard of his final defeat at Waterloo, and all hope for his restoration to power was gone, she offered him the whole of her large fortune for his relief. She said: "My whole fortune is at my son's disposal." With weeping eyes, Napoleon afterwards told a friend: "For me she would without a murmur have doomed herself to live on black bread."

When the sovereigns of Europe met at Aix-la-Chapelle to decide on his fate, she wrote to them as follows : "Sires, I am a mother, and my son's life is dearer to me than my own. In the name of Him whose essence is goodness, and of whom your imperial and royal majesties are the image, I entreat you to put a period to his misery, and to restore him to liberty. For this I implore God, and I implore you, who are His vicegerents on earth. Reasons of state have their limits, and posterity, which gives immortality, adores, above all things the generosity of conquerors." She pleaded in vain. He was sent to St. Helena, and Letitia was not allowed the melancholy privilege of sharing his imprisonment. Thus she lived to see the rise and fall of her son, of all her children—their royalty and ruin—she surviving most of them. It is said that even at eighty years she still retained marks of beauty. In February, 1836, at eighty-six years of age, she died at Rome, where a monument marks her grave to this day.

JOSEPHINE DE BEAUHARNAIS.

Napoleon was twenty-six. Paris heaved with a revolution. At the head of the army it became his duty to take from the citizens of Paris their arms. He happened to get the sword of the Viscount de Beauharnais, who had been beheaded. One morning his aide-de-camp, Lemarois, brought a boy of fourteen to him. The little fellow said : "General, give me back my father's sword, my sole inheritance, and to which I clung more than life." The General was pleased with the brave boy pleading to get his father's sword. As he bore it away, he wept tears of joy. It was Eugene, the son of the beheaded Viscount. The next day Eugene's mother called to thank Napoleon, in person, for his kindness. It was Josephine, the beautiful widow of the fallen Viscount, the future wife of Napoleon. She had two children, this son, and a daughter, Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III.

"My dear friend," said she, "I am urged to marry again. You have met General Bonaparte in my house. Well!—he it is who would supply a father's place to the orphans of Alexander de Beauharnais, and a husband to his widow. Do you love him? you will ask. Not exactly. You then dislike him? Not quite so bad. I admire the General's courage, the extent of his information—for on all subjects he talks equally well—and the quickness of his judgment which enables him to seize the thoughts of others, almost before they are expressed; but, I confess it, I shrink from the despotism he seems desirous of exercising over all who approach him.

Being now past the hey-day of youth, can I hope long to preserve that ardor of attachment which, in the general, resembles a fit of delirium? If after our union, he should cease to love me, will he not reproach me with what he will have sacrificed for my sake? Were it not for this marriage, which puts me out, I should, despite of all, be gay; but while it remains to be disposed of, I shall torment myself; once concluded, come what may, I shall be resigned." The truth is, the gay young widow was greatly in love. With the sword of her fallen spouse, she took the heart of Napoleon.

He was appointed commander-in-chief of the army of Italy. Two weeks later he led Josephine before a magistrate, and made her his wife.

Afterwards the marriage ceremony was privately repeated by a Cardinal in the chapel of the Tuilleries. And twelve days after their marriage he left her, to take charge of his army in Italy. In due time she followed him. At a country-seat near Milan, she found a home. Seldom has mortal lady enjoyed greater glory, though brief. Her victorious husband hurling rulers from their thrones, and she sharing his victories. She soon grew weary of the festivities and pomp of her position. In his battles he wore her miniature near his heart. One day he broke this, and in great terror deemed it ominous of her death. At the end of deeds of blood he drew forth and fondly gazed upon the image of the absent one. "In the contest I think of France, afterward of *you*," he writes to her.

After a while he returned to Paris, as a glorious conqueror, bringing Josephine with him. She was universally admired and praised, as possessing charming beauty, rare intelligence and virtue. She remained here, while he kept battling with the nations.

"My love! (he writes after the battle of Eylau) I am still at Eylau. The country is covered with the dead and the wounded. This is not agreeable. One suffers, and the soul is oppressed to see so many victims. I am well. I have done what I wished. You must be very anxious, and that thought afflicts me. Nevertheless tranquilize yourself, my love, and be cheerful. Wholly thine."

Hardly could he have been sincere with this "wholly thine." For not long after he laid his plans for a divorce. He called Eugene from Italy, that he and his sister could be with their mother to comfort her in her sorrow. The day on which he formally told her of his determination, they dined together. She had been weeping all morning. To conceal her tears she veiled her face. Neither ate, and neither spake a word. After dinner the heart-rending scene began. He declared his love for her. To her he owed the few moments of happiness he had known. But the interests of France demanded the divorce.

"I expected this," she said. "I understand and feel for you, but the stroke is not the less mortal." She vainly tried to control her feelings. "Oh, no, you can not surely do it! you would not kill me?" she sobbed. Then she swooned away for three hours. "Our mother must go away," said Eugene, "and we must go with her, that we all three may expiate in retirement our ephemeral greatness, which has troubled rather than embellished our existence." Napoleon chose Marie Louisa, of Austria, for his second wife. Poor Josephine was set aside, passed through the torture of a public separation, in the presence of the high officers of State. Could not read the paper consenting to her divorce for sobbing; another read it for her. She consented to the dissolution of their marriage, whilst his second marriage "in no respect changed the sentiments of her heart—the Emperor will ever find in me his truest friend." With a shudder she approached the table on which lay the articles of separation. Then she had to leave her royal home—the Tuilleries. The household, servants and friends, filled the halls with lamentation at her going. "She carried with her into exile the hearts of all that had enjoyed the happiness of access to her presence." Gladly would she have allowed her sobbing friends to grasp her hand, had she not dreaded falling into another swoon at their feet. She was taken to Malmaison, where twelve

years before she entered as the bride of Napoleon—where he won and broke her heart. She continued to love him; and he visited her, but Marie Louisa refused to receive her at court. His exile filled her with melancholy. “If his dearest friends now abandon him, I at least will not,” she said. She died with his name on her lips. “Alas! had I only another Josephine,” exclaimed Napoleon. What hours of sorrow she spent here are only known to the All-Knowing and All-Merciful One. She continued to follow Napoleon’s career with melancholy interest. She kept his rooms in the palace sacred. Not a book or map was allowed to be disturbed. With her own hands she dusted them. These little attentions formed part of her melancholy pastime. Eugene, against the wishes of his mother, tendered his resignation as Viceroy of Italy. To Napoleon he wrote: “The son of her who is no longer empress, can not remain viceroy. I will follow my mother into her retreat.” It is said this declaration touched the heart of Napoleon. The faithful son was afterwards re-appointed to this position by Louis XVIIIth. He had scarcely arrived on a visit at Malmaison, when his mother died. She was buried in the church of Rueil, where sad hearts of all nations pause in pity at her tomb. Napoleon found to his grief that Marie Louisa loved him with far less devotion than Josephine. Of the one hundred days he spent in France on his return from Elbe, he gave one to Malmaison. He entered Josephine’s room, alone, and returned from it, *his eyes bathed in tears*. It was too late. His tears were unheeded by the dethroned empress, sleeping in the parish church.

THE BODY OF JEREMY BENTHAM.

The London *Notes and Queries* contains a letter from Dr. Southwood Smith in relation to the disposition made of Jeremy’s body. The letter is dated June 14, 1857, and says:

Jeremy Bentham left by will his body to me for dissection. I was also to deliver a public lecture over his body to medical students and the public generally. The latter was done at the Webb Street School, Brougham, James Mill, Grote and other disciples of Bentham being present. After the usual anatomical demonstrations over the body a skeleton was made of the bones. I endeavored to preserve the head untouched, merely drawing away the fluids by placing it under an air pump over sulphuric acid. By this means the head was rendered as hard as the skulls of the New Zealanders, but all expression was gone, of course. Seeing this would not do for exhibition, I had a model made in wax by a distinguished French artist, taken from David’s bust, Pickersgill’s picture, and my own ring. The artist succeeded in producing one of the most admirable likenesses ever seen. I then had the skeleton stuffed out to fit Bentham’s own clothes, and this wax likeness fitted to the trunk. This figure was placed seated on the chair he usually sat, and one hand holding the walking stick which was his constant companion when he went out, called by him Dapple. The whole was enclosed in a mahogany case, with folding glass doors.

THE TEACHER'S PRAYER.

Lead them, my God, to Thee,
Lead them to Thee,
E'en these dear babes of mine
Thou gavest me,
Oh, by Thy love divine,
Lead them, my God, to Thee,
Safely to Thee!

What though my faith is dim,
Wavering, and weak?
Yet still I come to Thee,
Thy grace to seek;
Daily to plead with Thee,
Lead them, my God, to Thee,
Safely to Thee!

When earth looks bright and fair,
Festive and gay,
Let no delusive snare
Lure them astray;
But from temptation's power
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Safely to Thee!

E'en for such little ones
Christ came a child,
And through this world of sin
Moved undefiled.
Oh, for His sake I pray,
Lead them, my God, to Thee,
Lead them to Thee!

Yes, though my faith be dim,
I would believe
That Thou this precious gift
Wilt now receive.
Oh, take their young hearts now!
Lead them, my God, to Thee,
Safely to Thee!

Lead them, my God, to Thee,
Lead them to Thee!
Though 'twere my dying breath,
I'd cry to Thee
With yearning agony,
Lead them, my God, to Thee,
Lead them to Thee!

SEA AND LAND.

In an article entitled *Fish and Animal* we endeavored to realize, so far as we were able, the deep meaning which the Saviour has embalmed in one of His figurative sayings for the contemplation of the ages. The saying to which we refer is this,—“thou shalt be a fisher of”—“catch men”: a saying which our Lord addressed to Peter. From this saying we drew the legitimate inference, that where there was a *fisherman* there must also be *fish*, and that in the mind of the Saviour *fish* stood for men as related to the kingdom of grace. We said, further, that in the process of catching fish were not merely encompassed by a net and allowed to remain in the water, but they were also *lifted up* out of the world of water into that of the land. The life existing in the sea, represented in a general way by the Fish, and the life existing on the land, represented in a general way by the Animal or Beast, we made figures of our present life and the glorified life. The *life* of earth and the *life* of heaven then was the theme of the article to which we refer.

We did not then refer to the fact, that in the process of catching, the *places* wherein the fish exists have changed. Before the fish is caught it lives in the Sea, after it is caught it exists upon the Land. In *the sea and the land* then we have presented for our consideration figures which teach us the relation existing between the *worlds* in which earthly life and heavenly life exists. In *this* consideration we turn from *life* to the *place* wherein it exists; and it is hardly necessary to say, though useful by way of reminder, that the Sea typifies the abode of earthly life here, and the Land that of heavenly life. What do these figures teach us in regard to these two great homes?

First of all we notice that the Land is higher than the Sea. On the other hand we notice that it is in the low, hollow places of the earth that the Sea exists. And here in the very beginning of our discussion we are taught the *superiority* of the one over the other: it is a dawn, as it were, which foretells the glorious light of the coming day. Here in the very beginning we are told that Heaven is superior to Earth; it is superior—higher—in every sense which may be attached to the word. But we desire more than such a vague generality.

Going toward the specific, the first thing which may strike us in our contemplation of the lower world of the Sea is the element of which it is composed—water. In water the fish moves. It is a heavy element, which offers an obstacle to free motion, rather than by its airy lightness induces motion activity. The movement of a whale is a continual *pushing*—a *clearing* of the waters; it is not the majestic sweep of the eagle,—the eagle which up amid the airy heights *rides* with never-checking rein the wild animals. But not only is water a heavy, opposing medium

to exist in, it in addition is oftentimes cloudy, cutting off the transmission of light as a consequence. Then too it gathers to itself all kinds of filth, so that instead of appearing to us as the emblem of purity, it may equally as well be regarded the emblem of impurity. The Sea moreover is the region of massive rocks, wondrous in magnitude to be sure, but beyond this uninviting,—their appearance may indeed be characterized rather as threatening. It is the region of slimy flats; a region of shadow, gloom, and dark caverns. A region where not one voice is heard to break the stillness which reigns with power uncontested,—indeed we may call the water an obstacle to the utterance of voice, inasmuch as it shuts out air, upon which the existence of voice depends. The Sea may be characterized as a world of the most unbroken monotony. And beyond all this, in whatsoever direction we may go, we find the sea-shore sloping upward,—a prison wall which everywhere shuts in the life which moves in the waters of the ocean.

Rising upward to the land from this gloomy prison-like world, we feel as if we verily had entered into a state of glorification. We remark that we *feel* as if we had entered upon such a state, inasmuch as our very first impression of this sphere of life is one of feeling. This is in consequence of the element in which life exists changing; instead of water, we have in the world of land *air*, an element which is so fine in its nature that it cannot be seen and scarcely felt. The heavy pressure which was exerted upon the body of the fish in the water, has given way to a medium so light that we feel as if there was no element around us at all corresponding with the water of the sea. And the filth which the element of air carries in itself is not of that kind which may be felt, it can only be seen; or the filth may be of a more refined kind still, and may only be smelt, not even seen. In this upper world we find also that the *shadow has departed*. The gloom of the ocean plains is not found here. The everlasting *night* of ocean vales has given way to the cheerful, bright, glorious *day*—mother of joy and activity. We here see no more darkly, we see plainly, yea we look up into the very face of the Sun. That which warmed the ocean and so preserved the life of what moved therein, but which could not be seen from the immense depths below, or if seen, seen only indistinctly, stands immediately before us; we see the great life-giver face to face in this upper gladsome world. So too has the slimy mud of the ocean bottom vanished; green sod invites our footsteps, itself food for the sustenance of God's creatures. The monotony of ocean scenery is not found here either; instead we have forests and meadows and brooks and hills; form here glorifies itself in miniature in the beautiful flowers, and in their odors creation breathes its prayer to God. Silence too no longer exists; from the green spires of the forest morning after morning peal forth chimes freighted with God's praise rung by millions of sinless songsters. Here it is that we find creation with open mouth praising its Creator,—in man we have this praise coming forth from a heart which *knows* its God. And last of all, in this upper world of the land we do not find that barrier, sloping upward, which we have compared to a prison wall, which confines the life of the ocean. We have the very opposite of this presented in this upper world. Life here stands upon a hill, so to speak, from which the surface

slopes downward instead of upward ; affording thus no prison wall of confinement. Above stretches the blue heaven far away, as if inviting us to take our flight upward and explore its mysterious depths.

Is there any need for us to return in the way of explanation to the symbols of the Sea and Land ? Their meaning as symbols is almost too plain for any such procedure,—so plain at least as not to allow of any lengthy explanation. We may, however, say, in a general way that under these symbols we have embodied the prophecy that corresponding with our new natures, the world in the outside of us will be altered. We will experience a change in the freedom with which we move. It will be a change as much greater than our present condition in this direction as that to which we adverted when coming up from the coarse element of water into the finer one of the air. If then we imagine that nothing surrounded us, though we were still bound to the earth by the bonds of attractive forces, it may be that in the Home beyond even these will be sun-dered, and man be raised to the full independence over matter which belongs to a creature made in the image of God. If in coming up from the cloudy, shady regions of the sea into the bright day of the land, we were vouchsafed a glance at the great centre of *our* physical universe, if we were permitted to look into the face of the great luminary upon which our temporal life depends, then do these symbols teach that in our eternal home we will be permitted to look upon not merely the centre of our little universe but upon the very Centre of all things,—then will we be permitted to look into the face of Him who is the Source not only of our temporal life, but of our eternal life,—yea the very Source of all things. And if on rising out of the hollow sea its walls of rock fell away, and we stood upon a mount looking out as far as the eye could reach—no wall high upreared to hedge us in—with the deep sky above us, beckoning us upward like some bird poised upon a twig just ready to launch forth into space, may we not, in view of this, advance the conjecture, whether in our Heavenly Home that same space, into which upon the land we are already half elevated, may not really be ours,—ours to explore and wander over out to its utmost limits ?

But the habits in regard to our Heavenly Home which these figures contain do not stop with those already mentioned, they contain yet others. They teach us the relation existing between our present home and that which we are to occupy forever. The Sea and the Land are not separated by an abyss which is fathomless, neither are they separated by a chasm which no one can bridge. They on the contrary lie side by side. And so closely do their boundaries meet, so finely does the Sea fuse with the Land, and the Land with the Sea, that we cannot see the exact point at which one begins and the other ends. The Sea and the Land then do not form two separate worlds but one world—one broad creation ; true the one is a lower creation than the other, but that does not separate it from the higher creation, they are one still. So also there is no separation between our present home and our future home such as we are prone to imagine. There exists between the two no chasm which is not filled up. The latter may be a higher world, but yet it borders upon the former. They may be two different departments of creation ; but the two form one grand creation still. In other words more of our present

world-features enter into the future world than we are inclined now to think ; for the world to come is a part of *creation* still, of a higher order than this present to be sure. The relation existing between the present and future world then is one which exists between two grand divisions of *creation*. The world to come is not a new something else—a something of which it is not possible to form any true conception on account of not having seen anything like it and from which we are *entirely* cut off in the way of knowledge,—it is a new *world*.

But notwithstanding this we know that our knowledge is limited and dark. And the reason why this is so is equally dark. A shadow of this reason lies embodied within these figures also. However near the Sea lies to the Land, it does not pass over into and become the Land. However near the fish may be to the world of land above it, it cannot go up into it so as to have a full knowledge of the splendor of its sunlit day, of its grassy plains and flower-bedecked bowers. It may make use of all its exertions, rise up to the very ocean surface and, because it does so and has not attained the knowledge it desires, may wonder why that world does not lie open to its search. It knows, so to speak, its adaptability to the water, and in it feeling no sense of want, imagines also that in the world above it ought also to have all things open to it. It judges the latter by what is in the water, utterly ignorant of its want of fitness for it. On the other hand we find no such limitation put upon the land-life, as the latter culminates in man. In him we find present, not only a complete knowledge of the sphere in which he lives, but furthermore the ability to go over into the sea and gain a moderately correct knowledge of it. While the lower then cannot look higher, we find it possible for the higher to look down into the lower. It is needless for us to say in what specially the capacity for such extensive knowledge of these lower spheres of creation consists. Compare the fish and man and the reason is obvious, it exists everywhere in them,—it consists in a *nature* possessing infinitely greater powers. In men thus looking down into this great world of the sea below them, while the fish below lives in mute wonder as to how higher beings may possess knowledge in regard to them reminding us of the stupid gaze of the *Galileans* up into heaven after the ascended Jesus, we have presented over again, only in a lower plane in creation, Paul's graphic figure of the *host of heavenly witnesses* who are continually looking down upon us while *we* see them not. While we know little now of the world beyond, but cannot tell why we do not know more, having gone thither there will appear obvious reasons for our ignorance ; just as man sees plainly why the fish knows nothing of the land, but the fish itself cannot tell why it is in ignorance.

The teaching of the whole figure centres just in this, that our home beyond the skies is a world of realities ; that just as little as in the land, though a higher department of creation, we are to expect an order of things in every respect different from the sea, so little in our future abode are we to expect an order of things in every respect different from our present abode,—for that future abode, however high above us it may be, is still a *part of creation* which borders the part in which we now live. We believe that *matter*, as we call it, will be there, however incompat-

ible it may be with our present ecstatic notions of Heaven. This is the New Jerusalem. A *city*, with *houses* and *streets* and shining *gold*. While such a materialistic idea of Heaven is conveyed by this imagery, we feel at the same time that the scene is depicted in such a way as to lift it up out of such coarse earthliness after all. We believe that matter will be there, but of course in a higher form than that in which we now see it.

The only illustration of what we mean which we can present, and the only one which exists, is the glorified body of the Saviour. His body could be touched, yet at the same time came into the room the doors being closed—earthly yet not earthly. O, glorious thought, *bodily* we shall come before the Lord! That this body which has continued with me during all my life, which has wept with the sadness of my heart and laughed amid its gladness, that this body which has continued with me in all my toils and terrors, that has grown gray in my service, and to which I am endeared by many, many happy memories, that this body in which above all I received the gift of the Holy Ghost and the Lord's body and blood,—that *this* body shall not be cast from me but rise with me on the last day smiling in holy Joy to Praise the unfathomable Mystery of Mysteries—the Lord our God!

ADOLPHUS.

OUR OLD CHURCH.

The following lines lately appeared in the *Cazenovia Republican*, and are from the pen of a Christian lady:

Take them out tenderly, lift them with care,
For every old timber is seasoned with prayer;
And gently remove them—the old plastered walls—
Where sadly and faintly the last echo falls.

And take out the windows; the light streaming through,
Though not “dim and religious,” lit every pew.
Where fathers and mothers united in prayer,
And we felt “that the *spirit of worship* was there.”

There the youth and the maiden together have stood,
And plighted their troth in the presence of God.
There parents have promised to tenderly rear
Their children in “*holiness, justice and fear*.”

While out from that pulpit, so old and so worn,
Dark warnings and threatenings often have come,
And *gently* God's promises fell on the ear,
To whisper of mercy dispelling each fear.

And hushed is the organ; its last solemn lay
In darkness and silence is dying away;
And tolling so mournfully sad, like a knell,
Fall the deep moaning tones of the old worn-out bell.

And silent the voices that once filled the choir;
They sang with the *spirit*, and theirs the *true fire*.
But some have gone home—they are still praising God,
While others yet meekly “pass under the rod.”

But thy days are all numbered, old church on the green,
The last of thy stately pews soon will be seen,
And old things must go to make way for the new;
For the hearts that once loved thee are scattered and few.

Then take down the pillars, and unhinge the doors,
Remove the old pulpit, and take out the floors;
For one of the lessons that here we were taught
Was, “the best work of man only cometh to naught.”

Good bye, then, dear church, with thy windows so tall,
With thy very plain aisles, and thy old battered wall;
We love the old gallery, empty and cold,
Now frescoed all over with cobwebs and mould.

But much as we love thee, old church on the green,
Thou art growing *too old*, it is plain to be seen,
And Time’s busy fingers have done their work well,
From pulpit to porch, from the aisles to the bell.

But while Time has been spoiling our church on the green,
Crowds of *true* worshipers weekly were seen,
And the record is kept, for God’s angel of love
Has written it down in the Temple above.

A BELEAGUERED CITY.

BY THE EDITOR.

The so called Rhine-provinces have been the battle ground of Middle and Northern Europe for many centuries. Rival monarchs swept their devastating armies athwart their fertile valleys, each trying to wrench their territories out of the hands of the other. On the left or French side of the Rhine, their population is mainly German. The old Palatinate is wholly German, and Alsace or Elsass has a mixed people, largely composed of German descendants.

Strassburg, the capital of Alsace, is unfortunately located. For more than two thousand years it has been the first to suffer in the bloody wars between Gaul (now France) and Germany. Situated about four miles from the left bank of the Rhine, it forms the gateway to one of the most fertile regions of France. After having been a long while held by the German Empire, as a Free Imperial City, Louis XIVth of France, in a time of supposed peace, very unexpectedly got possession of it in 1681. Although it has been under French rule for nearly two hundred years, it is still prevailingly a German town. Of its 70,000 inhabitants, nearly one-half

are Protestants. Its streets, houses, and costumes clearly indicate the German origin of the people. Even the language of their ancestors is to a great extent retained in use.

The city is strongly fortified. It is about six miles in circumference, and is defended by a strong wall, with bastions, ditches, outworks and a strong citadel. In time of peace it has a garrison of six thousand soldiers. It is entered by seven gates. Many of the houses are such as you find in the quaint old historic towns of Germany; well built, with the most durable material, lofty and with steep roofs.

The Franco Prussian war, as many of its predecessors, commenced its deeds of carnage at Strassburg. For a series of weeks the city passed through the horrors of a siege. Deadly missiles fell thick and fast into its narrow crooked streets, and upon its venerable buildings. A considerable part of the city was destroyed.

Its chief treasure, the celebrated Münster or Cathedral, is partly in ruins. This grand old church was originally founded in 504. Think of it, its first foundation laid thirteen hundred and sixty-six years ago! In 1007 it was almost entirely destroyed by lightning. The present building was begun in 1015, and completed in 1439; its building took four hundred and twenty-four years! It is said to be one of the finest Gothic buildings in Europe. The edifice is three hundred and fifty-seven feet long, and its spire four hundred and sixty-six feet high—the loftiest church spire in the world.

Two objects I had in view in coming to Strassburg; to see the Cathedral and search for relatives. In leaving home a venerable uncle charged me to visit the village of Bischwiller, ten or fifteen miles from Strassburg, where the ancestors of my sainted mother lived and died. Relatives I found none, but the Alsatian capital and its venerable temple amply rewarded my visit.

I left my little baggage at Kehl, the Railway Station on the opposite side of the Rhine, and crossed over a bridge of boats. On a small island in the Rhine was a French custom house, whose official demanded my passport. As it had not been signed by a properly authorized officer of the Government, he refused to let me enter France. What was to be done? To spend half a week's travel in search of the needed signature? He finally took charge of my passport and allowed me to extend my journey to Strassburg and vicinity, with instructions to report to him within a specified time.

Level as a floor is the road from Kehl to Strassburg, which I traveled leisurely a-foot. It was Frohenleichnam's Tag (Corpus Christi), a high festival day in the Catholic Church. The streets swarmed with people, many of whom came from the regions round about the city. Thousands of soldiers paraded to and fro. The great Cathedral was packed with people, the most of whom engaged in the devotions usual on such occasions. Pressed hither and thither in the waving mass, I had the sad feeling, often experienced in the crowds of foreign cities—"here I am a lonely stranger. Among these thousands not a soul who knows or cares for me. Lonely, oh how lonely is this pilgrim sense of strangeness felt among a swarming, swaying crowd of unknown people. Though in

sacred place, there was no silence, and little sacredness in the services. The plaintive monotonous chants of the priests could but faintly be heard above the hum of the multitude, the tread of their feet if on the pavement, and the martial music in the square before the church. Musing over my solitude in the crowd, thinking how not a soul in this ancient city would know or pity the stranger should disease or death overtake him here, I felt the gentle pressure of a hand upon my arm. "Are you not Prof. K. from ———?" inquired a young man in English. Although he mistook his man, just then and there, it was a great relief to be courteously asked a question in the familiar English tongue. Albeit I am not the Prof., who are you? "An American from Lancaster, Pa." Full well had I known his parents and brothers, and him too when a boy, and what a pleasure to meet him here. Often have I felt least lonely and alone, at some shrine or sacred place, or strolling through a forest, or along the shaded banks of a stream, listening to the rustling of the leaves and the rippling of the waters. Often too most alone in the great unknown crowd. Every one of this unknown mass is loved by some heart or hearts somewhere, who would heave a sigh and drop a tear over his grave. How soon will all these active moving bodies sleep their last sleep.

Very often a church seems all the more sacred for being empty. This noise and battling for a place to stand in the Cathedral, put all devotion at defiance. Visiting it alone you can collect and calm your thoughts, without any visible earthly disturbings. Charles Lamb, speaking of this difference of feeling, which attends us between entering an empty and a crowded church, says: "In the latter it is chance but some present human frailty—an act of inattention on the part of some of the auditory—or a trait of affectation, or worse, vain-glory on that of the preacher—puts us by our best thoughts, disharmonizing the place and the occasion. But wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness? go alone on some weekday, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton, traverse the cool aisles of some country church: think of the piety that has kneeled there—the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there—the meek pastor—the docile parishioner. With no disturbing emotions, no cross conflicting comparisons, drink in the tranquility of the place, till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that weep and kneel around thee."

The Cathedral spire is one of the wonders of the world. It is twenty-four feet higher than the Great Pyramid of Egypt. It was designed by Erwin of Steinbach. Having died in 1318, when the work was only half finished, it was continued by his son, and afterwards by his daughter Sabina. The plans of the elder Steinbach are still preserved in the town, and the remains of the family rest in the Cathedral. The tower was completed after their death, in 1439, and four hundred and twenty-four years after the building had been commenced by John Hültz of Cologne.

Of course we must ascend this spire. Few are afforded the privilege of such an exploit, and those few but once in a lifetime. After getting a permit from the Mayor or Burgemeister, I passed through an iron grated door and slowly began the ascent. The spire is an open structure, with-

out any covering or roof, just like the open framework of an ordinary church steeple before the roof is on. And this mighty framework is entirely of stone, bound together with iron bars. Pillars, beams, joists, all of imperishable rock. The stairway winds around the outside. Some of the openings between the beams are large enough for a person to slide through in case of a misstep. And a slip of the foot is possible! I looked through the fretwork with a shudder. The people in the streets seemed as small as children. The stone frame-work is very heavy, but the beams and pillars do not look so very strong, nor are they very close together. One only wonders that it has not long since fallen down. Owing to the failure of courage and strength of limbs, I did not reach the top of the spire. It seemed like climbing up a ladder along the outside, where a weary limb or dizzy head might send you down into the paved square before the church, sooner than you desired.

Though not at the top, I had reached a height from which to get an outlook over a large part of Alsace, and across the Rhine into Bavaria. Pleasant villages lay nestled among the green fields of their toiling burghers. The whole city with its crowded avenues and alleys lay distinctly mapped beneath me.

The following night the city was illuminated. The steeple was festooned with flickering lamps. Walking back to Kehl, after night-fall, I watched and greatly enjoyed the weird scene. Through the stone net-work of the spire the pendant lights were visible. The base of the spire was not lighted, and therefore in the darkness invisible. The upper part was outlined as with strings of pearl and polished gold, quivering with dazzling brightness in the dark night, reflecting the light of an invisible sun. The spire seemed severed from the earth, held or hung in the heavens by some heavenly power. I could scarcely believe that it belonged to this world of ours. Like the fiery cross in the vision of Constantine, it hung from an unseen hand in the sky a chandelier in the vestibule of heaven, shedding its glimmering glory down into Nature's Night. At this present writing Strassburg is besieged by the Prussian Army. At Kehl, where I slept that night, the army of King William crossed over into France. From here the besiegers hurl their shell into the city. How many thousand warriors have been slain and buried on the ground I then saw from the Cathedral spire!

How grand seem the master builders of the Middle Ages. Creating the design of a glorious temple, and spending a life-time in laying the foundation, leaving the finishing of it to after ages; and these after ages taking hold of the work in turn, carrying it forward, through centuries, to its completion. Somehow their faith taught them to toil patiently from sire to son, without expecting ever to see the completion of their work. Who would now be willing or able to work so long and so well on a work for God? Twelve months for the building of a church is now a long time. It is well that we can build so much sooner; for living and dying as fast as people do now, we must needs do the work of God more quickly, but alas, not so well. It is refreshing to study the lives of these old masters, who carved their grand thoughts in stone, and graved sermons of Love and Life into the undecaying rock.

In 1835 the family tombstone of Erwin of Steinbach was discovered in the small court behind the Chapel of St. John, in the Cathedral. And along the wall is his statue, carved by himself. One seems mysteriously to sit at the feet of these ancient builders, as he strolls through this building. Their spirits, with noiseless footsteps, attend your goings. Their thoughts you read in the durable work of their hands. So is it here, so is it in the streets, galleries and churches of many old European cities.

In this Cathedral is the famous Strassburg astronomical clock. Toward it the crowd pressed and drifted as noon approached, and I with the rest. A miracle of art this clock seems to be. Isaac Halbrecht made it, more than three hundred years ago. Not many years, when worn out, M. Schwitgue remade it, after four years of skillful toil. The visible part, along the wall, may be forty or fifty feet from the floor. Before it stands a globe, with a description of the heavens revolving every twenty-four hours. The planets, as indicated, revolve after longer periods of time. Jupiter in twelve years, Mars in two years, Saturn in thirty years, the Sun, Mercury and Venus in one year, and the Moon once a month. Two tables show the eclipses of the Sun and Moon. The festival and equinoctial days are indicated at the proper time. Every day the clock shows which is the ruling planet. Inside are the figures of the seven planets; every day the statue or figure of the ruling planet comes out into view.

A ghastly figure of death comes forth and strikes each quarter of the hour, whereupon a figure of Christ, with spear in hand, drives the grim monster back. The fourth quarter or full hour death strikes with a bone in hand, after which the chimes are played. Toward noon I worked my way toward the clock, with thousands of others. All intently watched for the noon parade on the clock. Just as death struck twelve the figures of the twelve apostles marched out, each one bowing as it passed the Master, whilst His figure blessed each in response by waving its hand. While they passed along a large cock on the top flapped his wings and crowed thrice. Thus every fifteen minutes death warns the people of Strassburg, that life's solemn end is hastening apace; and the figure of Christ driving death from view, proclaims Him, who tasted and conquered death for all who believe. This clock has no equal in the world. Its complicated machinery is so constructed as to correspond with the changes of seasons and astronomical calculations, for a period of ten thousand years, after which clocks may possibly have run out of use. At this writing the siege of the old city is still going on. Day by day the deadly shells are thrown into its streets and homes. Old men, women and children seek shelter in cellars. A few days ago a crowd sought refuge in the Theatre, when the exploding shells set it on fire and two hundred perished in the flames. Many parts of the city have been laid in ashes. Famine and disease kill more than the guns of the Prussians. Hundreds who six months ago rolled in wealth, have not where to lay their heads, and are without a crust of bread wherewith to comfort their famishing children. In many a dark and dreary cellar fond mothers press their trembling, crying children to their breasts. Their sick and dying are deprived of the scantiest means of temporal comfort. The ways to the cemeteries are closed, and many bereaved hearts know not where to bury

their dead. Within the city walls, in grounds unused to such purposes, graves are rapidly multiplying, and cemeteries are formed in the yards and gardens of the city. In silent sorrow, and often under cover of night, a few friends, under showers of shell, bear the departed to their rest.

Above the smoke of the burning city rises the stately, graceful, spire of the Cathedral—the sacred way-mark of the Ages. Amid the general destruction the venerable church has sustained but little damage. With reverent caution the Prussian besiegers aim their guns so as, if possible, to save it from ruin. Amid this scene of desolation and death—of untold sorrow; while the cannon are booming, shells whizzing through the air and exploding in the streets, the crackling flames rapidly creeping into many homes, almost under the shadow of the Cathedral spire, while on the ramparts and in the hiding-places of the city, the work of death is going on, the Cathedral clock calmly clicks its task. While death is doing his worst without, his image in the clock steps before the worshipers in the Cathedral every fifteen minutes, and the spear of Christ beats him back into his den again. Amid this work of death, at every noon-day the twelve Apostles bow and worship before the Prince of Peace, who waves His hand, as He did when in the days of His flesh He saluted His disciples, saying: Peace be with you. At length “the reign of terror” ends, and the Cathedral is saved, though not without marks of the siege, the clock faithfully clicks on as in generations past.

“Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art,
Fountains wrought with holiest sculpture standing in the common mart;
And above Cathedral doorways, saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.”

PYTHONISSA; OR, THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

BY PERKIOMEN.

To know, like salt water, creates a thirst to know more. The knowledge of the past and present serves as a bait to an impertinent peeping into the future. It is perfectly natural and consistent for a limited and short-sighted creature, as man is, to conjecture and surmise concerning events which lie beyond him, from the real or supposed presages surrounding him. Hence sprang the art of divination. The offspring of credulity though it be; nursed by imposture and strengthened by superstition, as it is, it is at the same time also a proof of an economy lying in advance of us, and of our interest in it. Its incipency dates from the eclipse of the human understanding and the curtailing of man's vision through the fall. Divination never wholly ceased. It has ever been held in great esteem among the ancients. It built itself into an occult science among all the idolatrous nations, and needs a constant

checkmating even where the true Revelation might be supposed to supplant its necessity. In the hands of priests and priestesses, the magi and soothsayers, the augurs and oracles, the false prophets and impostors, divination rose to an imposing system. No less than nine separate branches are recognized, both in the Scriptures and mythology, built upon the elements of mere nature, besides the still more mysterious province which the world beyond lays open. We have—1. *Aeromancy*, the divining by air; 2. *astrology*, by the heavens; 3. *augury*, by the flight and singing of birds, the bellowing of oxen, the howling of dogs and the sneezing of mortals; 4. *chiromancy*, by inspecting the hand and its creases; 5. *geomancy*, by the cracks and clefts in the earth; 6. *haruspicy*, by the entrails of animals slain; 7. *horoscopy*, by the birth star; 8. *hydromancy*, by water; 9. *pyromancy*, by fire. To this list is added *alchemy*, the occult art of transmuting all metals into gold—a remedy for all diseases. If we err not greatly, all these arts are still practiced with us, though the “gifted” may not be enlightened sufficiently to designate their secret by its technical term. The vestiges of divination are everywhere to be discerned to this day. We have a large school of “weather-prophets,” “star-gazers,” palmisters, detectives of hidden water channels, readers of the liver, bowels and peculiar teeth of dead animals, those familiar with “signs,” such as interpret dreams, “spitting-fire,” and the sighing in the family stove. We pretend not to have embraced them all in our bunch, since their name is “Legion.”

Neither would we be understood as though we doubted all foundation to the art of divination, even as now practiced. Nature has exponents, in every direction, which may be known and rendered intelligible. Animals and men become her interpreters, we may readily believe, notwithstanding the large bulk of sham and deception by which it is overgrown. But in its unspoiled state, even the science is not to be studied as a branch of useful knowledge, or coveted as an extraordinary gift, since it is rather an evidence of a sensual existence, undeveloped and diseased, than of a matured and perfect being. And in its *rank* state the art is directly forbidden.

But the art of divination extends beyond nature into the far more mysterious world of spirits. Then we have *pythonism*, *necromancy*, and *magic*. The terms “*witchcraft*,” “*possessed of familiar spirits*,” “*given to ill practices*,” and phrases of similar import are used in the Holy Scriptures. It is with this branch of divination we have to do, in considering the Witch of Endor.

Let us rehearse the narrative of her doing, as furnished us by Josephus, in order to become properly familiar with the particulars in the case :—

“Now Saul, the king of the Hebrews, had cast out of the country the fortune-tellers, the necromancers, and all such as exercise the like arts; excepting the prophets. But when he heard the Philistines were already come, and had pitched their camp very near to the city Shunem, situated in the plain, he hastened to oppose them with his forces. And when he was come to a certain mountain called Gilboa, he pitched his camp over against the enemy. But when he saw the enemy’s army, he was greatly troubled, because it appeared to him to be numerous, and superior to his

own ; and he inquired of God, by the prophets, concerning the battle, that he might know beforehand what would be the event. And when God did not answer him, Saul was under a still greater dread, and his courage fell ; foreseeing, as was but reasonable to suppose, that mischief would befall him, now that God was not there to assist him. Yet did he bid his servants to inquire for some woman that was a necromancer, and called up the souls of the dead ; that so he might know whether his affairs would succeed to his mind. For this sort of necromantic women, who bring up the souls of the dead, do by them foretell future events to such as desire them. And one of his servants told him that there was such a woman in the city Endor, but she was known to nobody in the camp. Hereupon Saul put off his royal apparel and took two of those servants whom he knew to be most faithful to him, and came to Endor to the woman, and entreated her to act the part of a fortune-teller, and to bring up such a soul to him as he should name. But the woman opposed his motion, and said she did not despise the king who had banished this sort of fortune-tellers ; and that he did not do well himself when she had done him no harm, to endeavor to lay a snare for her feet, in order to have her punished. Saul, however, swore that nobody should know what she did, and that she should incur no danger. As soon, therefore, as he had induced her by his oath to fear no harm, he bade her bring up to him the soul of Samuel. She, not knowing who Samuel was, called him out of Hades. When he appeared, and the woman saw one that was venerable and of a divine form, she was in disorder ; and being astonished at the sight, she said ; ‘ Art thou not King Saul ?’ for Samuel had informed her who her guest was. When he had confessed, and had asked her whence her disorder arose she said that she saw a certain person ascend, who, in his form, was like to a god. And when he bade her tell him what he resembled, in what habit he appeared, and of what age he was, she told him he was an old man, and of a glorious personage, and had on a sacerdotal mantle. So the king discovered by these signs that he was Samuel ; and he fell upon the ground, and saluted and worshiped him. And when the soul of Samuel asked him why he had disturbed him and caused him to be brought up Saul lamented the necessity he was under : for, he said, his enemies pressed heavily upon him ; that he was in distress what to do in his present circumstances ; that he was forsaken of God, and could obtain no prediction of what was coming, neither by the prophets, nor by dreams. And these were the reasons why he had recourse to him. But Samuel, seeing the end of Saul’s life was come, said : ‘ It is in vain for thee to learn of me anything farther, when God has forsaken thee. However, hear what I say : David is to be king, and to finish this war with good success, and thou art to lose thy dominion and thy life ; because thou didst not obey God in the war with the Amalekites, and hast not kept His commandments, as I foretold to thee while I was alive. Know, therefore, that the people shall be made subject to their enemies ; and that thou, with thy sons, shall fall in the battle to-morrow ; and thou shalt then be with me in Hades.’

“ When Saul heard this he could not speak for grief, but fell to the floor, being overcome by the message and by fasting ; for he had not

taken food the foregoing day and night. When he had with difficulty recovered himself the woman bade him eat, as a favor for what she had risked for him in the danger she had ventured upon. He opposed her motion, and entirely neglected it, by reason of his anxiety; but she importuned him the more, and at last persuaded him to it. Now, she had one calf that she was very fond of, and one that she took a great deal of care of and fed it herself; for she was a woman that got her living by the labor of her own hands, and had no other possession but that one calf. This she killed, and made ready its flesh and set it before his servants and himself. Saul returned to the camp while it was yet night."

Before we enter upon the task of combating the several modern hypotheses constructed on this incident in the life of Saul, let us discard, in the outstart, the term "witch," which has come to be associated with this solemn transaction. Saul held his consultation with a Pythonissa—with a necromancer—with a woman that had "a familiar spirit; not with a hag, or she-monster, more like to the Devil in *dishabille*, and astride a broom-stick, as one is apt to think, so long as the term "witch" is carried along. The little we are told of her bespeaks our regard for her. She had proven herself a good, law-abiding, order-loving subject to the king, in that she heeded his prohibition against her art at no small sacrifice, doubtless, to her circumstances and living. She proved herself generous, after she had learned even that the king was under her roof, in not remembering, to his disadvantage, the cruel edict by which he had rendered her bankrupt. She had compassion on her royal guest in distress, notwithstanding all; comforted him and most persistently urged him to accept of her scanty hospitality; even offered him the only and pet creature she owned. She made such an exhibition of exalted humanity, and under such circumstances as not to permit her to hope for a requital, since she knew that Saul must shortly die, that we cannot bring ourselves to place her any longer in a row with those vulgar, smoke-pipe armed furies commonly called "witches." Josephus never knows her by such a name; nor does the Bible narrative embody it.

In what light, then, are we to regard this necromantic woman—this woman with a "familiar" or Pythonic spirit?

We are no philosopher, and are glad of it. We hate to meet one, unless he has a working-suit on. But we think we can frame an answer to the question that will satisfy ourselves at least.

As there are abnormal and monstrous physical formations to be found among mortals, some possessed of an almost brute-power and endurance, others of a fleetness and flexibility that amazes us; as we constantly discover exhibitions of extraordinary bodily capacity, which are all owing to a peculiar *physique*, for which we cannot clearly account; and as we, furthermore, witness the like adaptation in certain minds to the performance of various intellectual feats, which excel the ordinary exploits of mind, such as powerful acts of memory, great musical triumphs, or astonishing skill in any sphere—so, too, must we concede a similar capacity for the performance of equally wonderful tasks in the cycle of pure spirit. In all ages and among all people do we discover such spiritual prodigies, who, in our view stand on the spirit-level, precisely as our intellectual or physical giants stand, severally, on theirs.

We are not ready to exclaim in every such case, "the gods have come down to men;" we do not regard such characters as favored above others of their kind, even, since they are but monsters still. But allowing a roomy margin for sham and infatuation, we cannot deny a characteristic capacity to certain spirits, in this direction. Call it lunacy, monomania, clairvoyance, somnambulism, magnetic sleep, second-sight; or, say with the inspired record, "a familiar spirit," "demoniac," a case of "possession"—all points in the same direction, and presupposes a state of mind more open and exposed toward the spirit realm. It is not necessary to imply any communication or compact with the dead, as entered into on the part of such characters, by the power of heaven, say. Let it but be granted that such peculiarly constructed spirits are capable of performing acts that do not fall into line with the ordinary and every-day routine, and we have an open door through which we may escape from every difficulty that can confront us in the case before us. We then know all we need know of our Endorean Pythonissa.

There is not the least room to view the night-scene at Endor as an illusion. We consider all suppositions against the natural sense of the ancient and accepted narrative of very small importance. The exact accomplishment of all that was foretold, and on the very next day, will not permit us to suppose any imposition to have been practiced upon Saul. We would take such a wholesale and successful performance a greater wonder than the coming up of Samuel, and even Satan and others besides. Whatever the narrative contains we accept as having actually transpired.

But whilst we hold firmly fast to the record, let no one believe *beyond it*. Throughout the entire narrative it is nowhere maintained that the *woman* raised up Samuel. Whatever power she may have claimed to exercise over the dead; whatever enchantment she and her class may even have believed themselves to have possessed, no such necromantic gift is conceded her by the narrative. Say even that she could as readily invoke mermaids out of the sea, or diamonds out of a coal mine, by virtue of her magic wand, it does not affect the accuracy of the statement. Samuel verily appeared, and after her incantation too; but it is not taught that the apparition emerged because of her magic. She knew not the spectre, even. She is perfectly overwhelmed at what she saw. Whatever apparent wonders she may have performed on former occasions; whatever illusions, or real scenes, indeed, she may have charmed up on previous trials; however firmly she may have had it fixed in her own mind, and in that of her neighbors and patrons, that her wand in truth extended over the kingdom of the dead, *here*, surely, she was taken aback in consequence of her own work, as she took it, became alarmed and confounded. She sees "gods (angels) ascending out of the earth." Saul must even allay her fears, and tells her: "Be not afraid!"

But why should an old necromancer be thus disconcerted at a spectacle, the like of which we might suppose her to have witnessed again and again? Evidently because Samuel had been the only real spirit that had ever come on any occasion of her practicing, no matter what else she may have succeeded, during previous exercises, in seeing herself, or in

showing to others. This sight alarmed her. Here was a genuine ghost, and one that evidently made a different face from that of "her *familiar spirit*"—however that may have been. Had she been as practiced in genuine necromancy as she pretended or believed herself to have been, she might perhaps have known Samuel of her own discerning, and not have waited for Saul to introduce her to the resuscitated prophet. She could only see "an old man come up, with a mantle around himself"—nothing more. Saul even discerned more and knew him at once. We have a fancy that she never raised any more dead, after she had witnessed this live apparition. We believe her to have had enough of ghosts. We never hear of her carrying on her art after this date. Such a programme she had never prepared ere now, nor did she wish to look upon its like again. In a word, this Pythonissa had all along imposed on herself, or on others, and probably both.

Samuel came up at the call of Him, who saith: "Return, ye children of men!" She was but the *occasion* and not the cause of the old prophet's short visit back to earth. So much is clear.

"But how could Samuel return to earth again? Can spirits come up from Hades?" We answer by asking—whether all things are not possible with God? Or is not just such a return to be made by all the departed ones, at the last day? If so, then the possibility, is, at all events, conceded in this case too. Nor is it anywhere declared, that such temporary revisits may not occur, wherever God sees fit to permit them. The gulf between misery and bliss is impassable, we know; but the chasm intervening between the living and the dead is rather bridged than yawning. The "bourne whence no traveler returns" is not recognized in the Bible. We know that many have returned both before and after Christ. And whilst we do not believe that the narrow passage is repeatedly trodden by swarms of silly ghosts, as the vulgar maintain, we yet do not admit that God cannot and does not pilot the way for such, whom He, for good and wise purposes, charges with a message to the denizens of earth. When the rich man in torment asked the mission of Lazarus to his five brethren who survived him, it was not denied him on the ground of any impossibility, but because of its *futility*? If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, they will not hear though one from the dead arose!

"But did not God connive at the practice of necromancy, by at least suffering Samuel to return during the incantation of this Pythonic woman?" It would appear so, at first view. But closely taken, it was a most searching rebuke administered to all the parties concerned. The woman had her eyes opened as she had never had before. She now saw, that all her previous exercises had been sheer jugglery and illusion, aside of what here ensued. She found the meddling with departed spirits to be a solemn thing indeed, and, we venture to repeat, never tried it again. Saul too, must have had his own thoughts, concerning his agent, when he found her in such a state of terror, and ignorant besides, of him whom she had yet engaged to call up. Samuel embraced the opportunity, likewise, of telling the unhappy king, that if the Lord had once departed from him, a consultation with the dead would avail him and all others

but little. Saul learned on the last day of his life, but one, the folly of necromancy. We venture, furthermore, to assert, that the two servants who accompanied their royal master on this mission, never again became a party on a similar business. An old plate represents the menials as white as Samuel's shroud and mantle, with eyes protruding from their sockets, and rushing through the door, as if they were escaping from the mouth of hell! And all the readers and discerners of the narrative, in all ages, will learn therefrom the folly of necromancy. It is not a connivance, then, on the part of God, but a terrible and effectual rebuke against the practicing of such a black art.

Nor is it necessary, finally, to suppose any Satanic agency to have been employed in the transaction. There is considerable diversity of opinions relative to the apparition itself. Some both learnedly and piously maintain that Satan *personified* Samuel. But the Son of Sirach seems to us to settle the controversy, if his testimony is to be admitted. He pointedly declares: "*Samuel prophesied after his death; and showed the King his end; and lifted up his voice from the earth in prophecy, to blot out the wickedness of the people.*" True, his sayings have no room afforded in the canon; but as an annalist then, if no more, his words are entitled to the highest consideration, since the early day in which he wrote surely enabled him to dip up and report the current tradition of the incident, which is, in fact all that is left us to be guided by. If this primitive record is to pass for nothing, whither shall we turn with the least hope for light?

Neither is Satan capable of prophesying pure truth. But all that the apparition had uttered, in reference to Saul and his reign, was literally fulfilled. Even for such an amount of truth, there is not sufficient room in the mouth of the 'father of lies.'

Napoleon I., was said to have been haunted by a familiar spirit, in the shape of a Little Red Man. During the Prussian war, this Mannikin wanted to see the Emperor, but was refused admittance. "I *must* see him," was his reply, and he was let in. He was heard to threaten Napoleon with defeat in Russia. He revisited him repeatedly on the Emperor's return from Elba and on the eve of Waterloo. A negro Soothsayer assumed the same relation to Josephine, and foretold her greatness and her fall. And other historical characters were troubled by a similar imagination. Indeed every mortal may be said to be accompanied by his *Ideal*, which, under the infatuation of a strong imagination, supervening on a disordered constitution, becomes the "familiar spirit" of ancient times. How far the hallucination extended, and at what point the reality started, the Pythonic woman of Endor came to see, through the intervention of God, who raised up Samuel, that he might rebuke both Saul and herself, as well as others who deal in Divination, to the end of ages.

To bring forward the bad actions of others to excuse our own, is like washing ourselves in mud.

NEANDER'S LAST BIRTHDAY.

(Continued from page 320.)

Once, however, Hannah was obliged to let her brother take a journey without her. This caused her great anxiety. King Frederick William IV. had invited Neander, whom he highly esteemed for his learning and piety, to accompany him to Carlsbad, on condition that he was not to take a trunk, which Neander would only have packed full of church Fathers; the king's valet was to supply him with everything he needed.

On the morning of his departure, Hannah handed over her brother "all right," at the railroad station. Neander appeared before the king in a remarkably thick and stiff cloak, which seemed by its weight to drag the heated scholar to the ground.

"But, my dear Professor, why such a cloak in this dog day heat?" asked the king, laughing. "Ah, what is this: a church Father in this pocket, a brother-professor in that—in fact the whole cloak is stuffed full of patres and ecclesiastici—more than a good-sized trunk full!"

"Your Majesty, a little reading for the journey!"

"Enough for a journey to the moon! Now I see at once, my dear Professor, that your poor king must give way to the Church Fathers, since he is not fortunate enough to be bound in hog-skin!" said the king with his hearty laugh. "Schoning," said he turning to his private chamberlain, "take care of the professor's books. I cannot answer for it to his students if I let the church Father sweat himself to death in his new-fashioned library."

On this journey Neander again had cause to miss his mentor, Hannah. At one of the stations, in searching for a pencil and piece of paper, he drew a number of sealed letters out of his pocket. An official, who did not know that he was traveling with the king, instantly thundered out: "Sir, you are carrying sealed letters! You incur a fine!"

"So! I did not know that it was not right!"

Neander, with a heavy heart, counted out the fine—there were so many poor students whom he could have helped with the money!

At the next station the same was repeated—the taking out the sealed letters and paying the fine.

"But sir, these letters are all addressed to the same person—Professor Neander in Berlin?" said this second official.

"Yes, that is my name."

"Why don't you open the letters and read them?"

"Hannah always opens them for me, and Hannah is not here."

This Hannah, now, on this morning of his birthday, says to him: "Now, come Augustus, and see what I have got for you!"

She leads her brother into the next room. On a table, adorned with flowers and two burning candles, lie some old folios—rare church Fathers! They are the regular Christmas and birthday gifts of the sister.

“Oh, Hannah! What a valuable present! My dear fathers, Gregory of Nazianzen and Jerome, in such rare, genuine editions!” His eyes sparkle.

“And what else should I give you, Augustus? You do not care for anything but these horrid old hog-skin things, musty and ruinous to the eyes! But no—our old friend Kottnitz was wrong when he said that you had but one passion—*books*. Your second and cardinal passion is—*students*; but Hannah cannot and need not give you *them*—they give themselves—to the last drop of their heart's blood!” says Hannah, laughing—with tears in her eyes.

On the birthday table lie two fresh wreaths of yew and arbor vitæ, for the graves of his mother and sister Henrietta, who married Councilor Scholz of the Legation, and who died in Neander's house.

“Poor Betty!” says Hannah softly, as she thinks of the sister, who for many years, like her brother in Petersburg, has suffered from an incurable mental malady, and is now in an asylum.

“The Lord has done it!” replies Neander, with hands folded like a child.

“Ah, our amanuensis!” says Hannah, as a young student enters, and with emotion offers his birthday congratulations. Neander takes his arm and goes back to his study.

According to his custom, Neander now, from six till ten o'clock, prepares himself with the greatest exactness for his three lectures, which he delivers from ten till one, upon the whole of the New Testament, with the exception of the Apocalypse, upon dogmatics or ethics, and upon all the main points of historical theology.

Meanwhile we have time to tell two “Neanders-stories,” of which his study reminds us.

There stands the ladder, which Neander climbed one day, in order to reach a book on the upper shelf. He meant to look out a word only, but the book interested him so much, that he read on and on, still standing upon the ladder. By-and-by his feet became tired, and, close beside the ladder, was the stove, which offered him a comfortable seat. Neander climbed upon it, and as he did so, the ladder fell noiselessly upon a pile of books. But that did not trouble the scholar on the stove, who soon became so absorbed in his reading, that he did not notice Hannah's coming into the room, to call him for his afternoon walk; Hannah on her part, very near-sighted, did not perceive her brother, in his unusual seat. She looked for him in his bed room, in the room of her niece, Emma Scholz, up stairs—all in vain. Hannah became anxious; she alarmed the whole household; nobody had seen him go out. As the afternoon passed, Hannah became more uneasy. At last when it was almost dark, a gentle, well-known voice, called from the study; “Hannah! Hannah!” But how could that be, since Hannah had looked there several times for her brother?

“Where are you, Augustus?”

"Here, on top of the stove. I was reading a little in Basil; but it is too dark now to read, and I could not get down because the ladder has fallen!"

We have already spoken of the high esteem which Frederick William IV. had for Neander. The king was in the habit of inviting certain men, prominent in science and art, to take tea with him in Queen Elizabeth's room, almost as simply as if he were a citizen. Neander had received an invitation to one of these tea-parties at Charlottenberg. Hannah dressed her brother up as much as she could; "Now, your orders, Augustus, and you are ready for court!"

"Have I any orders?"

"The king himself put them on you: What have you done with your orders?"

"I know nothing about them, Hannah! Let me go without the orders?"

"No, Augustus, on no account! That would be a gross violation of court etiquette, and it would look as if we slighted the king's kindness."

"Oh, the court-carriage will soon be at the door!"

"Dorothy, help me find the orders! You, Karl, run to Professor Strauss, and make my compliments, and say that I beg him to lend us his orders, as we have lost *ours*!"

Neander took up a book, while Hannah and the cook eagerly searched the study for the orders—vainly for a long time; at last Dorothy drew out a faded silk riband that was peeping from a folio; on it glittered an order. Neander had used it as a book-mark for St. Ambrose. The other orders were found adorning other Fathers of the church.

Hannah learned how to protect herself effectually from a repetition of this orders'-fever; she always took the orders into her own care whenever her brother had done wearing them.

It is ten o'clock—now for the University! The "academic quarter of an hour" (before the lecture begins) is quite enough for the short walk. The amanuensis takes down a warm cloak from a nail, and is about putting it on Neander's shoulders. Neander, somewhat embarrassed, turns to him. "Hang the cloak up again, please! This morning, in honor of my birthday, I gave it to a student, whom I noticed yesterday in a thin coat."

"But, sir, was the student here before seven o'clock this morning?" asked the astonished amanuensis.

"No, dear; I gave the cloak to him only mentally. Still I ought not to wear it any more."

"And where is your new cloak?"

"I have none. I will go in my coat."

Nothing but Hannah's authority and indignation prevailed upon her brother to wear again his "mentally given away" cloak, until she could procure another.

In his student's leather boots reaching to the knee, which he has continued wearing in winter ever since his shooting days, Neander, leaning on the arm of his amanuensis, walks the short distance across the opera place to the University. And yet, years since, after Neander had lived

a long time in the Unger House, he complained of the long distance between his house and the University, and it came out that the student, in his absent-mindedness—no, in his fullness of thought—instead of turning to the right into Behren Street, and, after a few steps around the corner of the Royal Library, having the University directly before him, had always gone to the left, almost the whole length of Behren Street, through Wall Street and the Linden to the University, because the way to the University from his former residence led through Wall Street and the Linden.

Neander enters his lecture room. Stooping, and with downcast eyes, he walks to his desk, his right hand stroking his eyebrows as if in salutation. In deference to his birthday the students rise at his entrance.

Before the desk lies an uncut goose quill with a long feather; for years the students have daily provided a fresh one; the old one becoming the pride and ornament of many a modest study—years afterward sad relics in many a quiet parsonage.

Brandishing his quill in his hand, Neander leans far over his desk, and with downcast eyes begins his lecture; his deep earnest voice penetrates every heart. The quill is in perpetual motion; soon the fingers begin to break it up, soon they tear off the feathers. The speaker changes his position every instant; now he stands on the left foot, now on the right; now he turns entirely round, with his face towards the wall. But all the while, his words are flowing forth uninterruptedly, rich and clear, from the warmest of hearts; and the young hearts of his hearers yield uninterruptedly to the fascination.

(To be continued.)

BOOK NOTICES.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. Right sorry are we that the familiar face of "The Hours at Home," shall greet us no more. Yet are we partly compensated by the appearance of the above sprightly Monthly, in its place. The well-known name of Dr. J. G. Holland (Timothy Titcomb) is a sufficient guarantee of its character. We feel confident that it is destined to rank among the most popular monthlies of the age. The first number contains 50 pictures. The following is the table of contents:

- I. JEREMY TRAIN—HIS DRIVE. Illustrated. By an Old Fellow.
- II. THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. Illustrated. By T. Edwards Clark.
- III. A DAY WITH DR. BROOKS. Illustrated. By Mary E. Dodge.
- IV. NATASQUA. Chapters I—III. By Rebecca Harding Davis.
- V. THE BONDAGE OF THE PULPIT. By W. C. Wilkinson.
- VI. TWICE ALONE. A Tale of the Labrador. By Dr. I. I. Hayes.
- VII. SONNET. By C. R. W.
- VIII. THE WRITINGS OF GEO. MACDONALD. By Samuel W. Duffield.

IX. FAIR WEATHER AND FOUL. By William Morris.

X. WILFRID CUMBERMEDE. An Autobiographical Story. Chapters I—V. Illustrated. By George MacDonald, Author of "Alec Forbes," "Robert Falconer," etc.

XI. TOPICS OF THE TIME.

XII. BOOKS AND AUTHORS ABROAD.

XIII. BOOKS AND AUTHORS AT HOME.

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WOMAN: HER DIGNITY AND SPHERE, by A Lady. pp. 303. Price 50 cents. Truthfulness; In Honor preferring one another; The Heavy Ridicule; Home Duties; What shall we read? What shall we sing? The Friends that we make; Woman's Work in the Church—these and kindred subjects are treated in this volume. We can recommend it to our readers as cordially as the foregoing.

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
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PROSPECTUS FOR 1870.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
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Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXist volume. on the first of January 1870. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number is embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continues to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers promise to continue to use a superior quality of paper; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

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A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

DECEMBER,

1870.

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Phila., Pa.
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The Guardian.

VOL. XXI.—DECEMBER, 1870.—No. 12.

THE SOCIETY OF BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

“A book belongs to man’s miracles. It is a bridge built across the stream of time, over which we see the dead of a hundred and a thousand years ago cross to us, still living. A book is a bond encircling all its readers, forming them into a fellowship, more vital than any other; it is a ship bearing to us precious gifts from far and near. Through a book the wise man speaks to the wise, and to those seeking wisdom; from it speaks a ripe age to the young, to the children, even as soon as they can read. The book speaks; it teaches to speak. It trains the small to maturity, lifts up the lowly, widens the world of vision to all, that they can see things afar off, see that on the other side of the mountain people are living, no less than on the hither side. A book is the shield of the weak, and the terror of the strong; it comforts the sorrowful, brings company to the solitary. He who has several books enjoys a select and refined society, such as rarely graces the tables of kings and princes.”

Thus wrote good pastor Harms, many years ago. Of course, he means a good book. Alas! all books are not good. It is true, bad books bring us something, too—miasma, poison hidden or unmasked, literary leprosy; a bridge they are, over which cross the powers of evil, from the world of darkness, to those who read them. Very lively company some of them are, but very unsafe.

No book-stores are so unsatisfactory as Sunday-school depositories. It is a sad confession, a chronic source of complaint. Such tiers of worthless trash—trash interminable—are truly appalling. You vainly search for the moral of the story, as hunts the seamstress for her lost needle in a haystack. They are an exaggeration of the homœopathic principle—the hundredth part of a grain of quinine diluted in Lake Erie! three drops of the dilution every three hours!

I visit general book-stores with far more comfort. There I find books that contain something—literary, historical, scientific works; books which

aim at a clear, tangible end, and drive right towards it. Works as light as the bulk of Sunday-school books would not pay. Their purse and reputation would suffer. They would remain on their shelves for generations, as so much lumber. Shrewd booksellers understand this. The religious reading of the young must be sugared chaff—stories spun over three hundred pages, whose readable substance might be told in less than ten; a net-work of imperturbable nothingness, printed on costly paper, and bound in a beautiful style. The children admire the covers, pictures, and paper, and heedlessly hurry over the half-read and unread pages. And we need not wonder. Why must we thus impose on unsuspecting youthful piety?

Children, young people, above all others, ought to read good books. It is cruel to feed them with empty spoons, though they be golden spoons. Their minds and hearts are in their most receptive state, their memories the most retentive. Now give them something worth remembering. Not heavy, dull logic, nor naked, crude doctrine. Let it be a story, but a story with something in it. The children ought to have the best kind of reading, in style and substance adapted to their age. Instead of that, we mock their mental appetite with a mass of husks, which few intelligent Christian parents would have grace enough to relish.

Some months ago, a New England publishing firm offered a prize of \$600 for the two best Sunday-school books. In a short time, three hundred manuscripts were sent in by so many authors. Hear what the New York "Independent" says of the two that drew the prize:

"Out of three hundred manuscripts, there surely could be gathered two little kernels of wheat, we thought. And when the green-and-gold backs shone on us, we opened them with some expectation. But the characters are common-place, the conversations stilted and unnatural, the scenes nothing but badly managed melo-drama, and as for the plot, we cannot have patience to read far enough in any one place to find out much about it."

There are good Sunday-school books, some excellent ones, published by the Reformed Church. But when you get beyond a limited number, you launch upon an ocean of vapid talk, from which, good Lord, deliver us.

There is a mysterious power in a book that has something in it. In it the soul, the head of the writer lives on. In reading it, you feel that some personal spirit is teaching and touching you. In some books, you feel this more than in others. Dr. Kane said, when about completing his work on his Arctic Expedition, that his book would become his coffin. By which he meant that the journey and the effort to write the work would kill him. Yet you feel Kane's brave heart throbbing in the book. If it is his coffin, it contains a being still living.

At Rome are large sepulchral chambers, with honey-combed walls, each little hole containing an urn with the ashes of some ancient worthy, whose names, after two thousand years, can still be distinctly read over their ashes. Their bodies being burned after their death, their remains were reduced into this narrow compass. Strangely does the presence of these scanty remains impress one, as you try to read the names dimly legible,—

some, names of authors, and people who ranked high in Roman society and literature.

“The dead unsceptred monarchs,
Whose spirits still rule us from their urns.”

Sitting at my study table, my eyes often run along the shelves of my library, falling on familiar names, which call to mind personal, living beings, who seem to look benignantlly down upon me, and are eager for an entertaining conversation, whenever I take down the volume. Compassed about with such a cloud of witnesses, one not only fancies to be, but really is, mingling with the best society the world has ever seen. Comparatively few could see and associate with Moses, David, Solomon, Isaiah, or Paul; yet does every one of the millions of Bible readers, to this day, hold goodly fellowship with them through their writings and recorded doings. Many a one would fain spend thousands of dollars, and a year of traveling, only to spend one day with the living St. Augustine, St. Jerome, or St. Ambrose, with Luther, Melancthon, with Shakspeare or Goethe. It costs less time and money to sit at their feet all one's life, in the pages of their books.

Tennyson is greatly annoyed, at his retired residence on the Isle of Wight, by staring tourists. They loiter around his grounds, and hang around his study window, eagerly watching for a glimpse of the poet. So unpleasant are these prying travelers, that he sometimes finds it difficult to take his accustomed promenades among his shady retreats. All this simply to steal a passing glimpse of the poet-laureate, without the hope of a personal interview. In his books the poorest as well as the princely rich alike have access to him—are cordially invited as guests at his intellectual table.

I encountered a blooming country youth in a public library the other day. Would that I could put his picture in the *GUARDIAN*, as he greeted me, cap in hand, with a blushing smile and sparkling eyes. Presently, I found him seated on a settee, with Doolittle's work on China. “You will find that a very interesting book,” I remarked to him. “Yes, sir, I shall take it with me,” he modestly replied. That book gives him far more information about the social life and customs of China, than a journey could do: During the long autumn evenings, Doolittle will lead the lad through the villages, cities, temples, and homes of China, and show him this singular people on the other side of the globe. Is not the book a bridge, over which the news from a far country is brought to him?

The devout reader of David's Psalms sees the heart of the sweet singer therein photographed. The dear, penitent king, tearfully sorrowing over his sins, in the 51st Psalm, or praising God in the 103d. Do we not feel a spiritual human presence in them? The royal bard laid his heart therein—his heart, which in them lives and blesses forever.

“How it throbs among us, making us feel as David himself felt—weep, as though with his wet cheeks to look at—and rejoice, as though within hearing of his harp—and mourn, as though in his sin we were reminded of our own—and clasp our hands, as though with his helplessness—and look up on high, as though emboldened with his confidence—and pray, as

though with his voice in our ears, trembling, and sobbing, and sublimely trustful."

Oh, the times these words have been said, and David's heart in them been felt throbbing and warm! Oh, the people that have used them—priests, in the temple at Jerusalem—captive Jews, by the river of Babylon—the early Christians, in their secret worship—sinners, trembling, with God's angry eye upon them—saints, feeling themselves all the more unworthy, the nigher a Holy God their lives advances them—righteous men, outcasts of the world, joying to feel themselves cast upon God—dying men, praying their truest as well as their last—widows and orphans, with only dead dust to look at for what had been their friend, but with an immortal soul to believe in, safe beyond corruption and the grave!

And oh, what things the Psalms have outlasted—the national existence of David's own people—the destruction of Jerusalem, and the burning of the temple—the rise and fall of kingdoms—the prevalence of many a language, the Egyptian, the Chaldean, the Greek, the Roman, and the Gothic—the erection and the fall of great buildings, castles, churches, and cathedrals—forgotten names the world once echoed with—the fame and dread of kings—the foundation and the disappearance of cities—and one after another, a hundred generations of men, their lives and their exits by death.

"We may well believe they will last forever—the Psalms with David's heart in them; for they have outlasted so much already,—thirty centuries of time, myriads of books, and the laws and customs of a hundred nations."

"Have you read all these books?" many a one asks the owner of a private library. Of course not. "Why then have them?" For future use. As a good housewife stores away a little world of material, in closets, larder, and cellar, to supply the wants of her family the coming winter, so does the inquiring mind store away some books. "Books as well as money must be laid away to meet the wants of rainy days." Montaigne says: "I make as little use of them (his books) almost, as those who know them not. I enjoy them as a miser does his money, in knowing that I may enjoy them when I please. My mind is satisfied with the right of possession. The figure of my study is round, so that I can see all my books at once, set on five rows of shelves round about me."

Leigh Hunt says: "Sitting, last winter, among my books, and walled round with all the comfort and protection which they and my fireside could afford me—to wit, a table of high-piled books at my back, my writing-desk on one side of me, some shelves on the other, and the feeling of the warm fire at my feet—I looked sideways at my Spencer and my Arabian Nights, then above them at my Italian Poets, then behind me at my Dryden and Pope, then on my left side at my Chaucer, who lay on the writing desk; then I thought how natural it was in Charles Lamb to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to Chapman's Homer."

Full many a time have I blessed the memory of the wise and earnest dead, as my eye fell on their name on the back of a book, in which was stored the precious fruit of their life. Repeatedly, since writing this rambling article, has my eye turned to Chrysostom (the golden-mouthed)

on yonder shelf; like himself, with a plain exterior, but rich in life and truth. Calling to mind, too, the lovely Arethusa, who devoted herself to perpetual widowhood for the sake of her fatherless boy. "What women these Christians have!" said the rhetorician Libanius, as he noticed her beautiful character. I can hear her gifted son, in the pulpit of Antioch and Constantinople, fearlessly rebuking the sins of the empress Eudoxia, rebuking his hearers, too, for their noisy applause during his sermons. And the gentle Irving—where can you find a more pleasing and companionable gentleman? Bacon,

"The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind,"

with all his faults, what a benefactor is he to his race—his writings a mine of mental wealth. Neander, meekly leading you over fifteen hundred years of the Christian Church. Milman, depicting the tumultuous heroic events of Latin Christianity. And what shall I say of Motley, Macaulay, Stanley, Bancroft, of the poets, theologians, philosophers, whose dust rests in the grave, whilst their thoughts and the results of their labors are with us to this present? A blessing on good books, and on the memory of those who wrote them.

CHRISTMAS.

From the German of Fred. W. Krummacher.

BY. L. H. S.

Christmas! Who can express the full meaning of this word? Who is able to measure the length and breadth and height of the story which it presents to our field of vision? A period of holy longing and expectation, extending through 4,000 years, finds its termination at the moment indicated by this word; and an eternity full of life, peace, and bliss finds its beginning. Christmas! The simplicity of the expectant child shouts at the sound, while the wisdom of the thoughtful man bows his head in deep meditation, and is overwhelmed with reverential awe. Yes, here is the transparent brook in which the lamb may wade, and the bottomless sea, at the same time, in which the elephant can and must swim.

The human race, left for a while to itself, had exhausted the whole force of its reason, imagination, and will, in striving after the idea and in seeking the object of its destiny; but it had not reached the conception of true holiness on the sphere of morality; it had not secured itself freedom from the powers of earth in that of art, and only some few of its greatest spirits had attained a shadowy presentiment of a personal God in that of the intellect. The secular wisdom of the heathen, even with its most distinguished masters, stood a helpless orphan knocking at the closed door of eternity. Art poised its wings to discover the ideal world beyond the region of earthly beauty, whose shimmering

rays break in upon the latter, but its efforts ended simply in the deification of that which was sensual. The religion of the heathen, even its purest manifestations, was only a half-conscious effort to restore that communion with God that had been destroyed by sin—emphatically, a futile effort. The earth had been deserted by truth and holiness, and that child of Heaven—peace; and along with peace, love to God and pleasure in that which was pleasing to God. Fear reigned in place of hope. But this unconquerable dread of an unknown, enthroned power, and a mysterious future spread out before them, which existed in the hearts of the people, was the means of education in the hands of a God desiring to save them, through which He restrained the outbreking of their perverted will, and prepared their souls for the reception of the salvation that His mercy had conceived and prepared for them from the beginning.

The fullness of time had been attained. The expectation of the faithful of Israel had reached the highest degree of tension. The mysterious brightness that radiated from the brow of a Simeon and others announced, like the glow on Alpine peaks, the approaching dawn. The heathen, especially those of Greece and Rome, were divided between the most absolute despair and the most frivolous epicureanism. From millions of lips was uttered Pilate's anxious question, "What is truth?" while other and more profound minds in their despair rushed into the arms of Judaism, only to find by experience that even here—under the yoke of the law—no peace bloomed for them. Moreover the predictions of the prophets had reached their chronological termination, and now, for the honor of God and His word, demanded their ultimate fulfilment. Then struck the great hour of salvation, the hour of a new birth for the race lost in sin and sensual pleasure, the hour of the world's salvation and renovation. The salvation is made manifest. It was not a mere ideal. Mankind needed something more than illumination. It was not a mere law. Law destroys, but cannot make alive again. It was not a mere signpost bearing the inscription, "This is the road." What help could such be to one lame, or bound hands and feet? The need and want of a curse-bound world was a personality, a man who was Himself the way and the life, and made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. And lo! Christmas brought Him! O world, in joy bend your knees, under the echoes of angelic songs, before the manger in Bethlehem. This lowly bed, you fortunate world, contains your Prince of Peace, your Saviour!

The heavenly beings, who sang His cradle song, knew who He was. Those Israelites versed in Revelation, such as Simeon, Hannah, and the shepherds, when they saw Him, exclaimed with joy, "Land ho!" and spread the sails of their longing. *He was* before He came. In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. Apart from Revelation, the thoughtful human spirit, in its own aspirations, starting with a belief in a personal God, had reached, as a necessary consequence, the thought that the eternal source of all that exists, who is love Himself, could not, before He created them, have existed alone, egotistically absorbed in Himself, but must have had, from eternity, an object of His divine love corresponding to His perfection, &

being objective to Himself, and found in it His repose and felicity. Revelation stamps the seal of confirmation upon this thought, but leaves us (who dare ask why?) only in the dark touching one thing, viz : how this other self, the God-man, the Son proceeded from the substance of the eternal Father. And thus the *how* of the incarnation of the first-born before all creatures remains a truly great but seven-fold sealed secret, so long as the veil of temporal modes of representation still envelops our spirits, although the *fact* of the incarnation is beyond all cavil, and furnishes, as its mightiest argument, the new moral world which the God-man called into existence.

A new era in the development of our race was established by the Christmas miracle, which was its inexhaustible, creative source and initial point. Yes, the history of humanity begins *anew* with this miracle. In consequence of the organic union which the Son of God enters into with the human race, the latter acquires a *new head*, and by His own merits and the saving energies that incessantly stream therefrom, it is taken from the curse-laden birth and lineage of the first Adam and transferred to another sphere, where, having quaffed the love that is the fulfilment of the law, being baptized with the spirit of faith and hope which overcomes the world, and strengthened by the blessed consciousness of childship with God, it continually dies unto sin and strives with sure step toward a transmutation into the image of "the fairest among the children of men." A life of child-like trust in God, of godliness, of familiarity with God's ways, and rejoicing in the fulfilment of His will, was born into humanity with Christ, such as was not known before in a like degree of perfection and completeness, even to the first parents of the race in Paradise before the fall. For since these could not have yet known the God, who "so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son," they could not have known themselves clothed before this God with the righteousness of this matchless Person, neither could they have possessed the spirit of the Son whereby we cry "Abba, Father!" nor the authorization to say with a Paul: "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me!" In truth up to this time, that glorious new life is not encountered by us as the possession of *all* mankind—no, not even of all those who have been baptized in the name of the great Prince of Life, although these, in their elevated conceptions, sensitive consciences, and improved morals, furnish most unequivocal proofs that the Christian atmosphere they breathe, notwithstanding their opposition to the complete reception of Christianity, has exercised a wonderfully wholesome influence upon them. The time will, however, come, when Christ shall have His image imprinted upon all who dwell upon the earth, when there will not only be "one Shepherd and one flock," but when "Christ will be all in all," and all shall be "one in Christ Jesus." Then the seraphic hymn, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," which was chanted over the hills of Bethlehem, will, for the first time, be clearly intelligible, because its prophetic promise will then for the first time be fully accomplished.

As though uttered by angelic voices, the word "Christmas" resounds through a sorrow-laden world, assuring an eternal end to all earthly

struggles, a most blessed solution of all earthly discords. It comes as the sound of the bells of peace, mighty to subdue every grief, and to silence every sorrow in the human breast. The fearful problems which sin has originated in the relation of the world to the divine government have been solved by Christmas; it has abolished whatever interfered with the primal intention of eternal love as regards the destiny and object of development of humanity created in the likeness of Divinity. From Christmas irradiates a bright light out into the world, which illuminates with hope's roseate tints every tearful corner, and casts a heavenly glow even over the night of the grave; assuring us, at the same time, of the dawn of an eternal day, in which no unsolved problem, no spirit of insubordination, no cloud of sorrow shall oppress the human brow; in which shall only be heard that unceasing song, never more to be interrupted by discord, sung by the "countless multitude" who have attained the transfiguration that the great "High Priest" prayed for in the days of His flesh when He said: "Father, glorify Me with Thine ownself with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was."

O, miracle of Christmas! Focus in which all the rays of everlasting love are concentrated! Thou ultimate ground of all peace for the soul, perennial source of all life! We hail thee with jubilant shouts, we adore thee in the dust! Thou hast planted a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness; hast founded a new heaven, the Paradise of redeemed sinners! O, miracle of Christmas! most lovingly set forth in the Apostle's words as "the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man," penetrate with thy heavenly splendor the darkness of our lives; replenish our poverty from thy riches—those inexhaustible riches which are disclosed for us in thee; become for us what thou wast for the great Apostle, the mighty lightning-stroke rending the clouds of grief and sorrow, and teach us with him to reason thus: "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" Become a Nebo's height for us, from which, joyous in hope, we can look over into the promised land, and say, in the words of the ancient seer: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." Yes, often as the question, "Whither shall we go, and what shall we do?" arises in our minds amid the perplexities and sins of the world, do you, sweet sounds of Christmas, bear to us the tidings that there was conceived and fixedly ordained, even in the very glorious beginning of God's dealings with man, through the sending of His only Son, an incomparably more glorious end. And when the last enemy knocks at our doors, and the shadows of the dreaded hour grow gray about us, then, so that the holy Sabbath joy may sink into our hearts, ring ye Bethlehem bells, your chimes over us; for mercy, forgiveness, peace, and hope of salvation, are the burdens of your tones!

LISTENING.—Were we as eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening than by talking.—*Colton.*

THE MOTHER AND WIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

BY THE EDITOR.

Josephine had a son and daughter—Eugene and Hortense. Her mother being early left a widow, the daughter had to shift through the unsettled French world as best she could. Eugene was apprenticed to a carpenter, and Hortense to a milliner. When her mother was engaged to Napoleon, she was at a boarding-school, reputed to have been an apt and promising scholar. She was sixteen when her mother's husband became First Consul. This dashing and daring character strangely impressed her. "My father-in-law (step-father) is a comet, of which we are but the tail; we must follow him without inquiring whither he is going. Is it for our happiness or for our misfortune?" Thus she wrote to Madame Campau, her teacher.

One day she was late coming to dinner. Her mother finding her busy at her drawings, the idea that the girl should keep Napoleon waiting, provoked her. "Do you expect to get your bread as an artist?" she asked.

"In the times in which we live it is quite probable that it may be so, mamma," replied Hortense.

She is said to have been very fair, "of a beautiful complexion, and graceful in her person. The expression of her countenance was that of mildness and benevolence, but her bearing was dignified. She was remarkable for her talent as an artist, as also as a musician. Her melodies, composed at various epochs of her life, have obtained an European fame."

Amid the excitement of his ambitious schemes, Napoleon found time for amusement, when at home. Sometimes he would play "prisoners' base" with his family; he, Lauriston, Rapp, and Eugene on one side, Josephine, Hortense, Jerome, and Madame Murat on the other. The game would be followed by "a collation, and in the evening by a play."

Hortense loved and was engaged to Desaix. Bonaparte and Josephine urged her to marry Louis Bonaparte. She consented. They were married at the Tuileries, in the presence of the members of both families. "Never was there a more gloomy ceremony; never did a young wedded couple feel more sensibly the presentiment of all the horrors of an ill-assorted and forced marriage." Thus wrote the bridegroom. Louis loved retirement and quiet literary pursuits. Hortense was ambitious of military renown, wished him "to use his sword more and his pen less."

When the crown of Holland was offered to him, he replied that the climate of that country did not agree with him. His brother said: "It is better to

die a king than to live a prince." Hortense was pleased with the offer, because she could do more good as a queen. The new royal family was received with great display in Holland. Hortense took to reading works describing the customs, history, and wants of the country. Their Court circles and balls were of the gayest kind. She danced with "incomparable perfection." Louis disliked this French gaiety. Napoleon wrote to him: "You have the best wife in the world, and the most virtuous, and yet you make her miserable. Let her dance as much as she likes; it is pleasant at her time of life. My wife is forty years of age; I write to her from the field of battle to go to a ball. Unfortunately you have a wife who is too virtuous; if you had a coquette she would lead you by the nose."

Their eldest son died. Both parents were crushed by the bereavement. For a season their hearts were drawn together by a common sorrow. Where can such natures find solace? After the heart-rending slaughter of his Russian expedition, Bonaparte tried to dispel the gloom by a series of balls, and Hortense was called on to aid in the festivities. In balls, dances, and gay frivolities, these heartless representatives of the French nation seek to forget the awfully earnest realities of life. May not poor Louis after all have been the best of the three.

When Napoleon and Josephine separated, Hortense remained on intimate terms with her step-father. At length came the fall of the great conqueror. With it came the fall of his entire family; the fall of Hortense, too. Farewell, ye gay royal circles, palaces and pleasures. The daughter of Josephine, the uncrowned queen of Holland, becomes an outlaw. "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "all is vanity."

Whither can she flee? How get out of Paris? Out of France? Out of all countries, hating Napoleon? Now none so low as to do him reverence. Louis XVIII., Napoleon's successor, in mercy, gives her a passport. On July 17th, 1815, at 9 in the evening, she left Paris, under an Austrian escort. At some places she was insulted by rude soldiers. At Dijon, poor laboring people threw bouquets into her carriage, and expressed their sorrow that the good people were going away, while the bad remained behind. At Geneva, the authorities allowed her to remain only a few days. At Savoy, she rented a large farm for a home. While here her husband, Louis Napoleon, demanded his elder son, leaving her only one child—the one now at Wilhelmshöhe. She felt the cruel blow. The younger son, too, felt it. An attack of illness was the result. Again she fled from her home, because her life and that of her child were threatened.

She passed through Genevese territory. Her presence brought out the army of the Canton. Get thee gone, was the cry of the terror-stricken little Republic. At Murten, in the Canton Freiburg, she paused a little in her flight. Here, too, she is a cause of terror, and must endure a brief arrest. Again she is on the wing. Whither shall she flee? All the nations of Europe are in league against the name and family of Napoleon.

In the market place of Constance there is a plain, cozy inn, called the Adler (Eagle). All English and American travelers hither, know the

Adler, Gasthoff, with a glass-roof over the yard, and scantily furnished rooms and frugal relishable board. Thither the fugitive Hortense fled with her invalid boy. Truly a feather in one's traveling cap, to have slept and eaten under a roof that once sheltered the mother of Napoleon III.—sheltered him, too. I, too, can flourish this feather.

The Grand Duchess of Baden is her relative. She appeals to her for a spot of ground whereon to rest her weary feet ; for the Adler is, after all, a poor home for an ex-queen. Alas ! Baden is closed against the members of the Bonaparte family. The Duchess refuses the prayer.

What shall poor Hortense do ? She can neither stay in Europe nor get out of it. She cuts the Gordian knot. Whether allowed or not, she rents a dwelling, with an inclosed farm, near Constance ; a retired place, with grounds wherein to walk and meditate over her sad fate. It was on the 4th of January, 1816, in midwinter, that she entered this home. It was a three-story building. She and her son occupied the middle floor. The third was assigned to her attendants. The ground floor served as the kitchen.

Constance was a small city of 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants. It had few attractions, save the venerable cathedral, in which the Council of Constance condemned Huss to be burned, the convent which was his prison, and a green meadow along the edge of the town, where he was roasted to death.

An ex-queen was a great acquisition to the little city ; a royal court, in sooth. She had the means to live in a courtly style ; money, intelligence, and a certain hereditary royal prestige and bearing. She was kind to the poor : of these Constance had its share, and they learned to love their friend. When she and her little son rode out, all the townspeople bowed in most respectful salutations ; and the greetings were cordially responded to. To the grief of the Constancians, Hortense seeks a home in Augsburg, where she has better facilities to educate her son.

Standing on the deck of a Rhine steamer, about six miles from Constance, a country-seat was pointed out to me, on a picturesque hill. It was the castle of Arenenburg, the last home of Hortense. Not far off is the castle Eugensburg, once the home of her brother Eugene. It is on the way towards Schaffhausen, overlooking the lake. In 1817 she bought Arenenburg for 30,000 florins. She fitted it up to suit her tastes. There she spent her remaining life.

But how can she while away her time in this seclusion, after her gay public life ? Not a few of her friends visited Arenenburg. Her early tastes revived. For awhile she spent her mornings in her sleeping-room, writing her memoirs, wherein she defended herself against the calumnies and scandals reported about her. She spent much of her time in drawing, music, and reading. Her boy, Louis, must be looked after, too. She gave him lessons in drawing and dancing. Think of the exiled, sorrowful ex-queen dancing with her boy, showing him how to dance away his melancholy ; and hers, too ! Every Saturday he belonged solely to her. Then he told her all he had learned from his tutor during the week ; even jabbered over his Latin lessons. He became an expert horseman, a graceful rider, which greatly pleased his mother.

In short, Hortense led a simple life. She paid little time to dress and the table. Her meals were frugal. At the table she alone drank foreign wine. Louis and the rest had to content themselves with a common domestic article. She enjoyed conversation, for which Louis had neither talent nor taste. He would sit whole evenings in silent meditation, having rarely a word for his mother.

She wrote a little volume, "*My Travels in Italy, France, and England*," in 1831. At length her son inspired her with his dreams for glory. He must ascend the throne of his "Uncle." For this he plots and plans. Repeatedly he fails. Driven from Europe he roves into Brazil, South America. There he received a letter from his dying mother. She must see him before her death. Through many perils he reaches her bedside. His coming helped to cheer the gloom of the grave. The family believed in his star—that he would some day become the ruler of France.

Approaching death gave her an amiable tenderness. A flower could give her pleasure. She felt great joy when Louis and a companion bore her about in their arms, in the open air. The hour of death arrives. She calls all her servants to her bed-side, and bids them a kindly adieu; bids Louis, for her sake, to care for them. After these leave the room, she gives Louis the last embrace and a parting kiss. "Farewell, Louis—farewell forever," the dying Hortense faintly gasped as he went out at the door. At 5 o'clock in the morning, October 5th, 1837, she died. Six days later a large funeral procession followed her remains to the church at Ermatingen. After the services, the corpse was brought back to Arensburg. Here it rested till permission was granted to bury her aside of her mother, Josephine, at Ruelle, near Paris. Hortense had many sincere mourners. Many poor people missed her when gone; for she had formed the nucleus of a great charitable society in Switzerland.

Apart from the various legacies left in her will, she therein speaks tenderly of friends and enemies. To the Canton of Thurgau, which gave her a place of refuge, she gave "a gold pendule," to "be placed in the hall of the Landrath. This souvenir may remind them of the noble courage, with which a peaceful hospitality was granted me in this Canton. I hope that my son will always keep Monsieur Vincent Rousseau with him. (This servant died of a broken heart a few days after a serious failure of Louis Napoleon's to supplant Louis Philippe.) I wish him to be told how highly I value him, and how much I wish that he may serve my son as he has served me. My husband will perhaps give a thought to my memoirs, and let him be told that my greatest sorrow was that I could not make him happy. I have no political advice to offer my son; I know that he is aware of his position, and of the duties his name imposes on him. I forgive all the princes, with whom I stood in friendly relations, for the levity of their judgment about me. I thank all those who are around me, my servants included, for their good services, and I hope that they will not forget my memory." All this, and much more she says in her last will and testament. A strange commingling of good and evil we find in the life of this mother of a French Emperor. A modest girl, a gay butterfly sort of being in maturer life, spoiled by the adula-

tions and admirations accorded to the members of the Napoleon family. After pride came the fall, exile, sorrow, a painful disease, and the sleep of the quiet grave.

“Princes this clay must be your bed
In spite of all your towers,
The tall, the wise, the reverent head
Must lie as low as ours.”

EUGENIE.

Eugenie, the wife of Napoleon III, was born in May, 1826. Her father was the Count Montijo, a Spanish Grandee. Washington Irving was intimate in this family, when he was American Ambassador to Spain. Eugenie was then a child, very fond of the amiable American, and he of her. In later life the exiled Louis Napoleon visited Irving at his country-seat on the Hudson. Afterwards Irving said to a friend: “He (Napoleon) dined with me, here, one day, and sat just where you do now. He was grave and silent, scarcely opening his lips while here.”

Great was the surprise of Irving to see Eugenie become Empress of France, some years later. He says: “I knew her very well in Spain, when she was little Eugenie de Montijo, daughter of the Count of Teba. She was a fine, buxom girl, a beautiful figure; and at the balls, dressed as a *mosquetaire*—female. I have often had her on my knee, and now to think she is an Empress! Old Calderon (*de la Barca*, Spanish Minister) said to me at Washington, when I was there: ‘Good heavens, Irving! just to think! Little Eugenie Montijo, Empress of France—hum!—hum!—hum!’”

The adventurer reaches the goal of his ambition—the throne of France. The Spanish mother attends her beautiful daughter in a visit to Paris. Besides her native personal charms, Eugenie possessed rare accomplishments. She spoke French and German as well as her own Spanish tongue, and was soon known as one of the most fascinating ladies in Paris. The son of the American Ambassador at Paris was attracted by her charms, and she by his. It is even said they were engaged. Had she become the wife and graced the hospitable home of an American planter, she might be less known, but happier than now. This might have changed the destinies of France; indeed of Europe. For a marriage alliance with one of the royal families of Europe might have turned the whole current of European politics.

The French Emperor was too formidable a rival for an American citizen. On January 29th, 1853, she was married in the Tuileries. The next day the religious ceremonies were performed in the Cathedral of *Nôtre Dame*, the most magnificent religious edifice in Paris. It is said the pageantry of the occasion excelled in brilliancy anything that Paris had ever had. They rode to the Cathedral in the same carriage which forty-five years before had borne the first Napoleon and his bride to the same place. She was decked with diamonds of immense value. The city of Paris voted her a present of 600,000 francs (\$120,000) for the purchase of an additional set of diamonds. She gracefully suggested that

his money should be used to found an institution for the education of young girls, belonging to the laboring classes, and it was done.

All the world knows how she became the centre and ruler of the world of fashion. The court tradesmen lost money. She must come to their relief, increase their business. She gave balls of unusual gaiety. The dresses and jewelry excelled those of all European courts. She made and unmade fashions, and fortunes, too. She was the Monarch of this ephemeral empire. Her example annually shipwrecked many a private fortune; the needless expenditures she annually occasioned among her sex would pay the expenses of the chief nations of the earth. She may have done it partly to encourage shopkeepers, but thereby brought mischief into many hearts and homes.

She is a strict Catholic, whilst her husband is simply one in name. Whenever the Pope was in trouble, she pleaded for him, supported him with her means, and when her money was exhausted she pawned her marriage jewels to get more. Napoleon sometimes found it politic to desert the Holy Father; she, never. This occasionally led to unpleasant collisions between the royal pair.

Withal, Eugenie is a tender-hearted, humane woman. Many a hospital and asylum has she built; many a church, too. She was a friend to the outcast, visited cholera hospitals, and spoke kind words to the suffering and dying, at the risk of her life. Royalty and fashion did not rob her heart of womanly tenderness.

After her marriage Irving moralizes over the event in a letter to his niece. Whilst Eugenie has reached a throne, a young gay friend of hers had fled from the dissipations of fashionable life, and entered a convent. The one a nun; the other an Empress. "Perhaps, however" (he adds), "her fate (the nun's) may ultimately be the happier of the two. The storm with her is o'er, and she's at rest; but the other is launched upon a returnless shore, on a dangerous sea, infamous for its tremendous shipwrecks." Eleven years after he wrote this, the "tremendous shipwreck" came.

On Sunday, September 4th, 1870, the French Legislature voted to depose Napoleon. It was at 1 P. M. At 2 o'clock, M. Pietri—then Prefect of Police—rushed breathlessly into the Empress' apartments at the Tuileries with the startling announcement and warning: "The *decheance* has been declared. I have not a moment to lose. Save your life, Madame, as I am now hastening to save my own." Then he disappeared—and with good reason, too; for the Revolutionary Government would give something to be able to lay hands upon him now. The Empress found herself alone with her old and trusty secretary and friend, Mme. le Breton, and with M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, who both earnestly urged her to fly at once. But her high spirit made this a most unpalatable counsel. It was a cowardice—*une lâcheté*—to desert the palace. She would rather be treated as was Marie Antoinette by the mob than seek safety in an unworthy flight. For a time all persuasion was useless; but at length her Majesty's mood calmed somewhat, and she saw the utter uselessness of remaining. Attended only by the two companions we have named, the Empress fled through the long gallery of the Louvre; but

suddenly her course was stopped short by a locked door. The little party could distinctly hear the shouts of the crowds who were invading the private gardens of the Tuileries. M. de Lesseps, to gain time, proposed that he should go out on to the terrace and get the soldiers on guard to hold back the people for a few minutes, while, in addition, he would delay the crowds by addressing them. The resort to this expedient was not necessary. Mme. le Breton found the key, opened the door that had obstructed their progress, and gave egress to her Majesty, who, accompanied only by her tried friend, issued into the street at the bottom of the Louvre. There they hurriedly entered a common *fiacre* (a cab, some accounts say it was a cart), not without a risk of detection on the spot; for a diminutive *gamin de Paris* (a boy boot-black), not more than twelve years old, shouted "Voilà l'Impératrice!" ("See there! The Empress!") Luckily, no one about heard or heeded him, and the cab got away safely with the two ladies. They drove to M. de Lesseps' house in the Boulevard de Malesherbes, where the Empress sat until she was joined by M. de Metternich, who did what he could to facilitate her departure to a place of safety. Later in the evening the Empress, still accompanied by Mme. le Breton, drove to the Gare du Nord, escaped all detection—thanks to the thick veil which she wore—and at 7 o'clock rolled safe and unsuspected away toward the Belgian frontier.

The London *Times* gives the following account of the Empress' arrival in England: A report has been current here since last evening, and, after careful inquiry, it may, I think, be relied upon as authentic, that the ex-Empress Eugenie arrived in Ryde yesterday morning; and, after a brief rest and taking some refreshment at the York Hotel, left the town in the *Gazelle*, cutter yacht, belonging to Sir John M. Burgoyne, Bart., for Hastings, to join the Prince Imperial. About 4 o'clock yesterday morning the landlord of the York Hotel (Mr. W. H. Childe) was aroused by a violent knocking at his front door. On going to ascertain the cause, he found a gentleman and two ladies, the chief in a pitiable condition. Her clothes were travel-stained and torn, and she herself was evidently tired and dejected. They were admitted, and engaged the best suite of rooms in the house; the lady was for some time apparently overcome with sorrow. In a few hours the party called for breakfast, and soon afterwards the gentleman went out. On his return he communicated some intelligence, which evidently changed the purpose of the little party; he urgently called for his bill, and settled it, and they left the house and embarked on board a yacht. They left behind them a little dog, and, on a lady calling for it in the course of the day, Mr. Childe learned to his great astonishment, that his guests had been the Empress Eugenie, Madame de Breton and M. Ferdinand de Lesseps; that the reason of their sudden departure was the discovery, through the medium of the papers, of the whereabouts of the Prince Imperial, and that they went in the *Gazelle* to Hastings to join him.

THE hand that gives away the Bible must be unspotted from the world. The money that sends the missionary to the heathen must be honestly earned.—*Bishop Huntington.*

LUCUBRATIONS.

A SKETCH.

BY ETA MON KORE.

I dreamt it was a wild and stormy night.
 I heard the rain-drops pelting thick and fast,
 As lone I stood and in the darkness peered,
 When lo! within the distance I beheld
 A little lamb all shivering with the cold.
 Methought I could not see it perish thus,
 And quickly hastened out to its relief.
 The path seemed long and dreary. Heart-sore and faint
 I felt, while being pierced by many a thorn
 That grew along the briery tangled way.
 Approaching near, how changed the scene to view!
 No lamb appeared, but a small, white slab instead,
 And in the lightning's gleam an angel form
 With one hand pointing to a lonely grave,
 And with the other sweetly to the skies.
 I understood then all; nor needed words.
 The language clear of Heav'n pervaded there.
 Would I could borrow words to breathe it now,
 Or Raphael's pencil, with his gift divine,
 To sketch the vision ere it passes o'er!
 This may not be; can only think and feel
 And see, within this little world of mine,
 The yearnings of poor souls reflected there,
 Who lonely wander o'er earth's mountains dark,
 Friendless and unknown.

It was to teach me
 In thought to view my grave and ask me thence:
 How many lambs that o'er the high-ways stray,
 Lost from the Saviour's fold so sad and faint,
 I sought to cheer and shield from storms of ill
 That sweep so bleakly over them when shorn
 Of wealth, or crippled by neglect and scorn?
 My walk through life was not a joy-lit path.
 Through many a winding dark it led
 From infancy to woman's riper years.
 It was that I might know distress and wrong,
 And learn to feel the grief for others' woes.
 Oh! there's many a one that meekly bears
 A heart half broken yet a patient mien,
 Too often pricked by slander's thorny words

Which envy and deceit, the darkling genii
 That war against the beauteous angel, love,
 Have sown broad-cast o'er earth, our planet bright
 Before the Tempter dimmed her holy light.
 The path of life seems clear before me now,
 I see no clouds of grief impending o'er,
 And would enjoy the respite while it lasts.
 If sorrow is my earthly portion still
 Before I reach the shining, pearly gate,
 Oh! not mine, but "Our Father's" will be done!
 E'er pointing sweetly to the joys above,
 May all behold the lovely angel guide!



LETTERS FROM SWINDLEDOM, WITH A REPLY.

BY PERKIOMEN.

It is thought to be a very ungentlemanly act to divulge the contents of a strictly confidential letter. I try to think with the majority of mankind, who think at all on the subject, and have certainly no wish to write myself down as constitutionally base, even though I am guilty of committing violence, in this particular instance, against this noble and generally accepted sentiment. Higher laws, occasionally, hold in abeyance or suspend those in force on a lower level. Take a case in point: There is no little æsthetics displayed in a spider's web; its a pity to spoil it, isn't it? Nor am I a lover of flies—more especially not in their jubilee season. And yet, whenever I see a poor fly with its feet all betangled in the silken meshes, I deliberately turn vandal and destroy the web, rather than not to rescue the sighing little prisoner.

I want to save a few harmless flies by destroying the web in time, and that is my excuse for setting aside all moral etiquette on this point, and publishing the two confidential (?) letters below:

No. I.

"*Esteemed Friend*: Being in want of a reliable agent in your State, I have selected you, in preference to many others, in consequence of your being recommended to me by a gentleman of this city, whose business it is to drum up trade in the country for a large commercial house. I already have 5 agents at different points; but desiring to push my business for the season, I have resolved to employ one or two more. I have now on hand about \$50,000 in counterfeit \$2, \$5 and \$10 bills. I might as well represent them as genuine; for it would require an expert banker to distinguish them from the notes issued at Washington. They are printed on first class bank-note paper, are of the same size as the genuine, and are correctly numbered. The printing is incomparable. I would not for the world send out a bill that is badly printed. I do this for your own safety as well as my own. I deal in nothing but what is

first class. I have had many years experience in this business, and I know what will go with safety. Depend upon it, you run no more risk in passing my bills than in passing good money, unless you talk too much. I will sell you \$1,000 for \$100, or \$3,000 for \$250. But if you desire to feel your way before investing heavily, I will sell you \$500 for \$25—the remaining \$25 to be paid 30 days after you get the goods. I would much prefer that you send the money in advance. But, as we are strangers, I will not demand it. I would like to see you on here, in person. You would then have a chance to examine the stock thoroughly, and could select whatever sizes you wish, and whatever quantity you could conveniently take away. My standing here is very good. Therefore, when you come into my office, no one will suspect the nature of your business any more than if you were going into a store on Broadway. You can conduct business in my office with as much safety as in your own house. As I said, I would prefer you to send money in advance; but if you come on, you will see first what you are getting and no mistake will be made. But if you desire it, I will send you any amount you wish by express, and you can pay for it in the office when it arrives. (C. O. D.) But I will not sell less than \$500, unless you come on. If you come on, I do not wish my bills circulated here; that is the reason why I want you as an agent. When you get the bills ruffle them up well to make them appear old. Don't pass too much on one man at a time. Put a private mark on the bills, so that, should they come back to you in course of trade, you will know them. You can carry as much about you as you like; but do not exhibit too much. If you follow these instructions, I guarantee that you will clear at least \$3,000 a month. Endeavor to send all communications by express. Do not, under any circumstances, send me a letter by mail. Recollect this. In case you should not be disposed to go in, do not betray me. I will do all I can for you, and if you are true to me I will make your fortune. Everybody is on the beat now, and you may as well go in, especially as you have a sure thing. Don't hesitate. If you manage this thing right you will get rich in less than a year. I could shove my bills on many others, but I repose confidence in you. I hope you will not go back on me or betray me. Depend upon it, as long as you are true to me I will stick to you. I am getting up 25 and 50-cent stamps, and by the time you call I will be able to show them. By all means come on and examine the stock, or send a reliable man in your place. Whenever you send a letter by express say that it contains money, and mark any small amount on the package. Always pay the express charges in advance. If you do not I will suppose that you do not mean business. Observe the following instructions well. If you do so, no mistake will occur. If you call on me in person or send on a friend, call at room 5, No. 52 John street, up stairs. But if you send me a letter or money by express, direct it to my other place of business, as follows, and be sure and make no mistake. I certainly write plain enough.

— — — — —,
New York City.

"P. S.—I wish it distinctly understood that I deal on the '*Square*.'"

No. II.

“ _____,
 _____,
 New York. } ”

“ *My Dear Sir:* We wish to secure the services of a live gentleman to push the business named in the enclosed circular, and have been informed by a friend who knows you well, that you are highly suitable to represent us. As we have had many dealings with that gentleman, and know him to be an upright and honorable man, any friend of his will receive our utmost confidence; we, therefore, feel that there is no risk in confiding to you our secret.


“ Now, if you will agree to start this business at once, we will, in this instance, deviate from our usual custom of requiring all cash in advance, and supply you on the following terms, leaving you to pay the balance as early as possible :

“ Upon receipt of \$10 by express, prepaid, we will forward by express such denominations as you may desire, amounting to not over \$1,000. You can have any quantity above \$1,000 by paying 10 per cent. of the price. For instance, a \$2,500 package would cost you \$25, in advance. For a \$5,000 package, we should require \$50, in advance.

“ By ordering a \$2,500 package, you will secure the exclusive right of sale for your State. You can then use your own discretion in employing agents to assist you. We will give \$1,000 for any single note that can not be passed. Many attempts have been made to produce these notes perfect, but have only resulted in failure, and often, arrest. We alone have succeeded, and stand unrivaled to-day, defying both detection and competition.

“ We know you will serve us faithfully and truly. You cannot afford to deceive us. State the amount and denominations required. When you send the money, *please pay the express charges*, deducting the amount from the principal to pay same. Whatever you do, don't write by mail, as we will not claim or receive any letters from the post-office. *Send only by express, prepaid!*

“ Awaiting your early reply, we are, yours fraternally,

“  Take notice that, by remitting \$25 to us by express, and ordering a \$2,500 package, you will receive the agency for your State.

“ *Please return this letter to remind us.*”

Now, as it is a mark of good breeding to answer your correspondent, unless he wants you selfishly to do him a service and neglects to enclose a U. S. postage stamp, and as I intend to make some slight amends to J. B. F. *alias* O. Brothers, for an acknowledged rudeness under another head, in order to convince him that I am not totally depraved in morals and manners, I will endeavor to relieve him from further suspense and worry through my

REPLY .

J. B. F. (as I will at a venture call you):—Your importunate epistles came promptly to hand—no matter when, since you are not particular

about dates either. As their contents are of a very serious and of so exclusively private a nature, I felt about seven-eighths gratified over the special preference and warm friendship you evince for me.

But, J. B. F., your secret is too big for me—I cannot hold! And having betrayed you in the main, I may as well proceed and state all my suspicions in reference to yourself and your business. Pardon me for being so incredulous, but are you not a myth? Be honest—if such a thing is even for a moment possible for you—and confess that you sail under as many *aliases* as there are trees in a *forest*, from which circumstance you doubtless have your *nom de plume*. Aint you Wogan & Co.? Dalley & Co.? W. H. Wood & Co.? James Fisher & Co.? John F. Hamilton? C. D. Rust, Counselor at law? Charles A. Williams, Artist? William B. Logan? Adam Smith? and a few dozen other fellows? Aint you, now—say?

If you are not, then some responsible New York editors slander you wofully, and justify you to institute a vigorous prosecution against them. At all events, until you clear your reputation and elevate yourself entirely above all suspicion on this point, I would hardly feel inclined to act as your agent, should even all other matters in your line of business prove to my liking. As I have been recommended by a *gentleman* and “by a friend who knows me well,” you see how necessary it is, that I should be careful to preserve my fair reputation, and not forfeit my good name in the eyes of that “upright and honorable man,” lest no more gentlemen (?) would be willing hereafter to endorse my character. Don’t get mad, John. I have but *one* good name to lose, however many you may own. Is it true, John? They say you have quite a number of such “esteemed friends.” I’m told you print your letters by hundreds and thousands on a lithograph press, and that you employ a dozen men to direct them to your “esteemed friends.” If this be true, you are certainly a most befriended man. Then you are, above all others, gifted in the art of making and keeping them. But if it be a slander, then say so. I don’t know how it is. How should I? I am sometimes a little suspicious over your handwriting—it is so smooth, level, and even all through. That looks a little like circumstantial evidence in the case. Still, it is not proof positive, I know, since others praise my hand as a very fair one, too, (?) and, indeed, I don’t use a lithograph press.

John—I may as well tell you all, while I am at it—just think! They go so far as to declare that you don’t even send any bills in exchange for remittances forwarded to you. This is a redeeming feature in your trade, I concede; but, then, it is not up to your pretensions. It is said that you keep all the money the silly people send, and that you have long, narrow little boxes, which you express in return. These boxes, it is whispered, are stuffed full with old waste paper. I say, once more, even *that* is less harmful than counterfeit currency, but I am not anxious to be an agent for you, still. If this be a fact, I don’t wonder that no one has ever been able to detect your *bogus* notes. Don’t lose your temper, John; people will talk a good deal. Some of it is not true—some *is*, though. This might be a correct saying; I say it *might*. John, if it is not true, you ought to know it; and if it *is* true, then all of us should know it.

You seem to be very candid, John, in wanting me to come and see for myself—examine your stock, and select under my own eyes. But somehow or other, I did read something somewhere, which makes me dubious even on this point again. It is said, a boy sits on the steps outside of your hiding place sedulously reading a book. The boy represents your firm, and patiently sits and reads all day long. On being asked, “where can I find J. B. F.?” he replies—“Are you a friend of his? Do you wish to deal with him?” If he trusts you, he will show you up, and in, and across, and under, until he brings you to a fellow who says *he* is J. B. F. There you may see some *bogus* currency, and may select it; but in the packing, it becomes old paper. Now, John, this is what they say of you, and I ought to be posted, ere I consent to act as agent.

I don’t like the fact, either, John, that you won’t let me use the mail. How you do caution me on that point! Why all this, now, John? I fear Postmaster Jones, of New York city, is not one of your “esteemed friends.” He, it is said, forwards all such letters to Washington, in order that the Postmaster General may set detectives on your tracks. Hence, you are very partial to the express. Of course, if the good people obey your advice, you can in this way carry on, and will not be discovered. Let me be in the clear, John, so that I may be able to explain all matters satisfactorily, in case I should still consent to act as agent.

But, John—and here I come to the fiery core—I don’t fancy your *business* exactly. Down here, in Pennsylvania, there are squads of lynx-eyed detectives, who are very expert in looking after and locking up such agents as you want me to become. They say the law holds him who buys counterfeit money equally criminal with him who makes or sells it. They wouldn’t excuse me, therefore, were I to tell them, when once under their talons, that I only acted as agent. Me they would very likely find, whereas you, my principal, no man can find. You, it is said, are nobody and nowhere? Isn’t it so, John?

And besides, John, there is still another barrier in my way to such an agency. My *profession* won’t rightly square with it. (I mention this fact only because you remind me that you “deal on the *square*.”) There might some “nabbing” occur in meeting, which would prove very unhandy for me. They might not suffer me to finish my discourse, even—do you think they would? Just think of the disturbance then! Why, when a certain man walked along the aisle in Plymouth church, just as the dramatic Beecher exclaimed—“Who art thou?”—and said—“I’m a pig merchant from Sinsinnatty; hope you’re not mad! I want a seat!”—even *that* caused the congregation labor to settle down in fifteen minutes. Can you tell me, John, how long a time it would require for my church to compose itself, should I be arrested on the charge of dealing in *bogus* currency? I’m afraid that “upright and honorable man” would never speak another good word for me, to you or anybody else.

You see, John, I’m very slow to trust your professions, “esteemed friend” as you take me to be. I am inclined to doubt almost all you say. Only here and there I am willing to take your word. You promise

in your letter "to stick" to me. I believe you, so far as that goes. I judge the future by the past, now. You did *stick* to me for some time already. I wish you wouldn't stick quite so hard to me hereafter. And as you now have evidence sufficient to convince you, that I have no thought of serving you "faithfully and truly," you might as well fly off, John? I am, "yours fraternally," never,

AN IRRATIONAL FRIEND OF MAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The horse is a noble animal," we school boys used to say in our compositions. And our worthy successors have continued to repeat the saying to this present. Everybody has at least one weak point—some bodies more than one. I confess to an infirm fondness for fine and fast horses. If they have not mind, they have something akin to it. And as for the heart of a horse—many a one deserved ranks above his master in this respect. More grateful, more faithful, far less of a brute and a rascal than his owner—such owners as I wot of. There are two classes of men, whose wickedness is a mystery to me—good musicians and lovers of horses. How a good vocal and instrumental musical performer can be wicked, I can not divine. The other day I noticed a very bad man holding a bucket of water to his sleek and happy looking black horse, patting and stroking him with great fondness, unconscious of my seeing him. "How can you be so kind and faithful to your horse, when you are so unfaithful and unthankful to Him who died for you?" So thought I about the man with the well-fed, well-groomed and appreciated horse.

Full well the horse knows his friends. Pat and caress him, lay your face against his, speak in mild terms and tone to him. He understands it all, and rewards it with the best his heart and limbs can give. In no animal is the same amount of flesh, blood, and bones put together with such good and graceful effect as a horse. Job paints the war-horse in grand outlines. His neck is clothed with thunder, the glory of his distended nostrils is terrible, he paweth in the valley and glories in his strength. (Job xxxix. 19-25.)

As for "horse jockeys" and horse racers—professional turf-men—they are, as a rule, graceless scamps. Away with the whole tribe of them. But to own and drive a fleet horse, use him well, and now and then give him a little fun by letting him run—that I hold is no ignoble act.

On a smooth road where there is clear sailing, commend me to a fleet horse or two. E'en though it be behind Dexter, aside of Bonner. His horses I like better than his *Ledger* stories. Give me the line of a pair of fiery steeds, furious for the race, champing the bit, and neighing im-

patiently for the word *go*. Careering over the plain behind such a team, I have the weakness to like. One of the most pleasing little victories I achieved among my Arab friends in Arabia, was on the back of a fleet Arabian pony. My competitor had been partly raised on the back of the fine horse he rode. There was no rest; he will have a run with my horse. Who could resist such banterings, when my horse seemed to say: "Do please, just let me run a few minutes?" Off they both dashed, the Arab's blanket across his shoulders, streaming in the air, he riding as gracefully as if he had been part and parcel of the animal. My pony seemed to get several inches smaller, stretching its arched neck skyward, snuffing the air audibly, throwing up the earth in his track—"swallowing the ground with fierceness and rage." Pardon the joy I felt in coming out of the contest a victor. The Arab leisurely rode up, looked at me and my horse with a mute and mysterious mien, as if puzzled to know whether I was man or demon.

I have great faith in horse nature and feel thankful that cruelty to horses has become a punishable offence. Very pleasing is the following tribute to our favorite animal, from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher.

"Does not moral justice require, that there should be some green pasture-land hereafter for good horses? Say, old family horses, that have brought up a whole family of their master's children, and never run away in their lives; doctor's horses that stand unhitched, hours, day and night, never gnawing the post or fence, while the work of intended humanity goes on; poor men's poor horses, that every body laughs at on earth, and that yet give all their feeble power to keep their poor master comfortable; omnibus horses, that are jerked and pulled, licked and kicked, ground up by inches on hard, sliding pavements, overloaded and abused; horses that died for their country on the field of battle, or wore out their constitutions in carrying their noble generals through field and flood, without once flinching from the hardest duty; or *my* horse, my old Charley—the first horse that ever I owned—of racing stock, large, raw-boned, too fiery for anybody's driving but my own, and as docile to my voice as my child was!

"We were crossing the prairie about twenty-five years ago, another horse by his side, and in the carriage, wife, cousin, and child. The road had been thrown up for thirty rods on either side of a low rail bridge, across a sluggish stream; the ditch on either side, full of water, prevented any turning off the road if once you got upon it. I did get on it before I saw that the soil was the stiffest, greasiest of blue clay, and that it was wet with recent rains. My horse saw the trouble before I did. He was nervous and troubled. There was reason. In the middle of a wide prairie, with no house within six or seven miles, and a wife and children behind you, no fence or wood where, if stuck you could get a lever to pry out.

"I spoke gently, growing at each second a little more earnest. Every lift of their hoofs pulled out of the sucking mud sounded like a pistol. We neared the bridge. The road grew deeper—the mud more tenacious. For a second Charley seemed to despair. The black horse by his side was for giving up.

"I rose in my seat with a yell that started Charley like breath on coals of fire. I brought down my whip on flanks seldom dishonored with a blow. In an instant he gathered himself like a buck for mighty *leaps*. He had the strength of ten horses. The muscles lay like knots and cords along his body. Away went the carriage, jerk by jerk, carriage and black horse, too—all dragged by the terrible earnestness of my brave Charley, till the bridge was reached, and crossed, and the road on the other side, and the dry grass road once more gained. Did I not bless the ox whose hide made that harness? Did I not bless the men who put in those stout stitches? Did I not dance, and shout, and caress old Charley—yes, kiss him, too? Did we not all get out, women and children, and pat him and praise him, and did he not, like a prince as he was, yet trembling all over with excitement, receive our congratulations with proud intelligence? Charley was sold, on my removal, to a minister; somebody stole him and sold him to the Indians. I don't know what ever became of him. I should know him among a thousand. Do you think that he is entirely put out?

"If horses *don't* have another chance in a land of tender grass and infinite oats, then I think we ought to treat them a deal better than we do in this world."

INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There comes a festival season,
When nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mystical splendor
That rivals the brightness of Spring—
Aglow with a beauty more tender
Than aught which summer can bring.

Some spirit akin to the rainbow
Then borrows its magical dyes,
And mantles the far-spreading landscape
In hues that bewilder the eyes;
The sun from his cloud-shadowed chamber
Smiles soft on a vision so gay,
And dreams that his favorite children,
The flowers, have not passed away.

There's a luminous mist on the mountains,
A light, azure haze in the air,
As if angels, while heavenward soaring,
Had left their bright robes floating there;
The breeze is so soft, so caressing,
It seems a mute token of love,
And floats to the heart like a blessing
From some happy spirits above.

These days, so serene and so charming,
 Awaken a dreamy delight—
 A tremulous, tearful enjoyment,
 Like soft strains of music at night;
 We know they are fading and fleeting,
 That quickly, too quickly, they'll end,
 And we watch them with yearning affection,
 As, at parting, we watch a dear friend.

O beautiful Indian Summer!
 Thou favorite child of the year,
 Thou darling whom nature enriches,
 With gifts and adornments so dear!
 How fain would we woo thee to linger
 On mountains and meadows awhile;
 For our hearts, like the sweet haunts of nature,
 Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.

Not alone to the sad fields of autumn
 Dost thou a lost brightness restore,
 But thou bringest a world-weary spirit
 Sweet dreams of its childhood once more;
 Thy loveliness fills us with memories
 Of all that was brightest and best—
 Thy peace and serenity offer
 A foretaste of heavenly rest.

GOING HOME.

BY C. G. A. HÜLLHORST.

Selig sind die das Heimweh haben
 Denn sie sollen nach Hause kommen.

Stilling.

A LONELY traveler is wandering with weary yet somewhat hasty step through yonder valley. For years he has been roving through the world—a stranger in strange lands—and now he has set his heart upon home, weary of the noise and bustle that have so long surrounded him. Now he comes to a river, whose waters rush along with unabating fury, threatening with a roaring voice to bar his onward progress. At first he hesitates what to do. He spies around for a ford, but in vain, and now with careful step he enters the stream, and after a struggle with the violent current, safely ascends on the further shore. Without delay or rest he moves onward over hill and valley, over stump and stone. Beautiful landscapes unroll themselves before his view. Now he enters the shades of a forest, where not a single ray of light penetrates to cheer him. But just when it seems as though there were no end to the gloom and darkness, no bright and pleasant opening—of a sudden the faithful beams of the midday sun greet his eye, and he once more takes heart, and resolves never to despair.

Thus, through rain and sunshine, under a sky now cloudy, then a blazing sea of light; now, through pleasant landscapes, then, with horrible abysses before and beside him—he journeys hastily on his way; never casting a look behind, but ever resting his steadfast eye on the far East, where he longs to descry his home.

He loves and enjoys the beauties along his path. He thankfully greets every object that offers him pleasures. He loves the music of the birds. He smiles at, and sometimes plucks the berries that happen to come near his hand. But he never stops to enjoy these things. He never lies down on the inviting bank of a stream. He never rests his foot to hear more distinctly the melodies of sweet warblers by the roadside. Onward, still onward is his course; he has no time, no desire to stop here, pleasant as it may be. All his surroundings may be beautiful, sweet, delicious, and he would rather have them so than otherwise,—but here is not his *home*. He is but a stranger here.

It is evening. He enters a tavern by the way-side to spend the night. Here again he loves to have all comfortable, pleasant, cheering. He thankfully partakes of the good things offered him. He enjoys the well-furnished chamber, the soft and warm bed. He would sooner have it all so than otherwise; but he does not covet these things, forms no attachment to them. He does not wish to stay here, notwithstanding such attractions; for he knows to-morrow he is going home. This word *home* works like magic in destroying immediately every momentary attachment to these good things. He stays here to-night, because he must, but—on the morrow he is going home.

This is the picture of the Christian as he wanders through the valley of this earth. It is an old picture, but ever full of thought and instruction. It defines most beautifully and happily the true relation of the Christian to the enjoyments of earth—a point which puzzles many, who are seeking their true destiny, their true home.

The Christian, like the traveler, loves to behold pleasant scenes. He greets with a smile every object of delight. He even plucks and tastes of the fruit of pleasure. He loves the songs of the beautiful. But he does not allow these things to stop his Christian progress; they do not arrest his journey towards his *Eastern* home.

Again, just as the traveler at the wayside inn, so the Christian would rather have all things comfortable, all his surroundings beautiful. He can partake of the good things of the land. He can have a comfortable dwelling place, but it is not his home. He does not hang his heart upon these things. He is only a stranger here, staying over night at the tavern, because he must, but on the morrow he is going home.

The birds may here sing sweetly, but their song is to him only a prelude to the music of angels. Mountains and rivers here may be beautiful, but they are only shadows of the paradise above. His garments here may be rich and costly, but they are to him only an “apron of fig-leaves,” and he rests his hope in the garment of righteousness. All his pleasures on earth are only accidental to him, he does not crave them—for on the morrow he is going home;—yea, home! to be a stranger no more, but, for ever a happy citizen in the city of the living God!

THE LAST NUMBER OF 1870.

This number closes the XXI volume of the GUARDIAN. We thank our contributors for their labor of love. To them this Magazine and its readers owe much. We thank our subscribers for their patronage and their friendship; for their words of cheer and marks of grateful satisfaction. We invite both to join us in thanking the Father of all mercies for blessing the GUARDIAN, and for according it a career of acceptable usefulness for a period of one and twenty years; with devout reverence join us in praising Him for His blessing conferred upon its writers, its readers, its friends, its editor, during the past year—during all their years past. And now another one is ending. Its flowers have faded; its leaves have fallen; its birds have left us for a season, or hushed their warblings. The bleak sadness of Autumn has come upon us; and we, too, feel sad. The beautiful earth has been stripped of its summer garb. And so year after year, as we, “being in this tabernacle,” grow older, “being burdened,” our decaying mortal life is like a garment fast wearing out. Yet we, as Christians, are happy and hopeful withal. “Not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.”

In a charming rural district of Pennsylvania, we recently were present at the dedication of a venerable church—a sacred edifice of fourscore years renewed with a becoming exterior. We sat by a father in Israel ninety years old; a cheerful, hopeful man of God. For more than thirty years his son has been a successful missionary in Asia, and still is. His children and children’s children, to the fourth generation, are children of God. We walked to the house of God together. The autumn wind shook his long gray locks; the same wind bore the leaves from the tree-limbs, and laid them in our path. We watched him—this dear patriarch—more than all the great crowd beside; watched him with a tender heart as he sat in his accustomed church-seat, in the church where, ninety years ago, he was baptized; wherein he was instructed and confirmed; wherein he worshiped and communed for three-quarters of a century. The rollicking, nimble-footed boy of eighty years ago can no longer be recognized in the aged father. His features and form, his strength and voice, have greatly changed since his boyhood. Yet his faith is now as it was then, undimmed. He reads his Bible, hymns and prayers without glasses. A pleasing lesson I learned from the dear father: “The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away, but the word of the Lord endureth forever.” The Christian life is of evergreen growth. He shall bring forth fruit in old age. He shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Have we written or done anything wrong in the past year, we ask pardon of God—ask it, too, of our readers. It is such a solemn thing to close a volume; to write the last page, and the little word “Finis” at the foot of it; and then to send the book forth beyond recall. What is written is written. Through it, when dead, one yet speaks—speaks good will—

“When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.”

We mean to do good to our readers—to give them a blessing without alloy. The coming year we will try to do better than in the past. In what respect this shall be done, we prefer not to state; lest, however honestly intended, we might promise and not fulfil. We—all that labor with us—would be greatly encouraged by an increase of the *GUARDIAN*’s circulation. A few dozen of its young readers might, with a few hours labor, add hundreds to its readers. Try it, kind friends. Then you will enable the publishers to improve its appearance and contents to an extent that would greatly increase its usefulness, and please its readers.

THE VOLUME FOR 1871.

With January next, the “Guardian” will enter on a new volume. We purpose embellishing it with a handsome steel-plate engraving, and setting up the matter with entirely new type. The whole appearance and mechanical execution of the work will be greatly improved.

The Editor, we are assured, will spare no labor or pains to keep up the interest of the contents of the Magazine. It has already gained no mean reputation for itself, and we are satisfied, that the future will add to this and not detract from it. The publication has an important sphere to fill, and well does it subserve its responsible mission.

The publishers trust, their labor of love will be properly appreciated, and that this will be shown by a large return of new subscribers. For terms see prospectus, on the last page of the cover.—PUBLISHERS.

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
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PROSPECTUS FOR 1871.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIInd volume, on the first of January 1871. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will use new type on the next volume and promise to continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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